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QUACK-NOVELS AND DEMOCRACY

BY OWEN WISTER

And the fox carries the goose.
— *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

I

You can read a man by his habit in friends, they say; they say likewise you can read him by the length of his nose; his walk, his voice, the shape of his mouth, and the back of his head, are also offered as trustworthy indications of him, while there are some who profess him to be revealed through his chi-rography — let us not attempt to set down the half or the quarter of these ways to read a man; we have gathered during our sojourn upon this bad little planet a thick bundle of recipes for the deciphering of our neighbor. Doubtless there is virtue in many of these, possibly virtue in most. I know the vice-president of a bank whose value to his institution is his quick knack of knowing at sight when — and when not — to accommodate strangers with a loan. Roughly, certain signs work. They may be called peep-holes, through which we see some piece, at least, of the inward creature. The tramp seldom looks like the laborer honestly out of employment. We begin life wearing the appearance presented to us by our propagators, but we finish it looking much like ourselves. My classmates and I will never see fifty again. Now I

would not follow our American bent to treat every generalization as one hundred per cent true, — seventy-five per cent of truth in anything being rich ore; to look at a classmate, I could not tell you whether it was chiefly in electric- or in steam-railroad securities that he dealt; but on the whole, all we of fifty are pretty legibly graven upon our surfaces. So is our country — and any country that is full grown.

The United States will never see fifty again; nor a hundred. We are full grown. The unsettled or new-settled spots on our map have nothing to do with this. Four wars and three presidents assassinated make a considerable past, without mentioning anything else. We no longer wear the appearance of our propagator, the old world; we are plainly graven with the marks of our own life, social, intellectual, and political. The aspect of our towns, the contents of our newspapers, the quantity and quality of our laws, the size of our bank account, — here are signs to read us by. Millions do we lavish upon university buildings, but pay generally starvation wages to professors; so that our halls of learning resemble mostly very large shells with rather small fish inside them. Our two chief native religious inventions, the Mormon Church and Christian Sci-

ence, each resting upon its direct supernatural revelation, each gaining in power, both better organized than our navy, our army, our finance, or any part of our government except the spoils system, and both signally opulent, here are more signs to read us by; and even this handful picked at random would suffice to keep a new de Tocqueville busy for some time. From the host remaining, I have selected the Quack-Novel, because Mr. Edward Garnett, a well-known English critic, has recently compared American with English fiction.

The quack-novel is a thing which looks like a book, and which is compounded, advertised, and marketed in precisely the same fashion as Castoria, Wine of Cardui, Alcola, Mrs. Summers's free-to-you-my-sister Harmless Headache Remedy, Viavi Tablettes, and other patent medicines, harmful and harmless. As the patent medicine is made of perfectly well-known drugs, so the quack-novel of course contains perfectly familiar elements; and like the medicine, it comes wrapped in superlative testimonials from those who say they have swallowed it to their advantage. Instead of, 'After twenty years of bed-ridden agony, one bottle of your Fosforoso cured every ache and completely restored my manhood,' we have, 'The secret of his power is the same God-given secret that inspired Shakespeare and upheld Dickens.' This, from the *Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch*, accompanies a quack-novel by Mr. Harold Bell Wright, of whom the *Oregon Journal*, Portland, remarks, 'It is this almost clairvoyant power of reading the human soul that has made Mr. Wright's books among the most remarkable works of the present age.' Similar to that aroma of piety and charity which accompanies the quack-medicines, an equally perceptible odor of sanctity is wafted to us with Mr.

Wright; and just as imitators will make their boxes and bottles to resemble those of an already successful trade article, so are Mr. Wright's volumes ingeniously given that red cloth and gold lettering which we have come to associate with the bindings of Mr. Winston Churchill's very popular and agreeable novels. Lastly — like the quack-medicine — the quack-novel is (mostly) harmful; not always because it is poisonous (though this occurs), but because it pretends to be literature and is taken for literature by the millions who swallow it year after year as their chief mental nourishment, and whose brains it saps and dilutes. In short, both these shams — the book and the medicine — win and bamboozle their public through methods almost identical. The reasons why Americans are so fond of bamboozle, generally preferring sham to reality, are plain when you turn them over, and I shall come to this later by looking at the quack-novel. It is certainly a good little window through which to stare at the intelligence, the civilization, the prejudices, and the taste of our American hordes, who have learned to read without profit to themselves but with such huge profit to quack-novelists and publishers. As we are assured that more than *five million* copies of Mr. Wright's books have been sold, he alone becomes so conspicuous a pane of glass in the window, that we must presently stare somewhat attentively through him.

But Mr. Edward Garnett comes first, with his article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1914, comparing American with English fiction. Mr. Garnett concerned himself a little with our quacks, but more with our regular practitioners — and with no gloves upon his words he dealt our fiction some good blows, true and heavy, straight from the shoulder. The *Atlantic Monthly*, precipitately, in a footnote, wrapped

round these words a pair of its own softest mittens; but down went American fiction all the same, knocked out, its nose incarnadined. — I confess to some apprehension upon encountering at the outset of Mr. Garnett's paper, 'the subfusk, swollen cataract,' just after I had met and safely passed 'the ragingspate': *spate* and I were acquainted — but *subfusk*? And it was so sudden, pressing on the heels of *spate*. Happily I was at no distance from a dictionary. Well, *subfusk* is eminently respectable; not to know *subfusk* argues myself unknown, and without any more dictionary I followed Mr. Garnett to the end, inspired and regaled by his smeddum. (I did n't really know that last one until I went questing for *subfusk*.)

What concerns Mr. Garnett is the general character and the present collapse of our fiction. 'The reader,' say the editors of the *Atlantic* in their disclaiming footnote, 'must understand that his critical estimates are entirely his own.' There you have the mittens. Here are some of Mr. Garnett's blows: 'The strange timidity (I had almost written cowardice) of the American publishers'; 'the failure of American criticism'; 'Americans always seem nervously anxious to appear orthodox'; 'the modern American novelist seems to delight in the presentation of "standardized" morals, manners, and emotions'; 'the conspiracy of silence in the American novel concerning the sexual passion'; 'these stories are destined for the rubbish heap.' Besides 'standardization' and 'exaggeration,' Mr. Garnett criticizes the inveterate happy ending, the frequent pulpit manner, the unrealism of our novels and tales, quoting instances from Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. James Lane Allen; in short, he finds even our regular practitioners too often speaking, not with the voice of the true artist, but with the twang of the revivalist. This he contrasts with

the happier day of Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, Mrs. Mary Wilkins Freeman, Miss Murfree, Miss Grace King, Frank R. Stockton, Joel Chandler Harris, Stephen Crane, Frank Norris, O. Henry, — all regular practitioners, worthy of Mr. Howells's notice and blessing. Like Mr. Howells, he too finds our most skillful authors to be women, and he places Anne Douglas Sedgwick and Mrs. Wharton at the top.

It is the books that concern Mr. Garnett; it is their readers that concern me. Publishers cowardly; critics worthless; novelists false; why? Because it is successful to be so. But why should it be successful? The answer leads us straight back to the American people, to our garbled version of democracy, and must accordingly wait till we are finished with the quack-novel.

II

Mr. Garnett's list of honored names seems incomplete to me. I think he should have added T. B. Aldrich, H. C. Bunner, and Herman K. Vielé, delicate and charming artists; and Dr. Weir Mitchell, if never quite the master of fiction that he was of verse, wrote one compact and tragic novel, *Constance Trescott*, which will withstand severe critical tests. I must praise some living, too, that Mr. Garnett did not name; it is very pleasant to praise the living, even though I risk becoming too indicular. — *Subfusk* evidently exercises upon me a contagious influence; but I leave *indicular*, an excellent pretty word, that the reader's vocabulary may be enlarged. — Margaret Deland with her *Old Chester Tales*; William Allen White with his *A Certain Rich Man*; Judge Robert Grant with his *Unleavened Bread*, containing the most salient American heroine that I know; Mary Stanbury Watts, with her delightful *Nathan Burke*, and her literary Ohio

farming growing more and more intensive; Meredith Nicholson, who drives weariness out of the unplayful air, — none of these writers is democratizing literature; it is hardly their work which causes Mr. Garnett to say, 'It is only in America that the commercial instinct seems to have succeeded in erecting the mediocrity of the ordinary man, in matters artistic, into an imperative standard of tastelessness,' — though none of them would claim for themselves the craftsmanship possessed by Mrs. Wharton alone among us. But alas! also none of them is beginning a career; and when an English novelist, who was lately in this country, asked four of us sitting at lunch, Who were the 'young ones'? — we had to be silent. I thought of *Queed*. If *V.V.'s Eyes* had n't followed it, I should have spoken, I think, of some promise there, in spite of the hero's preposterous change of nature. But had *The Harbor*, by Ernest Poole, been published then, I should certainly have praised that highly to our English guest. Nothing since *MacTeague* has augured so hopefully. The author has not only painted with honesty and careful skill a large, complex, and sometimes beautiful background: he has thrown against it one (if not two) well-realized and tragic figures, — the hero's father and 'J.K.' This genuine piece of American fiction fills me with wishes to give its author advice: how old I am getting!

And now we leave the oasis and enter the desert. It is very interesting and very significant to recall that precisely at the beginning of the epoch when our notorious 'high finance' set in to water, swell, and burst good sound properties, such as the New Haven and the Rock Island, the literary equivalent of this should have appeared. Frenzied fiction began to manufacture the quack-novel at the same time that the Moores, Reids, Mellens, and the rest were con-

ceiving their work. Both phenomena, high finance and frenzied fiction, proceeded from the same national state of mind. The state of mind of the hundreds of thousands who bought the securities, or read the novels, is perfectly to be seen in the anecdote of the young person who one day in 1911 entered the Philadelphia Library and asked for 'something good.' — Had she read *Tono Bungay*? — No, she had n't. — It was put into her hand with commendation. She sought its title-page, and instantly thrust back the volume with almost a scream of reproach. 'Why, that's two years old! That ain't fresh!' So they gave her a perfectly fresh one, just laid that day by Mr. Robert W. Chambers.

Mr. Chambers was once a regular practitioner; but he has come to this: —

"Do you love me?"

"Yes."

"You have no fear of me now?"

"No. But don't kiss me — yet," she whispered, tightening his arm round her.

'He laughed softly. "Your Royal Shyness is so wonderful — so wonderful — so adorable! When may I kiss you?"

"When we are alone."

"Will you respond when we are alone?"

Here is another love-duet, taken at random from another novel: —

"Be less a comrade, more a sweetheart."

"Familiar?"

'My heart was beating fast. "Familiar to my arms. I love you."

"I — do not permit myself to desire your arms. Can I help saying so — if you ask me?"

"When I love you so —"

"No. Why are you, after all, like other men, when I once hoped —"

Mr. Chambers produces many inosculating (there goes *subfusk* again!)

couples just like this, and his prose is pervaded with an odor of musk evidently agreeable to his large audience. That such incense and invocations to Eros and Venus should be thus widely welcomed, perhaps runs a little counter to Mr. Garnett's reproach as to our 'conspiracy of silence concerning the sexual passion.' At any rate I shall return to this point. The point here is the readers, these many thousands of readers, who never tire of luxury made visible in words, huge houses, huge fortunes, furs, orchids, and wine, and gold, and proud purple passion, — in fact, all things which present life in the costume and scenery of those grand operas where jewels of glass and beakers of pasteboard gleam and flash, while the band throbs with festal strains. Ouida constantly produced this operatic trick from her box, but the trick could not plausibly be performed on our scene until the palaces of Newport and Fifth Avenue were built and the fortunes of high finance had begun to be muckraked; not until this happened could the sensuous prevail over the melodramatic (as it increasingly does in our quack-novels just now) with any chance of success among the ever-present credulous thousands who stand ceaselessly ready to purchase the sham.

The muckrakers (what a good title for a novel! but it should be written by a regular practitioner, — Mr. Robert Herrick or Judge Grant or Mrs. Wharton), the muckrakers made our quacks happy and busy. Americans during forty years had bowed down to wealth; now wealth (with itself a good deal to thank for its fall) was in the popular pillory. Thus a somewhat different audience from that of Mr. Chambers was created, ready to pay handsomely, not only for musk, but also to see the wicked millionaire in his true light.

In *The Metropolis* Mr. Upton Sin-

clair, with a righteousness and an outraged sense of morality of which he could not speak too highly, showed the wicked millionaire in his true light, eating lunch: —

'It began with ice-cream, moulded into fancy shapes and then buried in white of egg and baked brown. Then there was a turtle soup, thick and green and greasy; and then — horror of horrors — a great steaming plum-pudding . . . there appeared cold asparagus. . . . Then . . . there came quail . . . then half a grape-fruit set in a block of ice and filled with wine; and then little squab ducklings . . . and an artichoke; and then a *café parfait*, and then — as if to crown the audacity — huge thick slices of roast beef . . . And between all the courses . . . sherry and port, champagne and claret and liqueur.'

The wicked millionaire not only lunched like this, it was the rule of his whole abandoned life; and Mr. Sinclair showed him in his true light at every step. Chaste simplicity flutters round this flame, but its moth-wings are obliged to escape burning, for if they did n't the public would n't buy the book. The increase of such novels (and they have spread like a contagion) is an indication of our great prosperity. The kitchen used to be their habitat, and their price insignificant. But the kitchen is become so prosperous that it has come upstairs to sit in the parlor, bringing its novels with it. These now cost a dollar and a half, and are externally much decorated; it is their insides that remain unchanged.

Harmoniously in key with these quack-novels, went the rag-time legislation that accompanied the popular change of mind all over the country. The corporations had brought it on themselves, no doubt; in consequence, the popular breath had suddenly veered, and was blowing against all money; all money was now tainted; all poor men

were now honest. This not only produced one of those oscillations in politics which make ours a government by pendulum: it made quack-fiction easy to write — and ruinously profitable. Every reader felt himself to be a crusader against the millionaire, felt all the comfortable sensations, without any of the exertions, of being virtuous. Our middle classes have always liked to feel virtuous, provided it cost them no effort. What made *The House of Mirth* a 'best seller' was not at all that Mrs. Wharton's portraits of the rich were brilliantly painted, but that they did not happen to be flattering; the daubs of Mr. Sinclair and the bill-posters of Mr. Chambers are quite as satisfactory to that audience.

Ruinously profitable, indeed, has been the quack-novel to Mr. Chambers and other genuine talents, who might have been able to say, with the nice felicity of Horace, or more vernacularly:

— mihi parva rura, et
Spiritus Graiae tenuem Camenae
Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
Spernere vulgus.

III

'And what are you going to say about Mr. Rex Beach?' inquired a friend to whom I had confided many of the above opinions. It is most fortunate that he should have asked this question: others, too, might have confused the 'best seller' with what I mean by the quack-novel. Mr. Beach's stories (those that I have read) are by no means sham. His Alaskan material is first-rate, and he knows it at first hand. His plots are rough and athletic, and his characters belong to them. His material is much the same as that from which Mr. Jack London so admirably and poetically fashioned *The Call of the Wild*. But the clay is never the point, it is always the potter; remove Stevenson from *The*

Wrecker or Dickens from *Oliver Twist*, and a dime novel remains; and I must repeat that in all novels, as in all medicines, the elements are perforce the same, — drugs in the one, nature and human nature in the other, — and the *quackness* depends wholly upon how they are compounded and exploited. It is the readers, not the novels, I am looking at; my quotations are purely in order to help us get at the readers; and I leave criticism to our native critics who find Mr. Wright like Dickens and Shakespeare.

Lest certain genteel critics who think they practice more discrimination than this, feel slighted, it may be well to explain here why they have so little influence. It was amusing to notice how some of them — the *Chicago Dial*, for instance — hastened to asseverate that they had always known what Mr. Garnett said, that they had always said so themselves. So they had. They do, tepidly, discriminate; they do, *after the fact*, perceive and praise merit. They all — the *New York Times*, the *New York Sun*, the *Boston Evening Transcript*, the *New York Evening Post* (very typical, this last one), with others of less note — stand ever ready to be the first to hail a *perfectly well established* artist.

Mr. Garnett speaks of 'the failure of American criticism to recognize that by virtue of thirty little masterpieces in the short story, Miss Jewett ranks with the leading European masters, and its grudging, inadequate recognition of the most original genius . . . Mr. Stephen Crane.' He adds later, 'I do not know whether the late O. Henry's marvelous powers of language, gayety, creative fecundity, and imaginative power in handling a situation have yet received their due in America.' They will receive it now: Europe has recognized them; the danger is over; Provincialism can safely lift its echo. A true

American artist always receives the support of our genteel critics after he no longer needs it.

When an Apache chief saw his first locomotive, he expressed no surprise. Another took the city of Washington in like way. The savage's fear of showing astonishment proceeds from the same source as the provincial critic's caution in praise: you may give yourself away. It is this American provincial fear in our genteel critics to speak out heartily, unmistakably, in praise of a newcomer, which causes our writers of 'rare imaginative gift' to seem to Mr. Garnett 'so isolated, so hemmed in, and cut off from assistance of cultivated minds.' Until the subsidized press is broken to pieces, and the genteel critic gathers heart, not only to brand the bad but to report and celebrate the good, I doubt if there will exist any word too contemptuous for American criticism.

The American press plays so large a part in maintaining the mediocrity of American fiction, and in palming off both quack-novels and quack-medicines upon the credulous, that to find Mr. William Randolph Hearst's advertising power behind nostrums like Eckman's Alterative and novels like those of Mr. Chambers in the *Cosmopolitan*, affords our demonstration a very pretty case. The *Cosmopolitan* is a good instance of our frenzied editing: 'Everlastingly alive — alive to the big, everyday problems that hit your home and hit it hard . . . and alive . . . everlastingly alive — to get for you "the best — and only the best — at any price" for every issue; that is the reason why *Cosmopolitan* jumps ahead every month and is bound to break even its own high record as America's Greatest Magazine.'

Into such company is Mr. Chambers fallen — along with Mr. Gouverneur Morris, who, like Mr. Chambers, has talent and began well, and whose story

All the Evidence is introduced by the following blast: —

'Have you ever read Poe's weird "Tales"? We don't think they have anything on this story. . . . It is a Poe plot done with Morris skill.'

Well, that is a matter of opinion. Here are matters of fact: the scene of *All the Evidence* is laid at Aiken. The hero is the son of a gorilla. The *dénouement* turns on the hero's attentions to a young woman. About 1857 a story was written called *Lokis*. The hero was the son of a bear. The scene is laid in Russia. The *dénouement* turns most decidedly on the hero's attentions to a young woman. Poe was not the author. Did changing the map and the mammal in this tale free it from moral copyright? At any rate, it was quite safe for the *Cosmopolitan* to assume its readers' ignorance of Prosper Mérimée.

In January, seventy-two years ago, a very famous novel began to appear. Some chapters of this are laid in America, whither two of the characters voyage from England; and as they arrive at the wharf, the voice of the New Country, speaking through a newsboy, hails them thus: —

'Here's the *Sewer*! Here's the New York *Sewer*! Here's some of the twelfth thousand of to-day's *Sewer*, with the best account of the markets, and all the shipping news, and four whole columns of country correspondence, and a full account of the ball at Mrs. White's last night, where all the beauty and fashion of New York was assembled; with the *Sewer's* own particulars of the private lives of all the ladies that was there! Here's the *Sewer*! Here's some of the twelfth thousand of the New York *Sewer*! Here's the *Sewer's* exposure of the Wall Street Gang, and the *Sewer's* exposure of the Washington Gang, and the *Sewer's* exclusive account of a flagrant act of dishonesty committed by the Secretary of State when he was

eight years old; now communicated, at a great expense, by his own nurse. Here's the *Sewer*! Here's the New York *Sewer*, in its twelfth thousand, with a whole column of New Yorkers to be shown up, and all their names printed!

Seventy-two years ago! Long before Mr. Hearst was born.

IV

Let us turn from Charles Dickens to Mr. Harold Bell Wright, whom, as we have seen, the Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch* places with Dickens and Shakespeare. Once again my friend asked me a fortunate question: 'Do these writers *know* they are writing quack-novels?' To which I answered sententiously, 'Some are born quacks, some achieve quackery, and some have quackery thrust upon them. But how often must I remind you that it is the minds and morals of the readers, the five million, the democracy, and not the writers, that I am looking at through this peep-hole?'

Mr. Wright has written six or seven stories, all wafted toward the possible purchaser amid that perfume of piety which I have said is so frequently exhaled from the advertisements of the quack-medicines: 'A story of practical Christianity'; 'An Inspiration to the Simple Life'; 'The Ministry of Daily Life'; 'The Ministry of Capital'; 'An Exaltation of Life and Love'; 'The Ministry of Art and Letters,' — all phrases constructed, you observe, to 'catch' the popular mood which muck-raking and the activities of the revivalist have recently engendered. *That Printer of Udell's* (the practical Christianity story) 'has not a peer in English fiction,' says the Providence *Telegram*. *The Uncrowned King* 'is the greatest story since Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*,' says the Grand Rapids

Herald. But we must look more closely at Mr. Wright.

'... the City Sometime, too, is a Royal City, the home of Lookingahead, who rules over the Land of Yettocome. ... For a long happy, happy time Really-Is and Seemsto-Be remained in the City Sometime. ... And Seemsto-Be, taking heart at the gentleness of Really-Is, answered ... Twins we are ... of the royal family Everyone. Therefore let us rule together the Land of Allthetime.'

That is Mr. Wright's Bunyan manner, in *The Uncrowned King*. The following is from *Their Yesterdays*:—

'Children and Life are one. They are the product, the producers, and the preservers of Life. They exalt Life. They interpret Life. Without them Life has no meaning. The child is no more the possession of its parents than the parents are the property of the child. Children are the just creditors of the human race. Mankind owes them everything. They owe mankind nothing. A baby has no debts.'

'Is the life of a man, he asked himself, more mysterious than the life of a horse? Can science — blind, pretentious, childish science — explain the life of a dog with less uncertainty than it can explain the life of a man? Or can the scientist make a laboratory sparrow more easily than he can produce a laboratory man? ... He became very proud with a humble pride.'

These novels are written in a prose style appropriate to them, which, were it better, might not appeal to the five million who buy Mr. Wright's books.

'He does n't like for any one to see the picture'; 'I like for people to hear my music'; 'I would be very glad for such an engagement'; 'Neither Mr. King nor Mr. Lagrange are at home'; 'You certainly look to be very much at home'; 'And do you really like for me to make music for you'; 'To not like

the mob is the thing';—these sentences are from dialogues in Mr. Wright's latest book, *The Eyes of the World*.

The Eyes of the World gathers into its four hundred and sixty-four pages all the elements, I think, of the quack-novel; one element appearing rather more conspicuously than in any of Mr. Wright's preceding stories. This is the sensuous suggestion, the carnal preoccupation, the somewhat frequent (but scrupulously pious) reference to illicit sexual relations. The plot concerns eight or nine principal characters, and these are all (except one) taken, without a change in so much as a hair of their heads, from the closet where melodrama keeps its most battered and shop-worn puppets.

The hero. He is twenty-two; he has lived three years in Europe to study painting, and at this tender age is already 'thorough master of his craft.' He paints a portrait which betrays 'in every detail—in every mark of the brush—the thoughtful painstaking care—the thorough knowledge and highly trained skill of an artist who was, at least, master of his own technic.' But Europe in other respects has left him as inexperienced as a new-laid egg. Of course his appearance is superb. 'In the full flush of his young manhood's vigor . . . the determined chin and the well-squared jaw . . . his dress was that of a gentleman of culture and social position. His very bearing evidenced that he had never been without means to gratify the legitimate tastes of a cultivated and refined intelligence. . . . Tall, with an athletic trimness of limb, a good breadth of shoulder, and a fine head poised with that natural, unconscious pride of the well-bred—he kept his feet on the unsteady platform of the car with that easy grace which marks only well-conditioned muscles, and is rarely seen save in those whose lives are sanely clean.'

The millionaire. . . . 'though certainly not old in years . . . aged by dissipation and disease. The gross, sensual mouth with its loose-hanging lips; the blotched and clammy skin; the pale watery eyes with their inflamed rims and flabby pouches; the sunken chest, skinny neck and limbs; and the thin rasping voice—all cried aloud the shame of a misspent life.' Upon this frightful example of affluence, Mr. Wright lavishes many descriptive paragraphs. 'The creature's wasted, skeleton-like limbs were clothed grotesquely in conventional evening dress.' He had a bad cough, too, which 'shook him—gasping and choking—almost into unconsciousness. The ready attendant held out a glass of whiskey, and he clutched the goblet with skinny hands.' Of course they bring him to dinner in a wheel-chair; but after Mr. Wright's descriptions, one feels that the only safe conveyance for him would be a sponge-bag or a pillow-case.

Millionaire's shocking wife. 'She was a woman of evident rank and distinction in that world where rank and distinction are determined wholly by dollars and by such social position as dollars can buy. She was beautiful; but with that carefully studied, wholly self-conscious—one is tempted to say professional—beauty of her kind. Her full, rounded, splendidly developed body was gowned to accentuate the alluring curves of her sex. With such skill was this deliberate appeal to the physical hidden under a cloak of a pretending modesty that its charm was the more effectively revealed.' Of course she hisses taunts at her husband. She says, 'Look at me; am I to waste all *this* upon you? You tell me that you have had your money's worth.—Are you so chaste that you dare cast a stone at me? . . . Be satisfied that the world does not see your shame.'

The heroine. 'A moment later, the

mountain girl, dressed in simple white, with no jewel or ornament other than a rose in her soft brown hair, stood before that company. . . . As she stood there in the modest naturalness of her winsome beauty — innocent and pure as the flowers that formed the screen behind her. . . . She seemed, as indeed she was, a spirit from another world.'

'This mountain girl can dance all alone among the trees, too, like the butterflies; and she can catch trout; and she can also play the violin so remarkably that the sound of it arrests the spotless hero (before he has ever even seen her) from yielding to the infamous advances of the shocking wife of the depraved millionaire.

The villain. 'James Rutledge, his heavy features flushed with drink, was gazing at the girl with a look that betrayed his sensual passion.' He is also an art critic; and while he continues to gaze, the dauntless exposure of high-life goes on. The depraved millionaire, surrounded by whiskey, diamonds, bare shoulders, celebrities, and everything else of the most deeply objectionable nature, tries to stand up once more, but falls ' . . . in a ghastly heap of diseased flesh and fine raiment.' This scene closely resembles the banquet scene in *A Parisian Romance*.

The remaining character of importance plays the part of Greek chorus and mentor to the hero. He has an intelligent dog, and he is very bitter. He says, 'I have no friends — only admirers.' And also, 'I am a scrawny, hump-backed, crooked-faced scarecrow of a man.' He begs the hero to be warned by his dreadful example. He is a novelist, 'easily the most famous of his day.' But this evidently gives him no joy at all, for he says, 'I am as ugly and misshapen in spirit as in body . . . I haunt the intellectual slaughter-pens. . . . I glean the stinking materials for my stories from the sewers. . . . For the dol-

lars they pay, I furnish my readers with those thrills that public decency forbids them to experience at first hand. I am a procurer. . . . My books breed moral pestilence. . . . I am an instigator of degrading immorality and unmentionable crimes. . . . No, young man, I don't work.' Later, he says to the mountain girl, 'I don't like people to read my books,' — which is very confusing after his telling the hero he writes them for the dollars they pay; and if any one will give the name and address of this novelist, I will bless him with my latest breath.

In addition to the above characters, there is the heroine's guardian angel, with one side of her face dreadfully disfigured by a mysterious past. Her real name is Rosa Dartle, but she has another one here. There is the usual villain's accomplice; he turns out in the very nick of time (for oh, mercy! The villain had nearly enmeshed the mountain girl) to have the usual kind, honest heart. And there is one nature's nobleman with a pet horse.

These are the characters; would you hear the plot?

Scene, death-bed of hero's aristocratic mother. Enter hero, fresh from Europe and painting. Awful disclosure by mother. Father did something queer. Ha, mystery! My boy, promise me! Oh yes, mother. Scene, Golden State Limited, west of Yuma. Chaste painter in same car with dangerous wife of wicked millionaire and other infectious persons. Limited reaches Redlands Junction realistically, and passengers change for Redlands just as they do in real life on the Southern Pacific. Ha, accuracy! Scene, Redlands. Famous novelist warns chaste painter. Boy, I knew your angel mother. Be true to your art. Oh, God, once I, too, was good. Is that so? Then live with me in my studio and sweet garden. Scene, sweet garden and simple life. Novelist, intelli-

gent dog, and chaste painter. Ha, a handkerchief marked 'S.' How came it here? But stay, what is yon beautiful music? Intelligent dog knows. Scene, studio. Chaste painter paints dangerous wife. Unhand me, Mrs. Potiphar. Scene, Rosa Dartle. Scene, Mrs. Potiphar and simple mountain maid. Ha, jealousy! Mrs. Potiphar flatteringly painted by Joseph as Quaker maiden. Disgust of novelist. Boy, your picture's a lie! You've painted her pure! Faugh! Honest Joseph returns large check for dishonest portrait. Scene, more simple life. Mountains, streams, butterflies, flowers, trout, mountain maid, Joseph, nature's-nobleman, and pet horse. Villain's eye on mountain maid. Accomplice procured. Can you heliograph? Scene, studio. Joseph paints mountain maid. Also new and true picture of the unsuspecting Mrs. Potiphar as she really and horribly is. (So like a gentleman to do this.) Scene, unsimple life. Banquet from *Parisian Romance*, collapse of Baron Chevalier. Scene, studio. Jealous Mrs. Potiphar and mountain maid. Girl! You here! In a young man's room *alone!* The world will talk! Oh, mercy, I did n't think of that. Disappearance of mountain maid. Departure of Mrs. Potiphar east. Joseph scouring mountains. Oh, where is my little girl? Villain pursues. Nature's-nobleman to the rescue. Where have they hid her? Ha, heliograph. Ha, footprints. Ha, hot scent. Scene, mountain hut. Abducted mountain maid in custody of accomplice, but he has a heart. Enter villain. Ha, now you're mine. Oh, mercy. Somebody coming. Enter Joseph. Joseph and villain struggle frightfully at edge of precipice. Kind-hearted accomplice shoots villain. Vice punished, virtue triumphant, quick! play some soft music! Here you are: 'The winged emblems of innocence and purity flitted

away over the willow wall. The girl, with bright eyes and smiling lips — half laughing, half serious — looked toward her mate. He held out his arms and she went to him.' (Of course they've been married, it's perfectly right, and they're in a canyon, having come to the mountains for their honeymoon, immediately after the ceremony.)

Such is the typical quack-novel: stale, distorted, a sham, a puddle of words — and Democracy's laureate literature. I have taken you wading through this mess of mildewed pap, because unless you touched it, smelt it, tasted it yourselves, how could you know the flavor that five millions find so delicious, and hence the standard of intelligence of these five millions?

v

We have seen already why money is a target at present so thickly shot at by quack-novelists: they assail money in hopes to fill their own pockets with it. This is one of those paradoxes so frequent in our reputedly humorous nation. We can next easily see why sexual passion has lately come into our fiction. It began in versions of French plays; it found an audience ready, — partly foreign but also native, — and from the stage it spread to books. Of the two spirits that have ruled in English literature, which we may symbolically christen Raleigh and Cromwell, it was Cromwell who colonized and conquered American literature, forbidding references to the flesh, and leaving our writers only the world and the devil. *The Scarlet Letter* stands out as an exception; but even in the hands of our greatest genius, how much is left out that Balzac — or Tourguénief — or a dozen great European authors — would have put in! But I will tell Mr. Garnett that, since we could at no time so far, under the sway of Cromwell, have

been permitted the wholesome frankness of Fielding (which I hope we shall come to allow — within the limits of a discreeter taste), I prefer, on the whole, our 'conspiracy of silence' to the rancid and self-conscious sentimentalism in that most crooked book of Mr. Galsworthy's, *The Dark Flower*; that is exactly what we should have had here — indeed we have had it in Mr. Herrick's *Together*. Unless you can deal with this subject as naturally as Fielding dealt with it, best keep away.

That the quack-novel is unskillful, yet flourishes and prevails, would scarce be worth any comment, were not the great bulk of our fiction so craftless as to raise in Mr. Garnett the suspicion that 'the American mind is hostile to the artist in literature'; and on this point he touches more than once. The suspicion is quite correct. But the American mind has been warped by a much broader hostility than this: not merely trained writing, but every form of equipped superiority, was mistrusted and disliked during our first hundred years of national life. That sneer contained in the phrase 'the gentleman in politics,' is but one of the many straws that show which way the wind blew. But why did it blow that way? The explanation (as Mr. Herbert Croly has shown) lies in the pioneer democrat; the germ of our pervading amateurishness is here. The pioneer democrat had the backwoods and the Indian to fight. He won. He thought very well of himself in consequence. So his brains went raw. Raw, ready brains sufficed for his needs and emergencies. With an axe, and a gun, and a vote, and some patent medicine, he survived. This greatly reinforced his initial generalization that 'one man was as good as another.' Now suppose, instead of the backwoods and the Indian, that the pioneer democrat had had Napoleon, or Wellington, with some trained armies against him? Sup-

pose some educated and civilized races had been his competitors? France, England, Germany, had *each other* to fight with, while the pioneer democrat was opposed by merely a virgin wilderness. New Orleans and Lundy's Lane do not outbalance our forlorn humiliation of 1812. Lack of education all hangs together — whether in soldiers, statesmen, doctors, or novelists. The pioneer democrat's easy success made him sure that quacks of whatever sort were just as good as anybody else. From this it was but a step to preferring them — and Europe was then too distant and too busy to disabuse him of this illusion.

Very despotic was this son of liberty in his backwoods. His notion of liberty was, that everybody was *free to agree with him*. This, also, is due to Cromwell; dissent forbids dissent from itself; and hence we have inherited the prevailing conception that freedom means your liberty to deprive your neighbor of his. Hence also do we have the 'standardized' novel; while our illusion about quacks, our preference for them, is still to be seen alike in Mr. Bryan's statesmanship and Mr. Harold Bell Wright's five million readers. The marvel is not that we have so few regular practitioners, but that we should have produced any men of great and genuine distinction at all, a Lincoln and a Hawthorne, for instance; that is the marvel — and the hope!

I doubt if the present hour furnishes any happier symbols than we have in Mr. Bryan and Mr. Wright for those American characteristics that I am trying to look at through the quack-novel; and this brings me at once to the great cause of the whole matter, the whole American phenomenon, a cause which underlies all others that I have touched upon or brushed aside. Mr. Garnett, being occupied merely with the books and not with their readers, grazes the

point when he says, 'It would be as ridiculous to charge the great American people with being *less honest with themselves* than are those of other nations, as it would be to doubt that in "the land of freedom," there is *less inner freedom than elsewhere*.' His quotation-marks seem a trifle heavy in a context so obvious; but the insular hand is not invariably light. The italics are my own: Mr. Garnett knows quite well he has hit the truth. Why is it true?

Before we came into the world, during the period of our national gestation, the times were filled with phrases. Phrase-makers in Europe were coining that political currency which phrase-mongers borrowed and passed among us here. That the chief coin was counterfeit did not hinder it from being of great value: mankind has invariably drawn inspiration from the not-true, and the not-true is probably essential to the welfare of all fruitful beliefs. Kings are supported by 'divine right.' Divine sanction for Mormonism was dug out of a hill in central New York by Joseph Smith, under the guidance of an angel. All the world over, the most contradictory creeds have called each other heresies, while claiming divine right for themselves; and to this, democracy is no exception. Therefore it is of little significance that 'the natural rights of man' is a phrase which denotes nothing constant or absolute (such as twice two is four), or denotes indeed anything whatever, except what any generation reads into it. A 'right' does not descend all complete from the sky, any more than Minerva sprang in full armor from the forehead of Jove; a 'right' is merely what everybody agrees to let anybody be, or do, or possess. In Egypt kings could marry their sisters; in a prohibition state a man cannot drink what he likes. But we were born at a season of phrase-making, and our birthday was celebrated by a phrase: *All*

men are created equal. Into the Declaration of Independence Jefferson, a slave-holder, wrote this, and all the signers signed it; and thus phrases and falsehood were made bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. They essayed to reconcile equality and slavery by explaining that Negroes were not exactly men; but as this was awkward for Thomas Jefferson and the numerous other white fathers of black slaves, the position was abandoned, and America went forward with her phrase of equality and all her other phrases.

But you cannot continue to swallow a contradiction like slavery and equality for very long, without important results to your mental integrity. You never can substitute rhetoric for reality without important results to your brain—and other results as well. You cannot fight trained armies with rhetoric; and so the English burned Washington. The War of 1812, however, taught nothing to our phrase-mongers in Congress and elsewhere. We continued to be the land of the free' and to boast about our 'glorious institutions and destiny.' We spoke of Europe's 'effete despotisms'; we said 'Uncle Sam had a farm for everybody'; and our public oracles from Jefferson to Bryan have continued to build commonwealths with hot air.

Thus cherishing the equality and slavery lie, and thus nourishing our Optimistic Fallacy with phrases which our easy success in the backwoods seemed to validate, we acquired our instinct to look away from any reality that fell short of squaring with the Optimistic Fallacy, any truth that refused to combine agreeably with it. From all such unpleasant facts, political and social, all facts that grated on the Optimistic Fallacy, we turned our eyes so quickly and so hard, that our national sincerity ended by acquiring a perpetual squint. Slavery was abolished—we know at

what cost — but the four years' struggle of true national conscience, while it exalted a generation for ever, could not undo the work of the sixty or seventy preceding years; the squint went on; it had become chronic.

In great things, as in small, we hid behind phrases; changing the *words* satisfied us just as well as if we had thereby changed the *facts*. For instance, 'first' and 'second' class could n't be painted on railroad cars: all passengers, being Americans, were equal; it would be 'un-American'; but paint 'Pullman' on a car, and everybody was satisfied. In like manner we hid behind the word 'emancipation,' and looked away from the festering unsolved problem. So it is our habit still to stare crookedly (or not at all) at unpleasant truths, to pull the Optimistic Fallacy over anything uncomfortable, just as we pull the bed-clothes over us when we feel cold; so do we still think in terms of sham. The greatest sham we have, the pension of war veterans, is swathed in phrases of the same pious sentimentalism and the same regardlessness of reality that drench the novels of Mr. Harold Bell Wright and the speeches of Mr. William Jennings Bryan.

We can hardly so far be said to have

rebutted the presumption raised by History against Democracy, whose wagon has never yet been hitched to a fixed star. But beneath all our sham, something true shines out unexpectedly at times. Behind the clouds, is our star fixed?

Quite aside from our group of redeeming individuals, whose religion, politics, science, and art keep our heads a little above water, and quite aside also from our general kindness and innocence, and our generosity of both purse and self to those in affliction, we can rise to right-mindedness on great occasions. Under a great shock we see straight. We can perceive the German squint, a far worse one than ours. Our Panama-tolls treaty was not a scrap of paper. If clumsily, still we are struggling for social justice. Our business honesty has improved. Perhaps our star is fixed. Perhaps we shall be cured of our own squint without a surgical operation. Perhaps Uncle Sam may escape the fall he seems to be riding for; but if this is to be the case, we must see straight and keep ourselves right-minded on small as well as great occasions. No ship of state sails far if the pilot forsakes the wheel until the storm is upon him.

NATION-WIDE PROHIBITION

BY L. AMES BROWN

I

Two important happenings in the year 1914 served to direct the attention of the American people to the subject of national prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicants, as it never before had been directed. The first of these was the issuance of the Imperial Ukase which established prohibition in Russia; the second was a vote on December 22 of more than a majority of the members of our own House of Representatives for the submission of a prohibition amendment to the Constitution to the vote of the states. Until the Czar abolished the imperial liquor monopoly in Russia, the United States for years had held unquestioned primacy among the great powers for its interest in the anti-alcohol movement. The embarkation of the Scandinavian countries on an era of prohibition had not attracted great attention among us; and we, although far from the state of absolute prohibition advocated by the propagandists of the movement throughout the world, regarded ourselves somewhat smugly as far in the forefront of the nations which opposed intemperance in the use of alcoholic beverages.

With the Czar's ukase, the United States, itself in the grip of an upsurging of prohibitionist sentiment greater than had been known in the history of the country before, found opportunity to see, without making the important venture, the effect of nation-wide prohibition upon the social, political, and

economic life of a great power. The interest which our country feels in the Russian venture has been fully appreciated by the editors of our periodicals and newspapers, who have strained every nerve to secure accurate and detailed information as to the changes which have been wrought in the national life of Russia.

In Russia, the problem of effective prohibition was much simpler than it would be with us. There, where the government monopolized the liquor industry, only an imperial edict was needed to make prohibition a reality. There was no confiscation of a vast amount of privately owned property to deter the Czar, and the only important problem which had to be solved was to secure additional annual revenues amounting to \$500,000,000, to replace the loss of the government's profits from manufacturing and selling liquor. There was no issue of violated states' rights to be met, nor did there loom up any probability of numerous violations of the law by the illegal manufacture and sale of liquor, such as would be fostered by public sentiment in this country in communities which do not approve prohibition.

In Russia the problem was simple, as compared with ours; but the simplicity with which the reform was accomplished has no bearing on the effects to be produced by it. The propagandists of the movement in this country have seized upon reports already received of the good done in Russia as the leading arguments for nation-wide prohibition

in the United States. For one thing, it is to be noted, according to a Reuter's agency dispatch, that M. Kharitonoff, Comptroller of the Russian Treasury, reports a jump of \$14,000,000 in the monthly savings of the nation. Michael Demotrovitch Tchelisheff, former member of the Duma, who is credited widely with having done more than any one else to bring about the reform in Russia, is authority for the statement, conveyed in a Petrograd dispatch to the Associated Press, that the people of Russia had been accustomed to consuming \$15,000,000 worth of vodka a day, and that the effect of prohibition already had manifested itself definitely in decreases in petty crimes and misdemeanors, and in a general invigoration of the peasantry and lower-class population of the cities. It has been said that the war expense to Russia does not exceed the savings accruing from the enforced abstinence from vodka by her 150,000,000 people.

The Great War has had the effect of imparting to the anti-alcohol movement what is perhaps the greatest impetus it has received in all the ages. Russia is the only belligerent nation which has established actual prohibition, but France has taken an important step in that direction by enacting a law to suppress the manufacture of absinthe, which, it has been predicted, may be extended to cover vermouth and other similar beverages, and the German government has imposed restrictions on the production of beer. According to the *Lokal Anzeiger*, the German breweries were forbidden to use above forty per cent of their usual quantity of malt after March 1. The first steps taken in Great Britain to insure sobriety were the issuance of an appeal by Lord Kitchener to the British soldiers to forego the use of alcohol, and the publication of similar appeals throughout Great Britain, calling upon the civic popula-

tion to refrain from 'treating' the enlisted men. Later, an official propaganda was launched vigorously by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd George, demanding absolute prohibition for Great Britain. He excluded moral considerations from his argument and made the issue one of practical necessity; he declared that the consumption of intoxicants by the workmen in British powder and armor factories was holding down their output to an extent that handicapped the army severely, and that it might prolong the war. A few days after the Chancellor's first speech on the subject, King George issued an order that no intoxicants be served in any of the royal palaces.

The United States has now entered upon its second era of prohibition agitation. The first came more than fifty years ago, when Maine passed a law against the sale of whiskey. The prohibition sentiment spread perhaps as rapidly as any movement which has gripped the thought of the country with temporary force. Between 1851, when the Maine law was enacted, and 1856, thirteen states — Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Maryland, Delaware, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Nebraska, and Illinois — enacted prohibition laws. This first essay in prohibition must have been regarded as a failure, for all of these states except Vermont and New Hampshire revoked their prohibition laws in favor of license laws in a comparatively short time, and the last-named states followed their example in 1903. In pointing to the indicated conclusions of the people of these states in regard to the efficacy of prohibition laws, it is proper to note the observation of President Guy Hayler, of the International Prohibition Confederation, made in his book, *Prohibition Advance in All Lands*: —

'In only two instances where prohibi-

tion has been adopted by a state's popular vote, has the law been repealed in like manner [referring to the repeal in Alabama in 1909], namely, Rhode Island and South Dakota; and in each case a drastic local-option law was carried, by means of which a large portion of each state is now under no-license.'

It might be said in passing that the statement of Mr. Hayler offers cogent argument against the foisting of prohibition legislation upon states where popular sentiment with regard to it has not been tested. It is a fact not now seriously disputed that the thirteen states listed above — certainly the majority of them — repealed their liquor legislation because they did not regard the social or economic life of their commonwealths as improved, and because they saw no evidence that the consumption of liquor had been greatly diminished.

Sixteen states are now to be classed as 'dry': West Virginia, Kansas, Maine, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, and Tennessee were in this class before September 22, 1914; since that time, Virginia, Alabama, Arizona, Colorado, Oregon, and Washington have enacted prohibition laws, and statutes restricting the manufacture and sale of liquor have been enacted in Arkansas. The prohibition forces have launched movements for prohibitive or restrictive legislation in Idaho, Iowa, Minnesota, Montana, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Utah, and Vermont.

It is the purpose of this paper to assess as authoritatively as may be done the status of the prohibition movement in the United States to-day, and, although endeavoring to confine attention to the non-controversial elements in the situation, to present some general indications as to what may be expected of the movement in the future.

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II

The subject divides itself naturally into two main topics, — the political and the social and economic aspects of the movement. To the former, public attention has been directed repeatedly by recent happenings in Congress, among them the vote in the House on the Hobson resolution to submit a constitutional amendment; the vote on the District of Columbia appropriation bill in the Senate, where a prohibition amendment was offered; the passage of the Webb anti-shipping bill two years ago, and various speech-makings and less conspicuous incidents which have been noted at the national capital. Politically, prohibition undoubtedly is one of the most powerful issues in the minds of the American people. To back up that statement, we have the expert opinion of the gentlemen of the House of Representatives and the members of the Senate, who are now popularly elected, and are therefore far more agile than formerly in adapting their votes to information secured through keeping the 'ear to the ground.' Faces of some of these legislators blanched last fall at the realization that they were to be forced upon record on this issue; the timorous among them shirked the test, if any plausible pretext was found; and many of the strong cast their vote with foreboding. Congress perhaps was keyed to as fine a pitch of representative spirit in its votes on the liquor issue as at any time in the history of the government; for then most vigorously did the members seek to attune their attitude to the wishes of the majority of their constituents, and then most surely were the wishes of the people of the country registered in roll-calls of the House and Senate.

The fight in the House on the Hobson resolution had many remarkable aspects. For one thing, Representative

Hobson, in closing the argument for the resolution, served notice on all parties that the prohibitionists would demand in 1916 the election of a president and a congress to support a constitutional amendment such as was then before the House. Mr. Hobson said: —

‘If the Sixty-third Congress does not grant this plain right of the people for this referendum to change their organic law, to meet this mighty evil, the Sixty-fourth Congress will be likewise invoked. . . . I here announce to you that the determination of the great moral, the great spiritual, the great temperance and prohibition forces of this whole nation will make this question the paramount issue in 1916, not only to gain a two-thirds majority in the two houses of Congress, but to have an administration that neither in the open nor under cover will fight this reform.’

It was generally stated in the publications which discussed the congressional fight subsequently, that the prohibitionist leader had President Wilson in mind when he served notice that the strength of his co-believers would be turned against those who fought this reform either ‘in the open or under cover.’ The President’s personal influence, where felt at all in the matter, was definitely against the passage of the Hobson resolution; but, on the other hand, it was his influence as the party leader which was largely responsible for the submission of the resolution to a vote. The President believed, with other members of his party, of different convictions regarding prohibition, that the Democratic majority in Congress ought not to bear the stigma of suppressing a test of strength on an issue of such widespread interest and importance. He therefore approved the movement first started by majority-leader Underwood in the spring of 1914, for a vote on the Hobson resolution,

and in the weeks preceding the final vote, refused to approve a well-worked-out plan submitted by leaders of the House for smothering the resolution in committee.

The President’s expressed views were a bulwark, however, for the opponents of the Hobson measure when the fight did come on. He had expressed himself early in his campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination, in a letter to the Reverend Thomas B. Shannon of New Jersey, which was often quoted in the House debates. In this letter the President said: —

‘I am in favor of local option. I am a thorough believer in local self-government, and believe that every self-governing community which constitutes a social unit should have the right to control the matter of the regulation or of the withholding of licenses.

‘But the questions involved are social and moral, and are not susceptible of being made parts of a party programme. . . . I do not believe that party programmes of the highest consequence to the political life of the state and nation ought to be thrust on one side and hopelessly embarrassed for long periods together by making a political issue of a great question which is essentially non-political, non-partisan, moral, and social in its nature.’

The fact that President Wilson’s published letter was one of the oft-quoted citations in the congressional arguments did not deter Mr. Bryan from paying his respects, a short time after the vote, to those who employed the local-self-government argument. In an editorial in the *Commoner*, Mr. Bryan said: —

‘The discussion of the proposed national prohibition amendments has brought out a new lot of mock heroics on the subject of local self-government. Some of the “wets,” in attempting to justify their opposition to national pro-

hibition, express great fear lest the national authority shall trample upon the "imperishable rights of local self-government." What perishable tommyrot!

One other high official of the Wilson Administration has been conspicuous for his attitude on prohibition. He is Mr. Josephus Daniels, the Secretary of the Navy, who has done as much, perhaps, as any other official to bring the Democratic party into favor with prohibition advocates. Mr. Daniels first brought himself into the limelight in the early days of President Wilson's term by a series of speeches he made on the Pacific coast on the subject of prohibition. Later he issued his much-discussed 'dry navy' order. This last act is so unpopular among the officers of the navy that some serious-minded people have been impelled to declare that Secretary Daniels has impaired his usefulness as the head of the Navy Department. Undoubtedly the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of State have brought down much disapproval upon the Wilson Administration from anti-prohibition sources. But there is still room to question whether this disfavor has not been more than neutralized by the approval which they have won for the Administration in sections of the country where prohibition sentiment is predominant.

The Anti-Saloon League is the chief instrumentality through which the political power of the prohibition movement is exerted upon the national and state governments. This organization unites the efforts of various temperance organizations in each state which have espoused the cause of state-wide or nation-wide prohibition. Committed to the bringing about of a legislative enactment through political means, the League does not hesitate to employ the accustomed methods of politics. It is perhaps one of the most efficient and

far-reaching organizations maintained in this country to promote an idea under legislative consideration. The Anti-Saloon League maintains a national legislative headquarters at Washington. This was the directing force of the recent prohibition fights in the House and Senate. Had their 'concerted effort' been made for the betterment of any special interest or corporate enterprise, the prohibition promoters in Washington possibly would have been stigmatized as one of the most gigantic lobbies ever maintained in the national capital. The extent of the League's organization is indicated by the fact that, at the last biennial convention, reports were heard from directing officials of subordinate organizations in forty-two states. Each of these state organizations is in charge of a well-paid superintendent, skilled in the ways of politicians, and thoroughly capable of holding his own with lobbyists of all sorts in political contests where the welfare of the prohibition cause is involved. The salaried officials and subordinate employees of the organization number some five hundred persons. The income of the League last year was \$1,200,000.

That the League has made no secret of its determination to use its influence to defeat public men who oppose prohibition is established by the report of Superintendent McBride of the Illinois League, submitted to the biennial convention at Columbus, Ohio, in 1913, and published in the official report of that convention. In his report the Reverend Mr. McBride told how the Anti-Saloon League of Illinois had put a candidate in the field against John B. Castle, a member of the Illinois legislature who had been largely responsible for the defeat of the local-option bill in that body, and had thus brought about the defeat of Castle.

Before turning from the discussion of the political side of the prohibition

movement, notice should be taken, in passing at least, of the extent to which this movement is linked with the woman suffrage movement. The liquor interests were responsible for what was perhaps the first noteworthy instance in which the two movements were joined in the United States. That was in 1881, when the National Brewers' Congress adopted a resolution opposing woman suffrage. The fact is that the relationship between the suffrage and the prohibition movements is no closer than the one of mutual interest and helpfulness which two so-called reform movements would bear to one another. It is to be observed, however, that the sections of the country in which the prohibition movement is moving forward most rapidly are for the most part identical — except for the South — with the sections in which the suffrage propaganda is spreading. This statement is borne out by the fact that in the votes in the Sixty-third Congress on suffrage and prohibition, 106 of the members of the House voted affirmatively upon both proposals. In the November elections the people of Ohio voted against suffrage at the same time that they defeated prohibition, and in Missouri the adoption of a 'county unit law' was prevented in the same vote which was registered against woman suffrage.

The prohibitionists have hailed as a distinguished victory the outcome of the fight in Congress, and of the elections, in which four of the six states where the issue was made adopted prohibition. The movement's propagandists have girded up their loins for a renewal of the fight in Congress, with protestations of increased confidence that the sentiment for prohibition is far short of the crest of its wave. It is inevitable that they will be heard from in the national conventions of the Republican and Democratic parties; for

its leaders have announced that they will insist upon the nomination of candidates friendly to the movement, and newspaper reports have stated that an effective organization already has been formed to look after the election of delegates to these conventions. In many quarters there is an expectancy that Colonel Roosevelt, if he participates in the next national election, either as a candidate or as the mentor of a political party, will stand upon the joint issue of suffrage and prohibition.

III

An assessment of the prohibition movement should give a large measure of attention to its social and economic aspects, even to the neglect, if need be, of the political side. The latter is but a surface evidence of the true strength of the movement, which may or may not be merely superficial in character. President Wilson's observations that 'government is merely an attempt to express the conscience of everybody, the average conscience of the nation,' and that if the government is going faster than the public conscience it will soon have to pull up, is applicable to all reform movements and to the prohibition movement as well. The final decision of the fight for national prohibition will not be when the Congress by a two-thirds vote submits a constitutional amendment to the states, but rather when the states themselves pass upon the proposed amendment. Thus it is certain that the political and legislative attainments of the prohibitionists, in the last analysis, will be measured up or measured down to coincide with the more basic interests of the people of the country.

To one attempting to appraise the movement, perhaps the first thought that arises is with regard to the influence that prohibition has had upon the

social development of the people in the states and local-option units where prohibition laws have been ratified. One would want to know its effect upon the consumption of liquor, and consequently upon literacy, sobriety, conduct, physical efficiency, divorce, the savings of the people, and their industrial development. One would want to know something about the personnel of the leadership of the movement, and to judge whether the men preaching its propaganda may be regarded as representative Americans. The necessity immediately arises for differentiating between prohibition in states and other political units, and nation-wide prohibition; for until the present time the former has accomplished, at best, only a curtailment of the use of liquor, whereas nation-wide prohibition offers the possibility of suppressing its use.

Statistics as to the consumption of intoxicants do not lend strength to prohibitionists' arguments, and in these arguments due explanations are offered of the figures in the annual reports of the Internal Revenue Bureau and the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. The records show that although eight states and numerous smaller units have gone 'dry' since 1907, the consumption of liquors of all sorts has increased. The consumption of liquors manufactured in this country and imported amounted to 2,020,136,809 gallons in 1907. This consumption was decreased nearly 14,000,000 gallons in 1908, and 70,000,000 gallons in 1909. These decreases doubtless should be attributed in part at least to the financial depression which was upon the country in that period, for, starting with the following year, the number of gallons consumed has increased until in the year just closed it was 2,252,272,765. The per capita consumption has not increased so rapidly as these enormous totals would seem to indicate. In

fact, the per capita consumption, according to figures given in the statistical abstract of the Department of Commerce, is now less than in 1907, when the present prohibition laws were enacted, and in only two years since that time has the per capita consumption reached the point of 1907. For that year, the figure given was 22.79 gallons. In the following year it was 22.22 gallons. In 1914, it was 22.50 gallons. It is interesting to note in this connection that the average consumption of malt liquors is about twelve times that of spirituous liquors.

The foregoing data concerning the consumption of liquor cover only that which was sold in accordance with the laws, and it is pertinent to quote here the following excerpt from the last report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue:—

'Bootlegging is principally carried on in the states operating under local prohibition laws, and appears to be one of the hardest propositions that revenue officers are called upon to face. . . . As the various states vote 'dry,' the operations of the bootlegger grow larger. . . . Illicit distilling, during the past fiscal year, increased slightly over the preceding year.'

It is evident, according to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue's belief, that the disregard of law is one of the prices which prohibition states have to pay for the benefit of the legislation. This opinion is concurred in by President-emeritus Eliot of Harvard University, who said several years ago in a speech on prohibition, 'The effort to enforce it during forty years past has had some unlooked-for effects upon public respect for courts, judicial procedure, oaths and law, legislatures and public servants.'

Representative Underwood of Alabama, in a speech in the House on the Hobson resolution last December, in-

voked the census statistics to support his contention that the social benefits claimed for prohibition have failed to materialize in the dry states. Mr. Underwood utilized Kansas, where prohibition has been in force for many years, as the example *par excellence* of a state where prohibition has failed to 'make good.' He cited the census bulletin on mortality statistics for 1911, to show that the average death rate by violence, exclusive of suicide, for cities investigated in twenty-nine states in which liquor was sold lawfully, was lower than that of Kansas, while in only three of the states investigated was it higher. From the same source Mr. Underwood gleaned authority for the statement that of thirty-eight states investigated, twenty states where liquor is sold show a lower average death rate from suicide than does Kansas, while eleven show a higher death rate. From the census bulletin on marriage and divorce, Mr. Underwood cited figures showing that twenty-seven states in which liquor is lawfully sold have a lower divorce rate than Kansas, and that only thirteen states in which liquor is lawfully sold have a higher rate.

In the same census bulletin, figures were obtained showing that in the period from 1887 to 1906 the State of Kansas granted more divorces on account of drunkenness of the husband than any one of the twenty-five states in which liquor was sold lawfully.

The annual report of the Comptroller of the Currency gives statistics as to the average savings of individual depositors in savings banks of the United States in 1913. Mr. Underwood examined this report again with a view of ascertaining where Kansas would stand in the table of comparison, and he found that in twenty-seven states in which liquor is sold, the average savings for each depositor in 1913 were more than in Kansas, while in only nine states

was the average lower than that of Kansas. Four prohibition states, he found, showed a higher average than Kansas, and four a lower average. Mr. Underwood then turned his attention to the matter of church-membership, desiring to find how Kansas stood in the proportion of its population which were church members, as compared to other states. From a report made by the Bureau of the Census on a religious-body investigation conducted in 1906, Mr. Underwood found basis for the statement that only four states out of the forty-nine investigated had a proportion of church members smaller than that of Kansas, and that two of these states, Wyoming and Oregon, were states in which liquor was sold, and the other two, West Virginia and Oklahoma, were prohibition states. Thirty-eight states in which liquor was sold had a larger percentage of church members than had Kansas.

The evidence accumulated by the census statisticians, however, is not all on the side of the anti-prohibitionists. A recent compilation of the statistics relating to pauperism shows that the percentage of impoverished population in the prohibition states is remarkably smaller than that in the licensed states. Based on the 1910 census, the compilation shows that in all of the prohibition states with the exception of Virginia and Maine, the number of paupers for 100,000 population is below 67, while the number for the same units in the license states averages 125. The number in Virginia is 81.5, and that in Maine is 127.3, but in the other prohibition states it is far smaller.

The Anti-Saloon League Year Book for 1914 contains a set of tables dealing with the liquor problem and insanity. The nine states which had prohibition at the time the Year Book was published had an average of 118.8 insane persons in hospitals enumerated for

each 100,000 of population. The percentage was much larger in the states which were classed as partially licensed states; and in the states in which less than 50 per cent of the population live in territory in which the sale of liquor is prohibited, the average was approximately 250. Another compilation in the Anti-Saloon League Year Book, based upon the census report for 1910, as to the number of sentenced prisoners in state penal institutions, sets forth that there were only 124.1 such prisoners for each 100,000 of population in nine prohibition states, while in ten states in which less than 25 per cent of the population live under prohibition laws, the number is 130.3 for each 100,000 of population. Branching off into the statistics concerning literacy, the Anti-Saloon League Year Book succeeds in placing the nine prohibition states high up in the column. It finds that the prohibition states had 75.6 per cent of the children of school age enrolled as pupils, while the average percentage for the states in which less than 50 per cent of the people live under prohibition laws is less than 72 per cent. A fifth set of tables arranged under the heading, 'Race Suicide in its Relation to Prohibition and License,' presents the number of persons to every 100 families in the different states. The tables set forth that the average family is somewhat larger, at least by a small fraction of an individual, in the prohibition states than in the license states. It will be seen therefore that the census figures furnish no conclusive evidence either for or against prohibition as the instrumentality of social reform.

Importance attaches to the results of an investigation made recently by forty-three life-insurance companies of the United States and Canada as to the effect of the use of alcohol in shortening life. The actuary in charge of this investigation, Mr. Arthur Hunter, report-

ed last December at a meeting of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents in New York, that he had examined the record of 2,000,000 lives for a period of twenty-five years. He reported that among saloon proprietors, whether they tended bar or not, the rate of mortality was 70 per cent above normal; that among men who admitted that they had taken alcohol occasionally in excess at some period in their lives, it was 50 per cent above normal; and that among men, formerly intemperate, who had not used alcohol excessively for at least two years before they applied for life-insurance policies it was 30 per cent above normal.

Perhaps the most important new support that has come to the prohibition movement in recent years has come through its assimilation of the great American doctrine of mental and physical efficiency. This war against waste has had the effect of steeling the hearts of thousands of employers against the use of liquor by themselves or their employees during work hours, and to any extent which may have an appreciable influence upon the efficiency of the workmen. In the forefront of this movement are the managements of the big corporations. According to a special article in the *Technical World Magazine* for January, drinking now results in prompt dismissal for an employee of the International Harvester Company, United States Steel Corporation, Standard Oil Company, the Edison Company, and a thousand other American firms of the first rank, not to mention the railroads, which have long maintained strict rules in regard to drinking among employees. That periodical, in the course of a discussion of the attitude of the corporations of the country toward the use of liquor by employees, made this observation:—

'If America becomes liquor-free in the next generation, as some industrial

leaders predict, it will probably be because of the drastic action of our industries, which cannot stand by and see large possible profits swallowed up by alcoholism.'

This movement by big corporations first gained prominence in 1890, when President Corbin of the Reading Railroad issued an order for the discharge of all employees who frequented drinking places, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad issued a circular stating that it would not employ men addicted to intoxicants.

Something should be said in this connection as to the changes which are observable in the personnel of the leadership of the movement in these recent years in which prohibition has taken on the proportion of a national issue. The gathering strength of the movement is to be attributed in a large measure to the new type of men who have allied themselves with it. These are the men who bring with them strong convictions gained from the doctrine of mental efficiency. The arguments which they offer are seen to be increasingly unlike the fanatical creations of sentiment which formerly had so large a place in the prohibition propaganda.

Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi is one of the proponents of prohibition who should be placed in this classification. In a speech in the Senate in January, which he prefaced with the remark, 'I love a toddy almost as well as Daniel Webster or Henry Clay ever did,' he had this to say: —

'I am willing to vote for this proposition outside of the fact that Mississippi wants me to vote for it, because I have come to the conclusion — and I have come to it after much standing on the other side — that in some respects I was wrong about it, because it has done some good. It has not been a panacea; it has not brought about the millennium; it has not abolished drunkenness; it has

not decreased crime to any marked extent; it has not, of course, kept lunatics out of the lunatic asylum; it has not done any sort of impossible things that only extremists expected from it; but it has done a good deal of good, and I know that while liquor may do men of temperate temperaments some harm and does do men of intemperate temperaments a great deal of harm, it never did me or anybody else in the long run any good worth contending for.'

A study of the literature of the prohibitionist propaganda brings one fact impressively to the attention of the student of economics, that it is a propaganda without scientifically compiled statistics as to some of the most important facts at issue. One of the first questions asked by the economist in studying the prohibition movement is as to the monetary gain or loss to the country which would result from nation-wide prohibition. This information was available in Russia, where there was a government monopoly, but in the United States, the federal departments have not seen fit to make an inquiry into the amount annually expended by the people in the purchase of alcoholic beverages. Estimates of the prohibitionists vary from \$1,500,000,000 to \$2,000,000,000, but it is frankly admitted that these estimates were obtained by the roughest sort of approximations. Some time ago, when I asked the manager of the national legislative headquarters of the Anti-Saloon League in Washington for his estimate, he gave me \$1,750,000,000, which he said he had arrived at by assuming the average business done by a retail liquor dealer at \$25 a day, multiplying this by the number of business days in a year, and multiplying the product by the number of retail liquor dealers paying taxes to the Internal Revenue Bureau. This estimate, if accurate as to the details covered, would fall far short of the real expenditures of

the country, for it would not include the sales of establishments operated in violation of the law, or the purchases for consumption made directly from the wholesaler by mail orders.

A better method of arriving at an estimate would be through a computation based upon the number of gallons of intoxicants annually consumed and the approximate price per gallon paid by the ultimate purchaser, — a method suggested by the Anti-Saloon League Year Book for 1910. The total quantity of liquor consumed in the fiscal year 1914, according to the statistical abstract of the Department of Commerce, was 2,252,272,765 gallons. Of this, 2,053,457,082 gallons were malt liquors; 52,418,430 gallons were wine; and 146,397,253 gallons were distilled spirits. Accurate information is not available as to the percentage of this amount which was sold over saloon counters or sent direct to the consumer in quantities of a gallon or more. A conservative estimate of the price paid for liquor by the gallon is one dollar, but the average price paid in single drinks must be placed much higher, for there are sixteen drinks to the gallon, according to the estimate universally accepted among liquor dealers, and the price paid per drink is approximately ten cents. Several authorities on the liquor industry which I have consulted agree that \$1.25 would be a low estimate to place on the consumers' price for distilled spirits; that 40 cents a gallon would be a fair estimate of the price of beer. The statistical abstract gives 61 cents a gallon as the average price of distilled wine in casks. After consulting the various official authorities, I have fixed 75 cents a gallon as the retail price of domestic wines for the purpose of this estimate, and \$1.25 as the price of imported wines. These figures would result in an estimate that the annual expenditure for distilled spirits is ap-

proximately \$200,000,000; for beer and malt liquors, \$800,000,000; for domestic wines, \$40,000,000; and for imported wines, \$10,000,000. The sum total would be \$1,050,000,000.

Turn now to the economic losses involved in prohibiting the importation and manufacture and sale of liquors. The Federal Government collected \$226,200,000 in taxes on liquor through the Internal Revenue Bureau in the fiscal year 1914, and \$19,200,000 through the customs, making a total of \$245,400,000 of federal revenues on liquors. In the same year the total receipts of the government from ordinary sources was \$734,673,166. The revenue derived by the states through state licenses and taxes collected by counties and incorporated places amounted to \$79,600,000, according to figures furnished the Ways and Means Committee of the House by the Census Bureau.

Prohibition, it will be seen, would necessitate the reorganization of the fiscal system of the Federal Government and would force Congress to find new sources of taxation. The tax on incomes would have to be extended far beyond its present rates in order to make good the deficit, and at the same time the government would be forced into levying more heavily upon the necessities of life.

It is possible, however, that the matter of reorganizing the state and national systems of taxation would not be the most important economic result of prohibition. There would come in for consideration the number of wage-earners thrown out of employment; the amount of invested capital both in manufacturing plants and in distributing establishments which would be rendered useless; the annual market for agricultural products which would be destroyed; the revenues from the transportation of liquors of which the railroads and express companies would be

deprived; and the effect upon allied trades and manufactures. Statistics are readily obtainable on some of these points. According to the census of 1910, there were 2,027 breweries and distilleries in operation in the United States, employing 61,009 wage-earners, and turning out products valued at \$589,504,000. According to the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the last fiscal year, there were 220,293 retail liquor dealers, 19,312 wholesalers, and 2,345 rectifiers. The total capital invested in the liquor industry was \$771,516,000, and it is estimated by Representative Goeke of Ohio that the sums invested in retail establishments would bring the total up to \$1,294,583,486.

The proponents of the prohibition movement have offered no plan for meeting this problem of confiscation of property, or for furnishing the additional revenues which would be demanded. It is not to be believed however, that the American people ever will by constitutional amendment prohibit both the manufacture and the sale of liquors without providing adequate compensation for those whose property would be destroyed. Although this subject has been neglected in the discourses of the prohibitionists in Congress and in the state campaigns, there are evidences that its importance is being realized; among which may be mentioned the action of the City Commission of San Francisco, California, in appropriating \$100,000,000 for buying and discontinuing the operation of saloons; and of the Iowa Federation of Labor in demanding that the State of Iowa, if a prohibition law were passed, should pay all brewery workers and allied tradesmen the union scale of wages until they could get new jobs.

The importance of the effect of liquor on the economic life of the wage-earners of the country may be mini-

mized by the prohibitionists with figures as to labor's share in the manufacture of liquors, as compared with that in other industries. The current Anti-Saloon League Year Book alleges that a smaller proportion of running expenses is paid to labor in the manufacture of malt and distilled liquors and patent medicines, than in any other industry in the United States. According to the advertisement of the Year Book, it gives 'the cold facts as to how much more in proportion is paid by other United States industries to labor than the liquor industry pays to labor; how much more the liquor industry pays for salaries to its officials than other industries do; how much more the liquor industry pays out for so-called miscellaneous expenses than other industries do.' One other item should be mentioned in relation to the economic side of the prohibition movement, — the market which the liquor industry furnishes for agricultural products. It is estimated that the value of grain, molasses, fruit, and so-called secondary products of agriculture used in the manufacture of liquors in 1913 was \$113,884,000.

IV

I have refrained thus far from making any detailed reference to the extent to which the violation of the basic plan of our government is involved in the withdrawal from the states of the right to solve the liquor problem for themselves. It has been contended that the states are powerless in the matter because of their inability to prohibit shipments across their lines, and that therefore nation-wide prohibition is necessary in order that each state might have its own will with regard to the use of liquor within its boundaries. To my mind the latter contention might have been made one of the most forceful

claims of the advocates of the constitutional amendment, had it not been for the enactment of the Webb anti-ship-ping bill. That law, according to the highest interpretations yet given it by the courts, removes from liquor shipments the protection which they had formerly enjoyed under the interstate commerce laws. With the invocation of this law by the states, through additional stringent legislation, the way is opened for a new test of state-wide prohibition. The right of the State of West Virginia to prevent the shipment into its territory of liquor sold through advertisement circulated therein was sustained in a decision handed down by Judge Woods of the United States Circuit Court for the Fourth Circuit, sitting at Richmond, Virginia, January 14, 1915. That decision marks a new era in the history of state-wide prohibition. Certainly it follows from it that national prohibition is no longer necessary in order that there may be actual state-wide prohibition. Realizing the new power which is in their hands, the states of North Carolina and South Carolina now have given consideration to additional prohibition legislation designed to utilize it.

It has been said that no law is strong-

er than the sentiment of the jury in the jury-box. It is certain that juries inevitably will be lax in the enforcement of laws not sustained by community sentiment. It would be inexpedient to foist prohibition upon states which did not want it, for to do so would force these states to pay the economic price of prohibition without gaining the benefits. The same criticism applies in small measure to state prohibition and local option, but in this case the difficulties are minimized because the areas are smaller, the diversification of public sentiment is less extended, and the facilities for securing a more even expression of the popular will are more efficient. Certainly, with the enactment of the Webb law, state-wide prohibition has become the most practicable method of regulating the sale and use of liquor. It is true that the states are but the nation in little, and that often their prohibition laws fail utterly to respond to local sentiment; but on the other hand it seems to me to have been demonstrated that this method is to be preferred equally to nation-wide prohibition and to a universal local option, which at best would be a patchwork and would be too easily changed by flurries in popular sentiment.

AT THE SIGN OF THE VELVET GLOVE

A STUDY IN AUTOCRACY

BY J. O. P. BLAND

As if fittingly to celebrate the passing of a year of grace, Citizen Yuan Shih-k'ai, President of the Republic of China, gave forth, in the last days of December, two memorable mandates. Had these decrees been issued to a world at peace, they must have contributed largely to the relief of journalism and the gayety of nations, for both possess in a very marked degree the quality, not uncommon in Chinese state papers, of suggesting a good deal more than at first sight meets the eye. Even in war-time, they deserve the tribute of a sympathetic glance, for in both there is much palatable food for meditation and new cause to admire the flexible inflexibility of China's system of government, especially now that the Mother of Parliaments, confronted by stern realities, has put away party government with all other childish things.

Indeed, these latest mandates of Citizen Yuan have a very subtle flavor, reminiscent of Brobdingnag. Both deal with matters of the highest national importance (to wit, the Presidential Election Law and the qualifications for membership in Parliament) and handle them with the magisterial solemnity suitable to such weighty questions; but he who reads them can hardly avoid asking himself whether Citizen Yuan, Prince Na Yen-tu, Secretary Liang Shih-yi, and the Board of Censors have not seized a psychological occasion for poking a little patriarchal

fun at Europe. In any case, the delicate flavor of irony is there. If it be not the result of deliberate intention on the part of Yuan and his advisers, it must be a spontaneous emanation from the atmosphere of naïveté which seems to enfold Chinese officialdom whenever it proceeds to array itself in the garb of European institutions.

The new law for presidential elections puts the finishing touch upon the nicely graduated series of enactments by which, during the past twelve months, President Yuan has relaid the 'permanent foundations of the New Constitution in China,' by removing therefrom every vestige of constitutional procedure. The general nature of the present measure was foreshadowed in a mandate issued toward the end of October. This document announced that 'the most renowned scholars of East and West are agreed that, in framing a fundamental law, it is essential to bear in mind the condition of the people; no good can possibly come of cutting one's feet to fit a pair of shoes.' So the shoes have been made to fit the present understandings; good, comfortable shoes, made on the old dynastic last. The President of the Republic is to hold office for a term of ten years and then to be eligible for reëlection. The Election Commission will consist of fifty members from each of the two houses of Parliament, but the constitution of these houses, as at pre-

sent devised, precludes all anxiety as to independent initiative on their part.

Along with other adequate precautions against undesirable revolutionary tendencies, the present presidential law decrees that 'if at election time the Administrative Council [Tsancheng-yuan] should think it advisable that the President should hold office for another term, two thirds of their votes shall be sufficient for his reëlection.' But as even a president is mortal, it is the duty of a wise administration to make provision for his succession. The Council, 'having considered the procedure obtaining in the United States and Mexico,' has done so, and is of the opinion that 'no expedient can possibly surpass the perfection of the plan now recommended.' The plan consists in giving the President the right to nominate three persons, from among whom his successor shall be elected. The names of these three he writes on a golden tablet; he encloses the tablet in a golden casket, and locks the casket in a stone strong-room in the presidential palace. This procedure is no new invention: it is copied boldly from that which was laid down by the Manchu Emperor K'ang Hsi, and followed by other sovereigns of that dynasty, with a view to preventing intrigue and strife in the Imperial Clan by keeping the succession a secret. An anonymous Chinese scholar (probably Yen Fu), writing in the *Peking Gazette*, justifies this procedure on the well-fitting-shoe principle; his whole line of argument suggests something more than a casual acquaintance with the workings of the presidential mind. After philosophically discussing the respective merits of the classical Greek and modern American ideals of republicanism, he observes:—

'Theoretically speaking, the success of an administration may be expected to be ever on the increase, so long as

the best man in the country can be secured to hold and control the reins of government. But if we examine more closely into this matter and ask how this condition can be fulfilled, the only answer must be that, as God is always well disposed toward mankind, He will select and place upon the Throne the best man.'

Regarded in this light, the machinery for elections might seem to be superfluous. Howbeit, the Constitution provides for them, and the President has sworn to uphold the Constitution. So let them be. At the same time, this scholarapologist for things-as-they-are considers it necessary to explain that the Chinese presidential law is the reverse of that which obtains in America, for two reasons:—

'In America,' he says, 'the candidates for the Presidency, usually two or three in number, are nominated by the great political parties, so that the voters, through their representatives, have only the choice of one from among two or three men. But the political parties in China are quite incapable of working on these lines; therefore we are compelled to lay upon the President the burden of nominating candidates.

'China is now maintaining her national stability by means of military forces. This being so, no man, except he be loved and obeyed by the whole of the army, can possibly control the situation. Therefore it is imperatively necessary that the man whom the army loves should nominate the one whom it loves next to him for the Presidency, so that bickerings and bloodshed may be avoided.'

(In Peking the impression prevails that the first name inscribed on Yuan's golden tablet will be found to be that of his second son.)

Of the second presidential mandate, it is unnecessary to give any detailed analysis. It is one of those simple, forth-

right ordinances, with which one meets continually in Chinese history, enacted by the wisdom of the patriarchal system to guard the State against sudden perils of change. Though simple in its wording, it evidently combines an inspiration of political genius with close observation of the causes and effects of unrest in Europe. In response to a memorial by the Censors, President Yuan has been pleased to decree that henceforth 'no member of any political party shall be eligible for membership of Parliament.' It may well be that, in recording this decision, Yuan has been influenced by consideration of the greatly increased dignity and efficiency of the British and French Parliaments since they ceased to consist of party men. On this point, the Censors are silent. They base their memorial on the lamentable fact that 'China's recently dissolved Parliament became a laughing-stock, because all its members belonged to political parties. Among them were to be found men who degraded the profession of letters, men who indulged in windy rhetoric, who employed money and even arms to turn the country upside down. The parties used their collective strength to influence elections and usurp power.'

But these sad, bad days are over. By a stroke of the Vermilion Pencil of Presidential Wisdom, the Chinese people may now rest assured that in their purged Parliament, 'none is for a party and all are for the State.' And if, by any chance of human frailty, a party should survive, its members will be compelled, as in the days of old, to conspire as secret societies, cut off from all immediate prospect of official loaves and fishes. Henceforth the only party in China must be the party in power.

The light which these presidential decrees throw upon the present political situation at Peking makes them well worthy of serious attention, both

in China and abroad. As I have said, they suggest to the initiated a good deal more than meets the eye of the casual observer. The latter mandate, in particular, emphasizes two important facts. First, that there is no immediate prospect of a restoration of the Manchu dynasty, or indeed, of the monarchical symbols of government, and this, for the simple reason that Yuan Shih-k'ai, having attained to the substance of Imperial authority, has also the wisdom to know that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Second, that during the past year, the silent, insidious strategy of the Velvet Glove, giving but little outward sign of all its manifold activities, has effectively succeeded in restoring the undisputed authority of the metropolitan administration over the greater part of the provinces.

Let us examine more closely the significance of this second mandate. It is evidently intended to be an intimation to all concerned that the professional political agitator of the Sun Yat-sen persuasion is henceforth excluded from Parliament, and that Young China of the foreign-educated student class will be eligible for public employment only on the President's own terms. Everything in Yuan's career as Viceroy of Chihli under the Manchus points to his intelligent appreciation of the usefulness of men who have received a sound education abroad, and of his readiness to employ such men for his purposes of progressive administration; but he has never made any secret of his preference for workers, as distinct from talkers. Provided that they are willing to abandon their exotic theories of republicanism, Young China's 'intelligents' may still hope to find dignified and not unprofitable appointments under the President-autocrat; but those who cling to the ideals and political methods which distinguished the first Parliament of the Republic are clearly

warned off. There will always be parties and party warfare at Peking; the struggle for place and power will continue to be waged around the presidential palace as it was around the Dragon Throne, with ample scope for brains and bravery; but the struggle will be, as of old, between provincial and not between political factions, — between North and South, between the Cantonical party and that of Anhui. Except on paper (and chiefly for the edification of the foreigner), it will no longer be a warfare of empty words, concerning vague theories and experiments in the European art of government, but the grim old oriental struggle for the sweets of office and other solid realities. The names and records of the men whom Yuan has gathered together in his cabinet indicate in the clearest possible manner a return to the patriarchal system and a revival of the old balance of power and traditional rivalry between the great provincial factions. The Kuo Min tang, the Chin Pu tang, and other pinchbeck imitations of Europe's political parties, which sprang into feverish and futile existence with the collapse of constituted authority in 1911, all have now been swept away, with their battle-cries and banners, into the limbo of things well forgotten. Did not Yuan himself solemnly denounce their proposed form of republican government, from the very outset, as utterly impossible, declaring it to mean 'the instability of a rampant democracy, of dissension and partition'? Yuan has now done for China what Porfirio Diaz did for Mexico: he has established, and is now in a position to proclaim, a benevolent despotism, a despotism strong and supple enough to check the activities of political adventurers, which promises to give security to the people and something approaching stability to the government.

So silently and swiftly has the old machinery of the metropolitan administration been repaired and set to work that, until the issue of these memorable mandates, few observers, even on the spot, had realized how complete had been the restoration. As a correspondent in Peking has well expressed it, 'Each event has fitted into the next with the polished smoothness of a conjuring performance, the progress of which has been watched with feelings divided between admiration for the aplomb of the conjurer and speculation as to the real sentiments of the apparently highly gratified audience.'

It will be instructive to glance back over the various stages by which the final result was attained. In December, 1913, we find the President convening an Administrative Conference (carefully selected by himself) 'to remedy the defects in the Provisional Constitution,' which was framed under the auspices of Young China militant. These 'defects' were drastically remedied, by the dissolution of the remnants of Parliament, the abolition of all the nominally representative local assemblies, and the consolidation of the administration at provincial headquarters in the hands of officials who were pledged to support the views and personal authority of Yuan Shih-k'ai.

Having thus replaced the Provisional Constitution by a thinly veiled presidential dictatorship, Yuan proceeded to frame a new Constitution. This work was done in March and April. According to its provisions, the President of the Republic is no longer liable to impeachment by Parliament; all administrative authority is concentrated in his hands, including absolute control of the Treasury, the Army, and the Navy. The substance of representative government having been abolished, its effigy was tactfully replaced by the creation of a model Parliament of two

chambers, which is announced to meet some time this year. The qualifications for membership in this Parliament and for the right to vote as electors have been most carefully defined, with the object, first, of excluding Young China, and secondly, of ensuring the election of men acceptable to Yuan Shih-k'ai and to his chief representatives at the provincial capitals. At the same time, the President's direct control over provincial affairs has been greatly strengthened by once more separating the military from the civil administration. Military authority became concentrated last June in the hands of provincial commanders, holding the old Manchu title of Chiang Chün, selected or approved by Yuan and more or less controlled from Peking by the Ministry of War. The old Taotai system of civil administration has been restored, with slight changes of names and symbols. Needless to say, the men selected to hold these important posts have been selected for their merits, chief of which is unswerving personal loyalty to the head of the State.

The first effects of Yuan's steadily increasing authority are now beginning to assume definite shape, and their general nature is such as to justify those who believe that only under a benevolent despotism can law and order be evolved out of the social and political conditions actually existing in China. During the period immediately following the abdication of the Manchus, before the Iron Hand in the Velvet Glove had had time to collect the men and money necessary for the restoration of the old machinery of government, the financial situation at Peking and in the provinces seemed almost hopeless. During the chaos of the revolution, the ancient fiscal relations between the capital and the provincial treasuries had perforce fallen into abeyance; the government's obligations

for the service of its foreign debts were rapidly increasing, while its revenues had greatly diminished. In the absence of any strong central authority, the disorganized mandarinat was busy making provision for itself on the time-honored principle of *après nous le déluge*, borrowing money recklessly, anywhere and everywhere, upon the last available securities of local revenues and concessions to foreigners. At the beginning of 1914 it had become perfectly evident that unless Yuan Shih-k'ai could speedily succeed in organizing a provincial administration under his own nominees, to collect and remit regular taxes and duties, through the old channels and upon an increased scale, China would be compelled to make default. The temporary expedient of short-term loans raised from foreign banks could not serve much longer to avert the long-prophesied *débauche*. Those who remembered how, during the last decade of Manchu rule, failure had dogged all the government's efforts to increase the provinces' remittances to the Central Treasury saw little reason for hoping that, in the time at his disposal, Yuan would be able to overcome the formidable obstacles in his path. Skepticism as to the possibility of a successful reorganization of the salt gabelle revenues was justifiable, in view of Sir Robert Hart's confessed failure to reorganize the *lekin* collectorate as security for the loan of 1898.

But in this matter the revolution has proved a real blessing in disguise. Its great upheaval and slaughter removed, or seriously frightened, large numbers of the *litterati* and gentry, who by prescriptive right batten and fatten on the provincial revenues; in many places it made a clean sweep of the locust swarm of Yamen-bred parasites and blood-suckers, 'expectant' officials and gentry, who preyed on every branch of productive industry. The

frock-coated politicians and khaki'd soldier-students, whose little hour of brief authority followed upon the dislocation of the old *régime*, possessed neither the materials nor the intelligence to organize a new fiscal administration. They lived on hand-to-mouth expédients and irregular levies. Meanwhile the old machinery, which for centuries had served to provide the Manchu Court and clans with funds sufficient for their needs, lay dislocated and discarded. It required the master hand of Yuan Shih-k'ai to restore it. This he has done, skillfully lubricating its clumsy creaking joints and sweeping from its cogwheels the immemorial dust of precedents outworn. In setting it to work again, under the direction of men of his own choosing, he has had good cause to bless the revolution, the results of which have enabled him to disregard many of those precedents, and have relieved him from the necessity of conciliating many ancient vested interests.

And, strange as it may appear, the war in Europe has also strengthened his hands, by removing from his *entourage* (and especially from the Ministry of Finance) all immediate prospect of raising new loans from foreign financiers. The practice of paying old debts by fresh borrowings is one which appeals to the Oriental mind, partly because of its extreme simplicity, and partly because there are usually pickings and perquisites to be found in the wake of foreign loans. Compelled to abandon all hope of making ends meet in this way, the Ministry of Finance and the President's adherents in the provinces have been led, in their own interest, to recognize the necessity of a systematic reform of the country's fiscal resources, on a basis of largely increased remittances to Peking. Had foreign loans continued to be available, it is extremely probable that Yuan

Shih-k'ai and his advisers would have looked with a lenient eye on the perpetuation of many of the provincial 'squeezes' which, in the past, have swallowed up so large a proportion of the revenues collected. Live and let live is a fundamental principle with the mandarin. But, confronted with the stern necessity of providing, entirely from internal resources, a revenue sufficient to meet the country's domestic needs and foreign obligations, Yuan Shih-k'ai has been able to bring to bear arguments that have evidently carried the required weight at Peking and in the provinces. The amounts now regularly remitted from the provincial treasuries to the capital have steadily increased during the past year; internal loans (nominally voluntary, but actually forced subscriptions levied upon business houses) have produced sums far larger than anything they were able to collect under this heading.

Finally, the reorganization of the salt gabelle, under the able direction of Sir Richard Dane, has proved conclusively that the President's statecraft is based on intimate knowledge of men and affairs. Most of his chosen lieutenants at the provincial capitals have been led to take something more than a local view of their responsibilities and to recognize the expediency, on national grounds, of loyally coöperating with Sir Richard Dane and his staff in their work of radical reform. Great credit must be given to this energetic and expert administrator for the changes that he has been able to introduce and for their surprising results; but to the revolution must be ascribed the all-important fact that the vested interests of the provincial gentry and local officials no longer possess the power of passive resistance which was theirs, by sheer weight of tradition, under the Manchu dynasty. The work which Sir Richard Dane is doing proves (what

every one knew) that under an effectively centralized government, loyally supported by its officials in the provinces, China's visible revenues might easily be trebled, without adding anything to the taxes actually levied from the people, by the application of business methods and by reduction within reasonable limits of the hungry horde of place-seekers. And if the ancient citadels of the salt gabelle have thus been successfully stormed by the foreign-led forces of reform, if the paramount authority of the President-autocrat has thus been able to secure results which, in the opinion of all the best observers, are likely to give China financial stability, we may be justified in hoping that the same forces will in due time be able to effect equally important reforms, under expert foreign supervision, in respect to the currency, land-tax, and *lekin* collectorate.

For the present, it is sufficient to ob-

serve that the great-man theory of government has once more been vindicated in China, and that, at a time when all the western world lies under heavy storm-clouds of war, the Celestial Republic shows signs of successfully emerging from some of the most grievous troubles of its internal disorganization. Yuan Shih-k'ai's recent mandates are an intimation to the world in general, and to Young China in particular, that the ends of autocracy have justified its means, some of which have been undeniably 'frightful,' and that, political agitation being barred as a means of livelihood at Peking, benevolent despotism is in a position to protect the state from the dangers which have so long threatened it from within. Of those which threaten it from without, this is not the time or place to speak; but, given a solvent exchequer and a little luck, the Velvet Glove should be able to deal with them also.

'ROMANCE'

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

I

SPRING was born that afternoon, just before evening began to come down. Three days and nights the Equinox had labored, darkening all the coasts and crying out with the agony of shattered waters; and now, suddenly, the thing was done; an inscrutable warm essence ran through the city streets, the smoke of chimneys and the pennons on the tall masts along the docks veered to the northeast, and out there where

the pennons pointed, the foggy dregs of the gale drained away to sea, leaving the islands clear crimson in the sunset. Nondescript people on ferryboats craned up at the sky, straightened cravats or flicked dust from their clothes without knowing why they did it, and looked forward to a medley of quite ordinary evenings with an extraordinary and unaccountable excitement. Dogs, back in the Fens, tugged unnaturally at their leashes. A thin young woman, who coughed behind her hand when

she was sure no one watched, stood outside the employees' exit of the 'Great White Store' on Washington Street, weighing a nickel in her palm. The nickel was carfare, or a 'movie.' Which? She raised her face to the soft, flaming sky. It was spring!

Down in the lower city, 'Notes' was practising a pair of dance-steps on the splintery planks at the end of the fish dock. 'Notes' was very young and enthusiastic, and one day, when he had time, he would write a novel—something with color in it. That is why the city editor had sent him down to T Wharf to-day. Not a vessel had stirred out since the gale closed down, and not a vessel had come in through the smother. The docks had been dead for three days. It would be good for the young chap.

Every one had gone home at this hour except 'Notes' and the old lookout on the balcony of the Fish Commission; even the schooners, packed like matches in the basin, had a deserted look, for the new something in the air had sent their crews up into the city. The young fellow called up to the lookout, half in question, —

'Nothing doing to-night?'

'Don't imagine so, son.' The old fellow combed his whiskers with hard fingers. 'The fleet'll be hidin' out 'nunder the Cape some'r's. Them as got fish'll be driftin' in in the mornin', I should n't wonder.'

'Well, I'll be running along.' 'Notes' lingered for one last rehearsal of the dance-steps. The lookout stopped combing his whiskers.

'By Godfrey, there's a lucky fool!' He turned and bawled down the dock. 'Hey there, son, might wait a second. 'Magine there's somebody outside the island ther, towin'.'

'Notes' ran up the stairs, bouncing unreasonably on account of the air. Together they watched the smoke-flower

of a tugboat come along the island's ridge, and behind it two slim, pink feathers, that were the after sails of a towing schooner. The two craft came along and debouched from the island's tip into the open fairway, the one dingy and active, the other luminous, unhurried, like a rosy argosy returning.

'By George!' The boy turned to the old man. 'What made him try it?'

'Jest to do it — nothin' in the world but to do it. He's a devil, thet Ginny there — a plain, simple, square-rigged devil.'

'By jingo! Immense!'

'Mmmm!' The ancient flicked his whiskers with a gesture of impatient scorn. 'Holler, son, holler! I cal'late ye'd holler louder if ye hed an idee what them boys've been through. Know what the bay outside there looks like? Eh? Looks like nothin' — because ye can't see it. Can't stand up; can't lay down. Decks awash an' ever'thing adrift below decks. Scud cuttin' the riggin' to pieces. All hands hangin' on fer dear life an' prayin' to them Ginny saints o' theirn. Holler, son!'

'Notes,' quite impervious to the other's irony, leaned on the railing and watched the luminous wanderer. The towboat had veered off now, and a soiled mannikin in its stern hauled in the line hand-over-hand, the water feathering pink at each successive jerk. The schooner, towering like a tranquil flame in the sun's death-glare, moved forward almost imperceptibly. A shadow from the high buildings beyond Atlantic Avenue came out, swallowed the hull and clambered up the masts, and she lay in the outer fringe of the basin, only the peak of her mainsail keeping the sun, a lofty, three-cornered beacon, like a flaming covenant with memory. Below that beacon was a havoc. Lines were adrift in the standing-gear; a tub, overturned in the scuppers aft, spewed out its trawl along the deck, sopping

and tangled like a witch's hair. The deck amidships looked curiously lopsided, because half the dories were gone from the starboard nest; their lashings, broken at the knots, writhed on the planks.

From his height above the field of decks, 'Notes' watched the crew making the vessel fast: small, far-away, tired figures, ragged, their heads all alike in shiny round oil-hats, one of them with his arm swathed and bound across his chest. 'Notes' wondered how long it was since they had slept, and even as he speculated, one of the tattered figures straightened up and gesticulated toward the city cliffs, where rows of lights began to twinkle in the dusk, with a feeling of exuberance and anticipation that carried clear to him across the basin. A blue smudge trailed up from the galley stove-pipe; a man stopped to spread his palms in it; and 'Notes,' because he was so young, could almost feel the warmth in his own palms.

'Say! Say!' He clapped the rail. 'To come out of *that*' — he waved both hands wildly toward the waning cloud-wrack beyond the island — 'to come out of that — into *this*! Why, man, it's a Fourth Act. They ought to live happy ever after, eh? Stunning!' He looked up at the sky. In the dying glow of the zenith one star appeared, so suddenly that it was like a dim explosion. 'This,' said 'Notes,' 'is Romance. Just plain, sheer Romance.' He clapped his companion between the shoulder-blades. 'Well, be good. I've got to run. I want to write this thing while it's hot!'

He was halfway to the office, booming along in the tunnel, before he happened to think that he had neglected to ask the vessel's name, or her captain's. But after all — color! He had the color, all right. Warm crimson, with a shadow of angry, hard gray behind it. And the smoke curling up

from the galley stovepipe, blue and acrid. — Romance!

II

The last light drained out of the sky and a multitude of stars prickled through the masts in the crowded basin. Down in the forecabin of the Valerie, Justin Jason, the 'plain, simple, square-rigged devil' of the lookout's panegyric, was 'mugging up,' his elbows planted wide on the table, a triangle of pie in one hand and a saucer of tea in the other. He was a thick-set, swarthy fellow of forty, a sober man, with the flaring mustachio of a swashbuckler, the beginnings of a paunch under his belt, and a brace of sons, the younger of them almost half his own age.

The two were there now, fidgeting along the bench, drifting aimlessly in and out of the galley, staring out through the open square of the companionway and sniffing curiously at the air. Now and then they cast significant sidelong glances at each other and then back nervously at the silent man across the table. If he would only say something — no matter what. They had shifted to their 'shore-clothes,' their hard collars and hard hats; they were acutely aware that he had observed them doing it, yet he had said nothing. He continued to brood over his 'mug,' his brow puckered slightly.

'Aw, come on ashore, pa.' 'Hands,' the younger, had come to the end of his endurance.

Justin Jason raised his eyes slowly.

'Shore? Yes! Yaaas! What for? Huh?'

'Aw, have some fun.'

'Come on, pa.' John, the elder, rubbed the point of a russet shoe with one hand, avoiding his father's eyes. 'Come on, le's go up to the Swede's.'

'You make me tired, the both of you!' Justin Jason glowered at the pie in one

hand and the tea in the other. ‘This city makes me tired. Everything makes me tired — working — loafing — everything. Why, *hell* —’ He slammed the saucer down, spattering, on the table, and cast the pie to the floor. ‘I’m tired of *eating*, I tell you!’

He got to his feet with an unnecessary violence and stood beneath the companionway, staring up at the stars and muttering. ‘I wonder what’s ailing of me. I’m tired of eating.’

‘Aw, come be a sport, pa. Come on up to the Swede’s.’

‘Shut up, the both of you!’ He wheeled fiercely. ‘You want to go get soused and make faces at broke-down women on the street. Fun! Paah! — Cook!’ He turned to a shadowy, silent figure leaning against the after side of the ladder. ‘Cook, I’m tired of eating. What’s ailing of me?’

‘The year is on the make.’

He was a queer piece, this cook, an enigma in the fleet, a man without lineage or friend or birthplace — a bit of wreckage cast up on the docks. He spoke but rarely, and then with a precise diction and an inscrutable barbed quality, perhaps of derision. Justin Jason stared at him, another shade of red on his cheeks. Why could the fellow never talk straight?

‘Romance! Romance!’ the oracle went on in his musing, level voice. ‘It is quite natural.’

The skipper retreated to the bench, glowering. ‘Romance?’ What’s that?’

‘I know, pa.’ ‘Hands’ had been a year in high school down home on the Cape. ‘Same’s excitement — Romance is.’

John thrust in with a bawl of derision, deep like his father’s. ‘Aw, you gimme a pain. You don’t know what you’re talking about. Romance is a movin’ pitcher, ain’t it, cook?’

‘Well — not exactly.’

For the first time since this inexpli-

cable fellow had joined the Valerie, Justin Jason had heard him hesitate.

‘What is it, then?’ he demanded with a new-found dominance. ‘Sing out!’

‘Well, it’s hard to — Well, listen!’ The man edged forward, so that the light picked out his flabby face, livid from long stewing in galley-steam. He indicated the boys with a quick gesture. ‘Their mother —’

‘Dead, ten year,’ the master snapped him off.

‘Yes — yes — but when you were courting her.’

‘Oh! Same’s fighting a lot of fellows. I see.’

‘Naw, naw, pa.’ ‘Hands’ wagged an impatient head. ‘It’s same’s going round a lot — seeing life — colored lights and dance tunes and —’

The vocal burden passed mysteriously across the forecastle, and now it was the shadow behind the ladder that spoke, quietly, as though to himself.

‘— Dance tunes, yes. And women in soft gowns dancing to them. You can see them passing this way and that and hear their voices through green fronds. Or a cab through the Park, or through a crowded street, bumping just a little when you come to the car-tracks. Or a fire in the grate when you come home. Or clean, new money counted right and pushed out through the wicket. Or the Head coming into the cage with his hand stretched out — and nothing the matter with your books. Nothing the matter with your books.’

There was silence again. When it had endured perhaps a minute, Justin Jason rose nervously, climbed the ladder, and stood on deck. Far off through the lofty grottoes of the city an elevated train sang on a curve. The slow, warm, choking wind came out of those cañons, bearing a whisper of beaten pavements, and a confused and multitudinous murmur of voices, and a memory of green things breaking ground

far away in the Fens. Justin Jason turned to his two sons who had followed him up, watchfully discreet.

'Well — there's only one thing I want you to remember,' he said. 'These fish starts going onto the dock at five sharp, and I don't want no dead ones round this vessel, or they'll get what's coming to 'em good and plenty.'

He leaned on the rail and watched them go, crawling, swinging, leaping, diminishing across the huddled decks toward the dock. After that he stepped to the companion and called down.

'Cook! Was that you was talking about same's a traveling man? A man like that sees a lot of life. One was telling me once. Eh?'

Then, receiving no answer, he turned aft with a sudden determination, descended the ladder to his stateroom, opened the locker where his own 'shore kit' lay, and took down from the shelf above it the blue razor-box and the soap and brush.

III

A fine lifting wind came off the Adriatic and ruffled the beaches where the naked children splashed, shining like angels of pearl under the sun. A dozen old men sat on the foreshore above, their capes fallen from their shoulders and their hats cast carelessly at their feet, for the 'First Green' was stirring that far-off land. One of the old men recounted an episode in lively pantomime — a blood-warming episode — he had been young once. His toothless gums flickered when he laughed. Above these again, where the village dwellings filed along the cobbled street, young women paced singly or in pairs, rallying one another in graphic gesture, because they were not able to keep their eyes ashore. And out there on the lagoon the fishing boats rode in a gorgeous black-and-white cluster, draped

to the peaks with nets, for all the world like merchants from the Orient with their goods over their shoulders. And there, too, came the young men, wading through the shallows, deep-colored, finely muscled, the curves on their wet legs catching up white flares from the water. One of them turned and faced the thin girl who coughed behind her hand when no one watched. His brown chest was open to the air; he smiled, his teeth incredibly white under the black shot of his moustache; he tossed his curls back with an exuberant splendor and held aloft a great, shimmering fish. 'Come,' he seemed to cry, though no words came out of his moving lips. 'Come, out of the ends of the blowing Spring. Come and eat this fish with me. We will put brown in your cheeks, coughing girl, and gladness in your feet. Come!'

And then the whole vision was gone, swallowed in the arbitrary night of the 'Photoplayhouse'; the girl's eyes were wet, and her hands, stretched out impulsively, found only a varnished seat-back. She fell to coughing once more in the rank air, so violently that more than one shadowy, impatient head turned in her direction. But she did not care. On the seat-back before her was a contrivance of metal with two slots in its upper side, one marked 'Bonbons' and the other 'Caramels.' Almost unconsciously her fingers strayed to the bottom of the box and jiggled it slightly. Once upon a time she had done this accidentally and the thing had flown open with an ecstatic pop. She liked to think that one day there would be another. She always held her breath a little at the test.

Her hands dropped in her lap and she began to weep without any sound. She was not thinking about anything in the world, not even of the fact that there was no logical reason for her weeping. She ought to go home. The 'Evacua-

tion Day Parade' was announced on the screen. She had seen the parade, and the picture. Her neighbor on the right began to fidget and glanced covertly at her.

'What's the matter?' he whispered, after a moment of indecision.

She had lived in the city long enough to know that she must not answer his question. This had been impressed upon her a great many times.

'Nothing,' she murmured. She remembered, with a curious lack of dismay, that this was just what 'they' were always looking for—an 'opening.' Any exchange of words, beyond a reference to the police, constituted an 'opening.' But somehow, to-night, she could not seem to care. She even speculated, with a queer stoppage in her breath, as to what his next move was to be. She could not make much of him in the dim light, beyond a general tendency toward stoutness, a pointed moustache, and his hair brushed up in a slick swirl over one temple. A typical, low-caste 'masher,' at any rate.

He appeared ill at ease. He folded his arms and immediately unfolded them to beat a tattoo on the seat with his finger-tips. He peered down at her, and then, as though to cover his indiscretion, hunched about ponderously to cross one knee over the other. She was aware of a hand groping in front of her, and a click of metal touching metal.

'D'you know how to work this?' he whispered in her ear.

She took the nickel from his fingers, slipped it in the slot marked 'Caramels,' turned the explosive disc, and held the carton out to him.

'Here,' she murmured, jogging his hand a little when he did not take it. She looked up and found his eyes intent upon the screen, where a brass band rolled forward with mute gesticulations and vanished out of the bottom of the picture.

'Looky 't them gentlemen in cabs,' the man soliloquized under his breath. 'Them's same's cabs, ain't they?'

'Here — here's your candy.'

He pushed the carton off with an impatient palm. 'Don't like candy,' he muttered. 'Go on, eat it, miss. I'm sick of candy.'

The rejected carton dropped in her lap. She sat up a little more stiffly and stared at the head of the frowsy woman in front, and the feather of color that always lay along her cheek-bones spread out to cover her temples. When she had first appeared at the Great White Store, a blond floor-walker had slipped a box of chocolates under the ribbons on her counter, and she had thrown it on the floor ostentatiously, because the whispering women had told her why he put it there. That was before she had taken to coughing. Of a sudden, a bitter and unreasoning rancor at those whisperers swept over her. The frowsy head in front waved and shattered in the rush of her hot tears. Oh, why *did* she have to know? Her rebellious fingers ran over the smooth surface of the carton. It was not that there was candy in it — poor, tasteless stuff at best: no, it was something quite apart from that.

She heard the man's voice, subdued and rambling.

'Must be sport riding in a cab like that. Looky 't the cushions in the cockpit there — bet they're soft's anything.' He began putting questions, presumably as a matter of strategy to follow the 'opening.' Her mind was dull and acquiescent, and his queries ran in with a stream of interrogation reaching back to the ends of her memory: 'Is this real satin? Was this honestly forty cents before the sale? Will this match in daylight?'... 'D'you think they like it bumpin' over the car-tracks — ever rid in a cab same's that, eh?' — 'I — I feel very fai-n—t —'

She realized dimly that her own lips had moved to the last. As dimly she was aware of something pinching her right arm roughly and of being miraculously in the aisle. The light marking an exit advanced upon her like a gory moon.

Once outside, where the arc-lights made a narrow day, Justin Jason allowed his burden to droop on the ledge of a convenient shop-window, took off his derby, mopped his head all over with a red handkerchief, and swore distractedly under his breath. A small boy, crying the evening papers, came around a corner and stopped short with half a headline still in his mouth and his eyes fixed upon the limp figure. He gestured feverishly to another boy across the alley and then, as though cleared of duty, fell into a more permanent attitude.

'Wife sick, mister?'

Justin Jason glared at the boy and mopped the back of his neck. He became aware of an increasing murmur behind his back and a shuffling of many feet. Some one was telling some one else in a high whisper that the gentleman's wife had fainted, and from the corner of his right eye he observed a small spare man with side-whiskers jabbing a thumb up the street and repeating 'Drug-store — drug-store' — like some obscure incantation. Several people thought of the word 'Doctor' at the same moment; one or two of the word 'Physician.'

'You make me tired,' Justin Jason mumbled in his throat. 'The hull of you.' His spine tingled with the burden of all those curious eyes. He stared down heavily at the tip of one shoe, then up at the gilded legend over the shop-window. 'Wish t' God I was aboard!'

The girl had roused a little. He became aware of her eyes fixed upon him, glinting unnaturally in the hard light

like some bluish metal; but he avoided them by finding a milliner's sign still higher on the building. A hand touched his elbow. He shook it off roughly, muttering, 'Sheer off there!'

'None of that, my friend!' The officer's grip tightened. 'You're blocking the street.'

'Oh!' Justin Jason looked around at the blue fellow with an uneasy humility. He possessed a certain awe of the city police, as of something which touched him but distantly. His gaze traveled back to the shoe-tip, sullen and nervous.

'Well — what's the matter? Wife get faint in the pi'tures? Say! Speak up there!'

'Ummm.'

'Look here, man!' The officer jogged his elbow impatiently. 'Come out of it. Do something! Get a cab and take 'er home. . . . Hey! Taxi!' He raised his free arm and beckoned across the throng. 'Over here, taxi . . . Out of the way there! Let him through! Get off the curb there. . . . Here, lady, up with you — just a step. Help on the other side there, mister. That's the eye! In you go! What's the address? Speak up. . . . Oh, well, never mind, then. Driver, get 'em out of here. Stand back there. Stand *back*! You guys *deef*?'

Justin Jason sat bolt upright in the purring gloom, staring through the glass at the driver's back. He had a feeling that the man was going ahead too fast through the crowded street. A dray laden with beer kegs shot out of nowhere and towered close ahead; he felt himself shunted over the smooth, humpy cushion; the dray was no more; his finger-nails relaxed in his palms; he had not uttered a sound.

For the moment he had almost forgotten the girl. He turned his head covertly and found her lying back in the other corner, a shadowy presence hardly visible save for the gray oval of

her face, out of which her eyes were watching him, unnaturally large and intent.

His discomfort increased. He resumed his stiff contemplation of the driver's back, but still he could not shake off those watching eyes, so motionless and vigilant and queer. What was wrong with the woman anyhow?

He muttered aloud, 'What's the matter?' She did not answer.

The cab edged out of the traffic and halted in an open space beside a church, and the driver, getting down, came to open the door on the man's side.

'Well, now, where to?'

Where to? Justin Jason had not thought of that. He fingered his chin and scowled and temporized: 'Well — well —' But at that the girl's weight came against his shoulder and he had a side vision of her white face peering out at the man.

'Hemlock Street! Two-ten Hemlock Street!' There was a tight breathlessness about it that spoke of panic.

The door clicked shut and the motor bucked and hammered with the trouble of starting. Justin Jason was conscious of the weight withdrawn gradually from his shoulder. He glanced around, but even that faint loom of her face was invisible now, blotted out by her arms. She was crumpled down in a little heap of woe in the corner, weeping, not silently this time, but with the wild revulsion of a child kept home at the last moment from a long-promised party. The man groped and found her shoulder and shook it.

'For God's sake!' he burst out. 'For God's sake, what's ailing of you?'

A pencil of light found its way along the wall and picked out her face, thrust out at him, wet and rebellious.

'What's ailing me? My father and mother, and their fathers and mothers, and theirs. Did you ever see another night like this? Tell me!'

He peered down at her with an uneasy feeling that she was somehow not 'just right.' 'Mmmm,' he floundered. 'Fair weather t'night.'

She caught him up: 'Fair weather!' She leaned closer and plucked his sleeve. 'Fair weather! And I'm going home to Mrs. Dorgan's boarding-house! Did you ever live in a boarding-house? Tell me, did you ever live in a boarding-house?'

'No — no — that is I knew a man once that did. Had some high times there — that's what he told me.'

'Yes — yes. High times!'

She turned away to look out of the open window. A procession of trees was passing on that side, and beyond, in an open space, a light reflected in a pool of water, thin and shattery, and beyond that again the downtown mesa gave off its pale exhalations to the sky. Against this faintly luminous mat the man could see the silhouette of her profile, immobile, almost lethargic.

She had not answered his question, and after a little while he forgot about it himself. Her languor communicated itself to him, his shoulders sank back against the yielding cushions, and he crossed one foot over the other.

'This is sport,' he thought to himself. 'Say, this is a lot of sport,' his lips repeated with an anxious emphasis. He had lost a good deal of time. He sank a little further into the cushions, flung an elbow over the sill of the window at his side, and began to look about. A ribbon of lights drifted past, flicking interminable foot-passengers into limbo, along with a hand-organ couple and a fugitive newsboy who fluttered a blur at him. And then there came an abrupt glare, a screeching of car-brakes, a motorman's angry wail, and the cushions jounced and squeaked slightly as the tires beneath them threw the car-tracks away.

'Like that, eh?'

The girl did not appear to hear. He returned to his own outlook, shifted his feet, muttered with studied enthusiasm, 'Say now, this is something *like*,' and was in the act of rummaging his pockets for a possible cigar, when his attention was taken by an illuminated disc staring at him through the forward pane. He regarded it with increasing wonder as a numeral in a tiny oblong window snapped out of sight and was replaced immediately by another.

'Now *that's* a piece o' gear,' he puzzled. He nudged the young woman's elbow and indicated the affair with a thumb.

'What's it for?' he questioned.

'What? Oh, the meter!' She studied him for a moment, half suspicious, half amused. 'That's what tells you how much you have to pay.'

'Oh! Hmmm! I see!'

The thing fascinated him with its hard, shiny face. He shrugged his shoulders and gazed out of the window with an attempt at luxuriousness, but for all he could do his eyes would sneak back, and there the numeral had changed again, mysteriously. He was not a stingy man, this Justin Jason; on the contrary he had never cared enough about money, as such, to get very far ahead. But this was another thing — this unhuman and inexorable business of addition. And then, there was no telling when it would end. If only he had some idea where this street of hers was. . . . He leaned out of the window, moved by a vague impulse, but ahead of him the twin thread of the street lamps ran straight away and converged into one luminous point. His hand slipped cautiously into a trouser pocket. There was some small change there and three bills, ten-dollar bills, he remembered. He cast a quick glance at his companion, made sure she was not looking, and transferred one of the bills to the opposite pocket.

'There,' he breathed. 'Can't be more'n that, anyhow.'

He had a sense of relief at this definite setting of a limit, and of mild triumph, feeling that he had somehow outmanœuvred the shiny contraption. He had lost more time, though. He settled his elbow on the sill once more and fingered the tips of his moustache.

'This is all right, ain't it?' he spoke across to the girl.

She opened her lips and then closed them without a sound. A frightened look came into her face and she jerked about to study the passing fronts.

'Oh, dear! Oh, dear!'

The man felt her hand fluttering on his wrist.

'Stop him — please! Right away!'

'Wha — What for?'

'Quick! Oh, *why* did n't I think!'

'What's the matter?' he gasped, thoroughly bewildered. 'Here! Here!'

The girl's knuckles were pounding wildly on the front glass. The driver made no sign but the machine swerved abruptly toward the curb and came to a halt. The man twisted round to speak through the window.

'Yes, ma'am?'

'We'll get out at the corner. You need n't go into — wait — we'll get out here. It's only a step.'

She swung open the door and stepped out unsteadily, casting anxious eyes this way and that along the sidewalk. What if she had n't thought? What if she *had* actually driven up to Mrs. Dorgan's boarding-house in a taxi, with a man? Supposing Mrs. Dorgan had seen, — or any of the Dorgan inmates, for that matter, — the nasty, respectable little Dorgan inmates such as she, herself. She might have been put out. She had known girls . . . A sudden wave of self-hatred swept over her. She was so puny with her anxious calculations in this lusty, wide-flung night, so contemptible, like an infini-

tesimal renegade in the train of spring. A slight dizziness followed her fright; she sank against a lamp-post and coughed and giggled.

Justin Jason, busy with the cabman, glanced about uneasily. He took off his hat, fanned his face, and counted the bills that the man laid in his palm.

'And thirty cents,' he prompted. 'The log there stands one-seventy.'

The fellow stared down at him with an expression of faint surprise.

'I ain't got any silver to-night.'

'Well — what we going to do, I wonder?'

Justin Jason shuffled his feet and cast another worried glance at his companion.

The cabman slammed the door shut, rattled a small lever abstractedly, and looked up at the sky.

'Some other time,' he suggested.

'That's right — some other time.' Justin Jason took out the red handkerchief, mopped his face, and watched the glossy vehicle move off, with a sense of relief, and, at the same moment, of depression and regret. He had missed most of it. He had not been able to give this thing of the cook's a fair trial. 'Some other time,' perhaps. He turned.

'Which way now?' he asked.

'You've been awful good,' she evaded. 'You don't know how good. Please don't bother to come any further. It's just a step, and I — I can —'

He broke in with a deprecatory explosion.

'Bother! Well, guess it won't tire me too much!' He was amazed to hear himself guffawing. Somehow, without any particular effort on his part, affairs had come suddenly into hand. He squared his shoulders, twisted his moustache, and when the girl faltered, 'But — but listen —' he swept her hesitation out of the way with a splendid gesture.

'But *nothing!* Come along!'

Why could n't he have done that before? It was exactly so that the big bronzed fellow had looked at her out of the Photoplayhouse screen. The discovery made her gulp a little, and something turned over somewhere inside of her, something that had always been wrong. She could not speak just then but indicated the direction by a nod, slipped her hand into the crook of his arm, and smiled up at him.

Justin Jason carried his arm with a careful rigidity. He was not accustomed to walking in this fashion; it appealed to him as rather idiotic, and at the same time curiously pleasurable — even more pleasurable when the fingers on his biceps tightened with an excess of nervousness.

'Do you remember that picture with the boats in it?' There was a flutter in the girl's voice. 'And the fish? I was just — just wondering — Please would you mind telling me what you do? your — your life?'

He felt his face flaming. He walked on without answering, his eyes doggedly ahead, pretending he had not heard. Perhaps she would not ask again. At her gentle urge on his elbow he rounded a corner where a delicatessen shop threw fans of light across the sidewalk, and came into a deserted, high-walled street, the houses in it all alike, a crumpled newspaper, tumbling over and over in a gutter, the only object stirring in its arid length.

Not far from the corner a ground-floor window was half open, on account of the new weather, and a man was singing inside. The song was an extremely popular one, the accompanying piano wanted tuning badly, but the singer did not appear to mind these details so long as the stream of creation went forward unailing.

Justin Jason halted, glad of the diversion, for he was still fearful of the repeated question.

'That's nice, ain't it?' he mused. He stopped and peered into the room, squinting through the leaves of a rubber-plant in the window with an unabashed curiosity. He could get little more than a general impression of what was going on, a kind of colored mosaic of festivity.

The singing man broke off and there followed the screech of a piano-stool as he swung round.

'You play that "Hurly-Burly," Miss Jenkins, and I'll show you a new step, something I saw them doing down at Prince Hall last night. It's a marvel. . . . Say! Where's the fudge gone? Who swiped the fudge?'

A chorus of female voices came tumbling out of the window, excited and protesting; one higher and shallower than the rest obtruded.

'Mr. Rosenfuhg's got it behind him on the sofa there. I saw him.'

The colored mosaic shifted pattern and there came out the lively, good-humored tumult of a scuffle, and then some one shuffled on carpet to a chattering melody.

'Dancing, eh? Say!' Justin Jason looked down at his companion and jerked a thumb toward the rubber-plant. 'Say, is that there a *frond*?'

The girl laughed happily, as though he had made a great joke, and held his arm tighter. 'Why?' she whispered.

'Oh, I dunno.'

He edged forward, encroaching upon the grass-plot in his excitement. Here, beyond a doubt, was the thing of which the cook had spoken. 'Say!' he breathed with a furtive enthusiasm. 'Be sport to go in there.'

She laughed again, this time not so happily.

'But you haven't told me,' she reverted, shaking his arm with a gentle insistence. He had a side-vision of her face, held up to him with a light on it of a desperate revolt. 'You *must* be some-

thing. Oh, I don't know what makes me so silly — but the way you look — and act —'

His eyes traveled along the barren thoroughfare, with its dusty, diminishing lamps and its lone newspaper tumbling in the gutter, and returned again to the window, an inconceivable, voluptuous garden hanging in a desert. And this time, instead of writhing at her question, he smiled.

'Guess,' he said.

'Oh, I — I could n't —'

'Go on and guess,' he commanded her.

'Well — you — Oh, you live somewhere *else*. Not here — no, some other wonderful place. You see other people and other things — and — and you take your life in your hands — because there is *danger*.'

Her eyes, shining in the checkered light, were begging close to his. He smiled, showing his white teeth, for now he was on the very threshold of the cook's enchantment.

'Yes,' he said.

'You go and come,' she went on. 'Your feet are free. Women — women are crazy about you —'

Her fingers pulled at the cloth of his sleeve, and he would have marked a sudden heaviness in her voice at the last, had his brain not been reeling a little with the subtle wine of adventure.

'Yes,' he nodded.

'And you — Oh, *tell* me!'

'Well — aw, nothing — I'm nothing but a traveling man,' he lied without sin, for Carnival was abroad tonight. He did not look at her: he threw off his information in a casual tone — a paltry matter: he feigned an interest in the rubber-plant which, for the moment, he did not see. When she spoke, he tasted the sweet flattery of her unbelief.

'You — you *are*!'

He looked around quickly, for her

hand had left his arm, and found her halfway up the steps of the house.

'We going in *there*? Say!' It was now his turn for incredulity.

'I live here.' She seemed to have trouble with her breathing. 'I — I — You've been awful kind. I wish you knew how — Good-night!'

She was gone so suddenly behind the storm door that he had not moved. He turned dully to the window once more and heard the small tumult of her arrival within. The young man who had sung cried, 'Hullo, tardy!' and moved across the bright pattern, his purple cravat skipping from chink to chink. 'Mrs. Dorgan! O Mrs. Dorgan! Anything left from supper? Oh, just this once: be a sport. . . . Maude, eat a piece of fudge to Poverty. I'm fired. Yep. That fool of an editor could n't get it through his wooden dome — could n't see the color of the thing. Oh, marvelous color and movement and a background of storm. Immense, Maude, immense! Well, here's to Grub Street! Say, where you been, girl? You're as white as a pillow-case. Fagged out?'

The fellow's patter streamed out of the window, bustled vacantly about the watcher's ear-drums, and dissipated itself in the long street.

'I bet she's got a case on him,' the man mumbled heavily.

By and by a policeman appeared in the vista, twirling his night-stick lazily. Observing his approach, Justin Jason stepped from the grass and moved away along the walk in the direction of

the delicatessen shop. The tumbling newspaper kept him company for a passing instant, then, outpaced, gave up and leaned against a brick. Coming on behind, the officer paused to listen to a fresh burst of melody emerging from the fifth window from the corner, holding his night-stick poised in the air, not unlike a flaming sword.

The cook stirred slightly and stretched his legs, which were cramped from sitting long on the schooner's after-house.

'They're beginning to put out the lights,' he mused. 'Not all of them, of course. They leave enough in the streets so honest men can go home to their fathers' houses. And that's a joke on them — because that is exactly Romance — and they don't know it. Romance — to have a light street safer than a dark street.'

He got up suddenly and moved forward along the outer rail with a habitual noiselessness. From the shadow of the foremast he watched a sombre figure draw in across the cluttered vessels, hoist laboriously to the after deck, stand for a long time brooding over the dark and empty harbor, then disappear down the after companionway.

'I wonder if he found it,' the cook put to the sky. The infinitesimal light of the stars falling on his face discovered a sort of haggard mirth.

'Of course he did n't find it. He might — *to-morrow* or *yesterday*. It's not here, you know: it's over there — where the other fellow is.'

MINE

BY AMORY HARE COOK

THIS day is mine; and I have wandered far,
Bent on beholding what it is I own.
Each slow unfolding hour has priceless grown,
And I am covetous of every star.

The smell of hay and daisies is entwined
Upon the heavy summer-scented air,
And 'mid the mellow silence, lingering there,
Replete young Noonday, drowsing, lies enshrined.

Here will I rest where faintly comes the sound
Of fir trees murmurous, and crooning breeze,
Where in a breath the fragrance of the trees
Is born and dies amid a peace profound.

And now where slumbrous Noonday lay at ease,
Pale evening trails her gown of gauzy gray,
Lighting the dim brief moments of her stay,
With one clear candle, low among the trees.

With gentle hands she cools the earth and fills
The air with her own tranquil breathing sweet,
Till straying westward with reluctant feet
She slips away beyond the distant hills.

As spreads the peacock wide its gaudy train,
Night spreads her stars and all her subtle snares.
She knows her power and, knowing it, she dares
Bewitch when all but she would think 'twere vain.

Bedecked with gems her beauty to enhance,
She weaves a slow enchantment o'er the earth,
As with a look, half sorrow and half mirth,
She bids the starry hosts of heaven to dance.

It seems that this cool blue-black world of Night
Shall never change to brilliant Day again —
That Time has reached the last link of the chain,
And frightened Earth must ever wait the Light.

Yet, as I watch, the caravan of stars
Creeps out, slow-moving, on its westward way,
And in the east the legions of the day
March up the sky with flashing scimitars.

I know not whether I shall lift my eyes
Unto the heavens, or bend them to the grass;
I cannot pray, I cannot sing, alas;
And yet before these wonders of the skies

Some spirit in me leaps to bend the knee
In utter gratitude and love and praise
For all the wondrous beauty of the days
That God has given to earth; and given to me.

LETTERS ON AN ELK HUNT

V. ELK, THIEVES, AND ORPHANS

BY ELINORE RUPERT STEWART

CLOUDCREST, Oct. 10, 1914.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

I wonder what you would do if you were here. But I reckon I had better not anticipate, and so I will begin at the beginning. On the morning of the eighth we held a council. The physician and the two students had gone. All had their limit of elk except Mr. Haynes and myself. Our licenses also entitled each of us to a deer, a mountain sheep, and a bear. We had plenty of food, but it had snowed about a foot and I was beginning to want to get out while the going was good. Two other outfits had gone out. The doctor and the students hired them to haul out their game. So we decided to stay on a week longer.

That morning Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I melted snow and washed the clothes. It was delightful to have nice soft water, and we enjoyed our work; it was almost noon before we thought to begin dinner. I suppose you would say lunch, but with us it is dinner. None of the men had gone out that day.

Mr. Harkruder was busy with his films and did n't come with the rest when dinner was ready. When he did come, he was excited; he laid a picture on the table and said, 'Do any of you recognize this?'

It looked like a flash-light of our camping ground. It was a little blurry, but some of the objects were quite clear. Our tent was a white blotch except for

the outlines; the wagons showed plainly. I did n't think much of it as a picture, so I paid scant attention. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy gave it close scrutiny; presently she said, 'Oh, yis, I see what it is. It's a puzzle picture and ye find the man. Here he is, hidin' beyont the pine next the tent.'

'Exactly,' said Harkruder, 'but I had not expected just this. I am working out some ideas of my own in photography, and this picture is one of the experiments I tried the night of the storm. The result does n't prove my experiment either way. Where were you, Stewart, during the storm?'

'Where should I be? I bided i' the bed,' the Stewart said.

'Well,' said Harkruder, 'I know where each of the other fellows was, and none of them was in this direction. Now who is the seventh man?'

I looked again, and, sure enough, there was a man in a crouching position outlined against the tent wall. We were all excited, for it was ten minutes past one when Harkruder was out, and we could n't think why any one would be prowling about our camp at that time of the night.

As Mr. Stewart and I had planned a long, beautiful ride, we set out after dinner, leaving the rest yet at the table eating and conjecturing about the 'stranger within our picture.' I had hoped we would come to ground level enough for a sharp, invigorating canter,

but our way was too rough. It was a joy to be out in the great, silent forest. The snow made riding a little venturesome because the horses slipped a great deal, but Chub is dependable even though he *is* lazy. Clyde bestrode Mr. Haynes's Old Blue. We were headed for the cascades on Clear Creek, to see the wonderful ice-caverns that the flying spray is forming.

We had almost reached the cascades and were crossing a little bowl-like valley, when an elk calf leaped out of the snow and ran a few yards. It paused and finally came irresolutely back toward us. A few steps farther we saw great, red splotches on the snow and the body of a cow elk. Around it were the tracks of the faithful little calf. It would stay by its mother until starvation or wild animals put an end to its suffering. The cow was shot in half a dozen places, none of them in a fatal spot; it had bled to death. 'That,' said Mr. Stewart angrily, 'comes o' bunch shooting. The authorities should revoke the license of a man found guilty of bunch shooting.'

We rode on in silence, each a little saddened by what we had seen. But this was not all. We had begun to descend the mountain side to Clear Creek when we came upon the beaten trail of a herd of elk. We followed it as offering perhaps the safest descent. It did n't take us far. Around the spur of the mountain the herd had stampeded; tracks were everywhere. Lying in the trail were a spike and an old bull with a broken antler. Chub shied, but Old Blue does n't scare, so Mr. Stewart rode up quite close. Around the heads were tell-tale tracks. We did n't dismount, but we knew that the two upper teeth or tushes were missing and that the hated tooth-hunter was at work. The tracks in the snow showed there had been two men. An adult elk averages five hundred pounds of splen-

did meat; here before us, therefore, lay a thousand pounds of food thrown to waste just to enable a contemptible tooth-hunter to obtain four teeth. Tooth-hunting is against the law, but this is a case where you must catch before hanging.

Well, we saw the cascades, and after resting a little, we started homeward through the heavy woods, where we were compelled to go more slowly. We had dismounted, and were gathering some piñon cones from a fallen tree, when, almost without a sound, a band of elk came trailing down a little draw where a spring trickled. We watched them file along, evidently making for lower ground on which to bed. Chub snorted, and a large cow stopped and looked curiously in our direction. Those behind passed leisurely around her. We knew she had no calf, because she was light in color: cows suckling calves are of a darker shade. A loud report seemed to rend the forest, and the beauty dropped. The rest disappeared so suddenly that if the fine specimen that lay before me had not been proof, it would almost have seemed a dream. I had shot the cow elk my license called for.

We took off the head and removed the entrails, then covered our game with pine boughs, to which we tied a red bandanna so as to make it easy to find next day, when the men would come back with a saw to divide it down the back and pack it in. There is an imposing row of game hanging in the pines back of our tent. Supper was ready when we got in. Mr. Haynes had been out also and was very joyful; he got his elk this afternoon. We can start home day after to-morrow. It will take the men all to-morrow to get in the game.

I shall be glad to start. I am getting homesick, and I have not had a letter or even a card since I have been here. We are hungry for war news, and besides,

it is snowing again. Our clothes did n't get dry either; they are frozen to the brush we hung them on. Perhaps they will be snowed under by morning. I can't complain, though, for it is warm and pleasant in our tent. The little camp-stove is glowing. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is showing Jerrine how to make pigs of potatoes. Calvin and Robert are asleep. The men have all gone to the bachelors' tent to form their plans, all save Mr. Murry, who is 'serenading' Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. He is playing 'Nellie Gray,' and somehow I don't want to laugh at him as I usually do; I can only feel sorry for him.

I can hardly write because my heart is yearning for my little Junior boy at home on the ranch with his grandmother. Dear little Mother Stewart, I feel very tender toward her. Junior is the pride of her heart. She would not allow us to bring him on this trip, so she is at the ranch taking care of my brown-eyed boy. Every one is so good, so kind, and I can do so little to repay. It makes me feel very unworthy. You'll think I have the blues, but I have n't. I just feel humble and chastened. When Mr. Murry pauses I can hear the soft spat, spat of the falling snow on the tent. I will be powerfully glad when we set our faces homeward.

Good night, dear friend. Angels guard you.

ELINORE STEWART.

CLOUDCREST, Oct. 13, 1914.

DEAR, DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

This is the very last letter you will receive dated from this camp. We are leaving a few days earlier than we intended and I am pretty badly on the fence. I want to laugh, and really I can hardly keep back the tears. We are leaving sooner than we meant, for rather a good reason. We have n't one bite to eat except elk meat.

After the men had brought into

camp the elk we killed the other afternoon, they began to plan a sheep hunt. As sheep do not stay in the woods, the men had to go miles away and above timber line. They decided to take a pack horse and stay all night. I did n't want Mr. Stewart to go because the climbing is very dangerous. No accidents have happened this year, but last season a man fell from the crags and was killed; so I tried to keep the 'good mon' at home. But he would not be persuaded. The love of chase has entered his blood, and it looks to me as if it had chased reason plumb out of his head. I know exactly how Samantha felt when Josiah *would* go to the 'pleasure exertion.' The bald spot on the Stewart's head does n't seem to remind him of years gone by; he is as joyous as a boy.

It was finally decided to take Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and the children and myself to a neighboring camp about two miles away, as we did n't like to risk being frightened by a possible intruder. Sorenson, the game-warden, was in camp to inspect our game on the 12th, and he told us he was on the trail of tooth-hunters and had routed them out on the night of the storm; but what they could have been doing in our camp was as much a mystery to him as to us.

Well, when we were ready to go, Mr. Murry and the Stewart escorted us. It was a cloudy afternoon and often great flakes of snow fell gently, softly. The snow was already about eighteen inches deep, and it made sheep hunting slippery and dangerous work. On our way we came upon an Indian camp. They were all huddled about a tiny fire; scattered about were their wikipups made of sticks and pine boughs. The Indians were sullen and angry. The game-warden had ordered them back to Fort Washakie, where they belonged. Their squaws had jerked their elk.

You may not know what jerked means, so I will explain: it means dried, cured. They had all they were allowed, but for some reason they did n't want to go. Sorenson suspects them of being in with the tooth-hunters and he is narrowing the circle.

At the camp where we were to stay, we found Mrs. Kavanaugh laid up with a sore throat, but she made us welcome. It would be a mighty funny camper who would n't. As soon as the men from the Kavanaugh camp heard our men's plans they were eager to go along. So it ended in us three women being left alone. We said we were not afraid and we tried not to feel so, but after dark we all felt a little timorous. Mrs. Kavanaugh was afraid of the Indians, but I was afraid they would bring Clyde back dead from a fall. We were camped in an old cabin built by the ranger. The Kavanaughs were short of groceries. We cooked our big elk steaks on sticks before the open fire, and we roasted potatoes in the ashes. When our fear wore away we had a fine time. After a while we lay down on fragrant beds of pine.

We awoke late. The fire was dead upon the hearth and outside the snow was piling up. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy made a rousing fire and managed to jolly us until we had a really happy breakfast hour. About three in the afternoon all the men came trooping in, cold, wet, and hungry. After filling them with venison, hot potatoes, and coffee, we started to our own camp. The men were rather depressed because they had come back empty-handed. The Indians were gone and the snow lay thick over the place where their fire had been; they had left in the night.

When we came to camp, Mr. Struble started to build a fire; but no matches were to be had. Next, the men went to feed grain to their tired horses, but the oats were gone. Mr. Murry sought in

vain for his beloved accordeon. Mr. Harkruder was furious when he found his grinding machine was gone. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy made a dash for the grub-box. It was empty. We were dumbfounded. Each of us kept searching and researching and knowing all the while we would find nothing. Mr. Struble is a most cheerful individual, and, as Mrs. O'Shaughnessy says, 'is a mighty good fellow even if he *is* Dutch.' 'The Indians have stolen us out,' he said, 'but after all they have left us our tents and harness, all our meat, and the road home; so what matter if we *are* a little inconvenienced as to grub? Haynes may cry for sugar but that won't hurt the rest any. I'll saddle and ride over to Scotty's and get enough to last us out.'

We knew the Kavanaughs could not help us any, but we grew cheerful in anticipating help from Scotty, who was from Green River and was camped a few miles away. We wanted Mr. Struble to wait until morning, but he said no, it would make breakfast late; so he rode off in the dark. At two o'clock this morning he came in almost frozen, with two small cans of milk and two yeast cakes. As soon as it was light enough to see, the men were at work loading the game and breaking camp. As they are ready now to take down this tent, I will have to finish this letter somewhere else.

AT SORENSON'S CABIN
ON GREEN RIVER.

Well, we're here, warmed and fed and in much better trim bodily and mentally. We had mishap after mishap coming. First the Hutton horse, being a broncho, had to act up when he was hitched up. We had almost more game than we could haul, but at last we got started, after the broncho had reared and pitched as much as he wanted to. There are a great many

springs, — one every few feet in these mountains, — and the snow hid the pitfalls and made the ground soft, so that the wheels cut in and pulling was hard. Then, too, our horses had had nothing to eat for two days, the snow being so deep they could n't get at the grass, hobbled as they were.

We had got perhaps a mile from camp when the leading wagon, with four horses driven by Mr. Haynes, suddenly stopped. The wheels had sunk into the soft banks of a small, ditch-like spring branch. Mr. Stewart had to stay on our wagon to hold the broncho, but all the rest, even Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, gathered around and tried to help. They hitched on a snap team, but not a trace tightened. They did n't want to unload the game in the snow. The men lifted and pried on the wheels. Still the horses would n't budge.

Mr. Haynes is no disciple of Job, but he tried manfully to restrain himself. Turning to Glenholdt, who was offering advice, he said, 'You get out. I know what the trouble is: these horses used to belong to a freighter and are used to being cussed. It's the greatest nuisance in the world for a man to go out where there's a bunch of women. If these women were n't along I'd make these horses get out of there.'

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said, 'Don't lay your poor driving to the women. If you drive by cussin', then *cuss*. We will stop up our ears.'

She threw her apron over her head. I held my fingers in Jerrine's ears and she stopped my ears, else I might be able to tell you what he said. It was something violent, I know. I could tell by the expression of his face. He had only been doing it a second when those horses walked right out with the wagon as nicely as you please. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said to Mr. Haynes, 'It's a poor cusser you are. Sure, it's no wonder you hesitated to begin. If Danny O'Shaugh-

nessy could n't have sworn better, I'd have had to hilt him.'

We got along pretty well after that. Mr. Haynes kept some distance ahead; but occasionally a bit of 'cussin' came back to us and we knew he was using freighter tactics.

The game-warden lives in a tiny little cabin. The door is so low that I had to stoop to get in. It was quite dark when we got here last night, but Mrs. Sorenson acted as if she was *glad* to see us. I did n't think we could all get in. A row of bunks is built along one side of the cabin. A long tarpaulin covers the bed, and we all got upon this and sat while our hostess prepared our supper. If one of us had stirred we would have been in her way; so there we sat as thick as thieves. When supper was ready six got off their perch and ate; when they were through, six more were made happy.

Mr. Sorenson had caught the tooth-hunters. On the wall hung their deadly guns, with silencers on them to muffle the report. He showed us the teeth he had found in their possession. The warden and his deputy had searched the men and their effects and found no teeth. He had no evidence against them except their unlawful guns, but he knew he had the right men. At last he found their contract to furnish two hundred pair of teeth. It is a trick of such hunters to thrust a knife into the meat of the game they have, and so to make pockets in which they hide the teeth; but these fellows had no such pockets. They jeered at the warden and threatened to kill him, but he kept searching, and presently found the teeth in a pail of lard. He told us all about it as we sat, an eager crowd, on his bed. A warden takes his life in his hands when he goes after such fellows, but Sorenson is not afraid to do it.

The cabin walls are covered with pen-and-ink drawings, the work of the war-

den's gifted children, — Vina, the pretty eighteen-year-old daughter, and Laurence, the sixteen-year-old son. They never had a lesson in drawing in their lives, but their pictures portray Western life exactly.

The snow is not so deep here as it was at camp, but it is too deep for the horses to get grass. The men were able to get a little grain from the warden; so we will pull out in the morning and try to make it to where we can get groceries. We are quite close to where Elizabeth lives, but we should have to cross the river, and it was dark when we passed her home. I should like to see her but won't get a chance to. Mrs. Sorenson says she is very happy. In all this round of exposure the kiddies are as well as can be. Cold, camping, and elk meat agree with them. We are in a tent for the night and it is so cold the ink is freezing, but the kiddies are snuggled under their blankets as warm as toast. We are to start early in the morning. Good night, dear friend. I am glad I can take this trip *for* you. You'd freeze.

ELINORE STEWART.

IN CAMP, Oct. 16, 1914.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

The day we left the game-warden's was damp and lowering. It didn't seem it could have one good thing to its credit, but there were several things to be thankful for. One of them was that you were safe at home in your warm, dry apartment. We had hardly passed the great Black buttes when the biggest wettest flakes of snow began to pelt into our faces. I really rather like a storm, and the kiddies would have enjoyed the snow; but we had to keep the wagon-sheet tied down to keep the bedding dry, and the kiddies get sick under cover. All the pleasure I might have had was taken away by the fact that we were making a forced drive.

We *had* to go. The game-warden had no more than enough food for his family, and no horse feed. Also, the snow was almost as deep there as it had been higher up, so the horses could not graze.

We made it to Cora that day. Here at last was plenty of hay and grain; we restocked our mess-boxes and felt better toward the world. Next day we came on here to Newfork, where we are resting our teams before we start across the desert, which begins just across the creek we are camped on.

We have added two to our party. I know you will be interested to know how it happened, and I can picture the astonishment of our neighbors when we reach home, for our newcomers are to be members of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's family. We had all been sorry we could not visit Elizabeth or 'Danyul' and his mother. We felt almost as if we were sneaking past them, but we consoled ourselves with promises to see the Burneys and Grandma Mortimer. Yesterday the children and I were riding with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy in the buckboard. We were trotting merrily along the lane that leads to Newfork, thankful in our hearts to be out of the snow, — for there is no snow here. Just ahead of us two little boys were riding along on their ponies. There was wire fence on both sides of the lane, and almost at the end of the lane an old cow had her head between the wires and was nibbling the tall dead grass. The larger of the two boys said, 'That's old Pendry's cow, and she shan't eat a blade of grass off Dad's meadow.'

He rode up to the cow and began beating her with his quirt. That frightened the cow, and as she jerked her head up, the top wire caught her across the top of her neck; she jerked and lunged to free herself, and was cruelly cut by the barbs on the wire. Then he began beating his pony.

The small boy said, 'You're a coward an' a fool, Billy Polk. The cow was n't hurtin' nothin', an' you're just tryin' to show off, beatin' that pony.'

Said the other boy, 'Shut up, you beggar, or I'll beat you; an' I'll take them breeches you got on off you, an' you can go without any — they're mine. My ma give 'em to you.'

The little fellow's face was scarlet — as much of it as we could see for the freckles — and his eyes were blazing as he replied, 'You ain't man enough. I dare you to strike me or to tech my clothes.'

Both boys were riding bareback. The small boy slid off his pony's back; the other rode up to him and raised his quirt, but the little one seized him by the leg, and in a jiffy they were in the road fighting like cats. I asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy to drive on, but she said, 'If you are in a hurry you can try walkin'; I'm goin' to referee this scrap.'

It looked for a minute as if the small boy would get a severe beating, but by some trick he hurled the other headlong into the green, slimy water that edged the road; then, seizing the quirt and the opportunity at the same time, he belabored Billy without mercy as that individual climbed up the slippery embankment, blubbering and whipped. Still sobbing, he climbed upon his patient pony, which stood waiting, and galloped off down the lane. The other pony followed and the little conqueror was left afoot.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was beaming with delight. 'Sure, 't was a fine fight, a sight worth coming all this way to see. Ah! but you're the bye. 'T is a dollar I'd be givin' ye, only me purse is in my stockin' —'

'Oh,' the boy said quickly, 'don't let that stop you. I'll look off another way.'

I don't know if she would have given him the money, for just then some men

came into the lane with some cattle and we had to start. The boy got up on the back end of the buckboard and we drove on. We could hear our wagons rumbling along and knew they would soon catch up.

'Where is your home, bye?' asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

'Oh, just wherever Aunt Hettie has work,' he said. 'She is at Mr. Tom's now, so I'm there, too, — me and Baby Girl.'

'Where are your folks?' Mrs. O'Shaughnessy went on.

'Ma's dead, an pa's gone to Alaska. I don't know where my brothers are. Baby Girl an' me are with Aunt Het, an' that's all there are of us.' He grinned cheerfully in spite of the fact that one eye was fast closing and he bore numerous bumps and scratches on his face and head.

Just then one of the men with the cattle galloped up and shouted, 'Hello!' It was Mr. Burney! 'Where'd you get that kid? I guess I'll have to get the sheriff after you for kidnapping Bud. And what have you been doing to him, anyway?'

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy entered delightedly into a recital of the 'mixup,' and it turned out that Mr. Tom and Mr. Burney were one. It was like meeting an old friend; he seemed as pleased as we and insisted on our going on up to his ranch; he said 'the missus' would feel slighted if we passed her by. So we turned into another lane, and presently drew up before the ranch house. 'The missus' came dancing out to meet us, and right welcome she made us feel. Mr. Burney went back to bring the rest, but they were already setting up the tents and had supper almost ready. However, we stayed and had supper with the Burneys.

They are powerfully happy and talked eagerly of themselves and their prospects. 'It's just grand to have a home

of your own and some one to do for. I just *love* to mend for Tommy, but I always hated to mend before,' said the missus.

'You bet,' Mr. Burney answered, 'it is sure fine to know there's somebody at home with a pretty pink dress on, waitin' for a fellow when he comes in from a long day in the saddle.'

And so they kept up their thoughtless chatter; but every word was as a stab to poor Aunt Hettie. She had Baby Girl on her lap and was giving the children their supper, but I noticed that she ate nothing. It was easy to see that she was not strong. Baby Girl is four years old and is the fattest little thing. She has very dark blue eyes with long, black lashes, and the shortest, most turned-up little nose. She is so plump and rosy that even the faded old blue denim dress could not hide her loveliness.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy could not keep her eyes off the children. 'What is the little girl's name?' she asked.

'Caroline Agnes Lucia Lavina Ida Eunice,' was the astonishing reply.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy gasped. 'My goodness,' she exclaimed; 'is that *all*?'

'Oh, no,' Aunt Hettie went on placidly; 'you see, her mother could n't call her all the names, so she just used the first letters. They spell Callie; so that is what she called her. But I don't like the name. I call her Baby Girl.'

I asked her how she ever came to name her that way, and she said, 'My sister wanted a girl, but there were six boys before this little one came. Each time she hoped it would be a girl, and accordingly selected a name for a girl. So there were six names saved up, and as there was n't much else to give her, my sister gave them *all* to the baby.'

After supper the Burneys rode down to camp with us. We had the same

camping ground that we had when we came up. The cabin across the creek, where we met Grandma Mortimer, is silent and deserted; the young couple have moved away with their baby.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy kept talking about the fight, and Mr. Burney gave us the history of the children. 'Their mother,' he began, 'has been dead about eighteen months. She really died of a broken heart. Baby Girl was only a few weeks old when the father went to Alaska, and I guess he's dead. He was to a' been back in three years, and no one has ever heard a word from him. His name was Bolton; he was a good fellow, only he went bughouse over the gold fields and just fretted till he got away — sold everything for a grub stake — left his wife and seven kids almost homeless. But they managed some way till the mother died. With her last breath she asked that the two youngest be kept together; she knew the oldest ones would have to be separated. She never did give up looking for Bolton and she wanted him to have the babies.

'Her sister Hettie has worked around here for years; her and Rob Langley have been going to marry ever since I can remember, but always there has something cropped up. And now that Hettie has got to take care of the kids I guess they won't never marry; she won't burden him with them. It is hard for her to support them, too. Work is scarce, and she can't get it, lots of times, because of the kids.'

The Burneys soon went home and the rest of us went to bed, — all except Mrs. O'Shaughnessy; she was so cranky and snappy that we left her by the fire. It seemed hours after when I awoke. She was still sitting by the fire; she was absently marking in the ashes with a stick. I happened to be the first one up next morning and as I stirred up the fire I saw 'Baby' written in the ashes.

We had breakfasted and the men had gone their ways when Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said to me, —

'It is a blessed old soul Mrs. Mortimer is. Do you mind any good lesson that she taught us in the cabin beyont?' I did not remember. 'She said, "The pangs of motherhood make us mothers not only of our own, but of every child that needs mothering, — especially if our own little children need us no longer. Fill their little places with ones who do need us." Them's her very words, and it's sweet truth it is. Both my Katie and Sheridan have been grown and gone these many years and my heart has ached for childher, and there's none but Cora Belle. I am goin' to get them childher this day. What do you think about it?'

I thought so well of it that in about two minutes we were harnessing the horses and were off to lay the plan before Hettie in record-breaking time.

Poor Hettie: she wept quietly while the advantages of the scheme were being pointed out. She said, 'I love the children, dearly, but I am not sure I can always feed and clothe them; that has worried me a lot. I am almost sure Bolton is dead. I'll miss the little things, but I am glad to know they are well provided for. You can take them.'

'Now,' said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy,

'you go on an' marry your man if he is a decent sort. Do it right away before something else happens. It is an illigant wedding present I'll be sendin' you. You must come to see the childher often. What's the bye's name?'

'We never did name him; you see we had kind of run out of boys' names. We just called him Buddy.'

'I can find a name for him,' said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. 'Is there a Joseph in the family?' Hettie said no. 'Well, then, he is named Joseph Bolton O'Shaughnessy, and I'll have them both baptized as soon as we get to Green River.'

So in the morning we start with two new members. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is very happy. I am so glad myself that I can hardly express myself. We are *all* happy except Mr. Murry; he has at last given up hopes, and gone. Mr. Haynes growls a little about having to travel along with a rolling nursery, but he is just bluffing. I am longing to see Junior. We have not heard one word since we left them, and I am so homesick for mother and my boy. And *you*, best of friends, when shall I see your beloved face? To-morrow night we shall camp at Ten Trees and we shall be one day nearer home.

With much love,

ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

(*The End.*)

THE CALUMNIATED COLLEGIAN

BY MARY LEAL HARKNESS

'EDUCATION formerly meant an ability to write polished Latin verse, to think in terms incomprehensible to the mob, and to feel a proper disdain for all things material; to-day it is being given the meaning of an ability to take one's part in industry, in business, and in the operation of the farm.

'The best educated man of yesterday was the most helpless, where business was concerned. He knew much about the personal habits of the trilobite, could give accurate information concerning the sources of the drama and poetry of the ancient Greeks. . . . But he knew less than nothing of making and selling things, while his knowledge of the farm came of memorized bits of pastoral and rustic poetry.'

As I read the illuminating and veracious newspaper article whose opening paragraphs were adorned with the above choice statements of educational truth, I regretted that this valuable contributor to journalistic literature and public information could not also behold the mental picture which the closing quotation especially brought before my own vision.

One summer day the grocer's delivery horse balked in front of our house. Of all obstreperous quadrupeds, he was the very balkiest horse that I ever saw. The delivery boy swore and wept, he petted and patted, he lashed and pulled, he exhausted every device known to delivery boys, and the beast moved not. A crowd assembled, — the sort of crowd which such an attraction always draws, 'practical' men and boys all, —

and, I'll dare be sworn, not a user of grammar pure and undefiled in the whole collection. And they told all they knew about balky horses, and did all they knew as well; but the horse remained unmoved. Then the college professor of our family, a Latin professor, as it chanced, and of the vintage which our valued writer on education would probably term 'of yesterday,' looked out of his library window and contemplated the situation. But not for long. He rose without remark, sought his carriage house, procured a rope, advanced to the middle of the street, spoke gently to the grocer's boy and his steed, attached the rope at the points where it would do the most good — and the animal proceeded down the street. There was some surprised and admiring comment from the bystanders, I remember, to which the professor made not much response. It is barely possible that this brilliant exhibition of what is supposed to typify 'efficiency' was the product of 'memorized bits of pastoral and rustic poetry'; but the only explanation which he vouchsafed to his family was, 'I learned that trick when I was a boy on Jim Henderson's farm. He used to keep the meanest horses that ever grew.'

If the sort of stuff which I have quoted as a prelude to my prospective remarks were the only specimen of it that I had ever read or heard, or if the family incident just related were the only evidence that could be offered of its preposterous absurdity, the prospective remarks could hardly be worth the

making. But, as a matter of fact, that sort of stuff is being written and said a great deal, and the multitude seems blind to the numerous facts which flatly contradict such declarations of the failure of the college-bred to 'connect with' what certain modern thinkers are pleased to term 'life.'

The article in question was written as a preliminary to a recent rather important educational conference, which I myself attended. From this outline of its purpose and general tendency one might have supposed the sole purpose of the conference to be the inauguration of a grand movement for the uplift and culture of rural communities through a general policy which the following sentence fairly well typifies: 'They will, also, have pig and social clubs.'

A week later I attended another educational meeting at which the highest educational official in his state proclaimed in a long speech the gospel of 'More corn roots and no Latin roots,' and 'Down with higher mathematics,' with all else that leads to college, but 'does not prepare for practical life.' At both these meetings there were earnest, and not a few, groups of men and women engaged in the discussion of the advancement of higher education and the promotion of honest educational standards and ideals, but their meetings were accorded a brief space in obscure nooks in the daily papers, while the exponents of 'pig and social clubs' shared the front pages with Mexico, and the pictured faces of organizers of tomato clubs beamed from every local journal. And a prominent paper, commenting editorially and approvingly upon one man's suggestion 'to limit mathematics in the public schools to what the farmers, bankers, and others in commercial life need in their ordinary business,' and to 'throw the rest overboard, and have the children taught the three thousand or four thou-

sand ordinary words they are likely to use,' and to have 'the fifteen thousand others more or less technical cast into the junk heap,' said of such suggestions that 'they ought to have, and we believe will have, universal approval.'

Again, one of the most highly esteemed of the magazines to which I subscribe contained recently an editorial in praise of the new style of college commencement adopted in a northwestern state, at which, with appropriate 'scientific' comment, a young woman in a becoming big apron did a family washing, a youth in butcher's raiment cut up a dead sheep, and a future broncho-buster gave an exhibition of colt-breaking, — all on the commencement stage, to the immense delight of an audience assembled in apprehension of some hours of exposition of baccalaureate plans for the regeneration of humanity. The editorial eulogy of the innovation closed as follows: 'It is always interesting to listen to a person who knows what he is talking about, whatever that may be, but the number of people who can talk well on what they do not know is naturally limited.'

Is it always interesting to listen to a person who knows what he is talking about? If that editor really imagines so, he evidently has never listened to an uninterrupted ninety-minute description of how a notable housekeeper makes strawberry preserves. And I would defy any human being to prove that she does not know what she is talking about, for I have tested her preserves too often. But her recital of her methods does not inspire an appetite for more.

Among the oft-quoted adages is one that 'there cannot be so much smoke without some fire.' But I have had occasion in my life to observe the fallibility of proverbs. And all of us have seen, if I mistake not, dense clouds of

moral smoke where there was no real fire at all, or, if there was, it did not originate from the victim's own chimney. And so it is my opinion that the murky fumes now obscuring from clear view the real work of the college and collegian rise from no fire of collegiate kindling. Less metaphorically, I do not believe that it is from any real failure of the college or its product to 'make good' that the present attack upon it has arisen. It is rather the instinctive desire of a multitude of half-educated men and women to justify their own unlettered state by proclaiming a new cultural salvation, easily attained and 'just as good' as the old kind that came with tears and midnight oil. Their mode of proving it just as good and a good deal better, is to select a few cases of failures in life, group them advantageously for public view, and announce, 'College education did this.' I heard an enthusiastic propagator of the 'new education' for women distinctly charge it to the college women of her state that there were hundreds and even thousands of unhappy women in the city of Atlanta who did not know how to sweep a floor properly.

'You college women are neglecting the *vital* things of life, my dears,' she said, in an affecting peroration. And from recent reading of the daily papers I cull two flowers of thought, one from an educator of some prominence, the other from a trashy story running serially on the 'Women and Society' page. The educator, speaking on vocational training, 'showed by figures and several illustrations that there are many whose life work is not in harmony with their talents,' according to the newspaper's report. 'There is no higher work, the speaker said, than to lead a child into those fields of activities which will make satisfied men and women. He is of the opinion that the focusing of attention by schools on the

professions is doing great harm to the country.'

The speakers in the second extract are two disillusioned female college graduates. "'It often seems to me," said Marian reflectively, "that going to college unfits a girl for contact with the real world more than anything else could possibly do. A college campus has a way of building ideals that are almost certain to get knocked into a cocked hat." "I agree with you," sighed Miss Barton; "the bumps that come after a girl's graduation hurt all the more because college has made her a highly sensitive being. . . . Believe me, the truly happy and contented people are the lowbrows and the roughnecks, if you will allow me to use two very expressive terms."'

I should apologize for seeming to take seriously this bit of profound philosophy if it did not fairly represent much that is constantly appearing, expressed with hardly less crudeness, in far more aristocratic literary environment. Many of the mishaps of this story's peculiarly idiotic heroine are traced to the fact that 'she left college with no training, to do any particular work'; and the thing is significant from just this: that the author tosses the statement off glibly from time to time for a truth accepted as proved by modern society. It would be possible, I dare say, to brand the statement 'not proved' by the popular statistical method, — that is, by tabulated lists of male college graduates who have become presidents of the United States and others in authority, and of female college graduates who have achieved an average of over two and a half children each. But that method does not appeal to me, because I consider the truth thus vindicated, however indubitable, about the least important argument in the case for the college. I am inclined rather to hark back to the words of a certain

Augustan poet whose cheerful wisdom and plain, hard sense make it seem to me a thousand pities that all the tomato-canners and pig-club officials should go down to old age in total innocence of his philosophy and even of his existence. For I am sure that they, and their immediate educational advisers as well, if they knew a few of the things he said and did, and if they did *not* know that they were said in Latin and done in Rome or thereabouts, would class him among the 'efficient.' (Although it might perhaps disagree with them to discover that he animadverted severely upon the teaching of mathematics in Roman schools, merely to supply 'what the farmers, bankers, and others in commercial life need in their ordinary business'; for when once 'this gangrene of care for money' has eaten into the soul, he said, how can we expect great literature, and its natural accompaniment, great ideals of citizenship, ever to find birth there?) But, although about as hard-headed and practical as a poet ever gets to be, he wrote these words, which I suspect that it does take something rather beyond the pig-club intelligence to recognize as practicality in its essence: —

'You see with what effort of mind and soul you strive to avoid what you believe to be the greatest evils, a small fortune and humiliating defeat at the polls. Will you not learn from and listen to and believe a wiser teacher, so that you will not *care* for the things which you foolishly admire and wish for?'

The college seems to me to-day's 'wiser teacher'; not an agency to train undeveloped boys and girls for some particular money-making vocation before they yet know their own tastes or powers, but to give them a sufficient apprehension of life's true values to judge fairly what things are perhaps worth the bruises and weariness of pur-

suit 'over seas, over rocks, and through fire.' Even if it were true that college graduates are not making money, moving great enterprises, — 'doing things,' in short, — it would still be true that they have the best equipment for the many-sidedness of *real* life which the world has yet learned to compress into the few early years allotted to school-room preparation for living. It is absurd to expect full preparation for any of its walks or vicissitudes from those few years, however spent; but those who have spent them in college contain the smallest proportion 'whose life work is not in harmony with their talents,' and they come nearer than any others to holding the specific for being 'truly happy and contented people.' In the last analysis the whole question comes down to this: What do we mean when we talk about 'life' and about things that are 'vital'? It appears that perhaps those who sling these terms with the greatest freedom and frequency disagree with me entirely as to their meaning. It is then a not unimportant matter to decide whether the thing that is 'vital' to you is your stewed — or stuffed, or escalloped — tomato, or your state of mind, which stays with you a good deal longer than the tomato stays on your plate or the memory of its flavor stays in your grateful soul, — even if you fletcherize. In short, is the only 'vital' thing to you the making and possession of some things that you can eat up, and wear out, and smash? I know that eloquent and impassioned articles have been written to prove that the whole happiness of mankind is balanced upon the delicate fulcrum of digestion, that one lurking disease-germ in a carpet that knows not the vacuum cleaner can destroy whole cities — and who denies it? But can any one with brains in his head and even a rudimentary tendency toward fair-mindedness also deny that it is possible for life to

be perfectly miserable to many a consumer of a scientifically chosen and cooked dinner, eaten with feet resting upon a floor swept and garnished with all the ceremonials of domestic-science propriety? I make no claim that the college graduate can by exalted thought stay the ravages of the typhoid germ or neutralize the pangs of indigestion; but I hereby protest that he has largely escaped the one-sided mental development which sees 'life' only in food and sanitation, and the various material elements which they represent.

One of the greatest absurdities of the whole attack upon college training is the constant assumption that its finished product has been immured somewhere all his school-life long, whereby he has been absolutely cut off from contact with everything but books, and those books leading solely to the learned professions. Not every boy now serves an apprenticeship in equine and bovine management on some relative's farm; but even in these days it is the very exceptional boy or girl who does not daily come into contact with all manner of details of what we are pleased to term 'practical' life. And in the college preparatory school, and still more in college, there are numerous forms of 'student activities,' theoretically distinct from, but always growing out of the school curriculum, which develop and train executive ability in matters of business and industry, if we think special training in those things so tremendously important. The college graduate does not, and never did, in this country at least, come down from the commencement platform a spectacted dyspeptic, who has a 'proper disdain for all things material,' and is 'helpless where business is concerned.' Who has it been to any really great extent but the college graduates who have made all the western states rank high at once for their educational stan-

dards and for their business, agriculture, and industry? And, be it remembered, they were graduates of a day when colleges were much more narrowly classical than now. Again, it is of no little significance that the form of social work generally admitted to have come nearer to a solution of the hard problem of urban poverty, ignorance, and vice than any other, is for the most part prosecuted under the name of the *College Settlement Association*. Even in the cities where settlement work does not actually bear the college name, it is still largely directed by college-bred women and men, with college-bred ideals. I reverse the common form of expression, and name the women first, because I believe that it is universally admitted that this great work is essentially woman-devised and woman-executed, although it has had the valuable coöperation of many thoughtful and educated men. But I also believe, — what is not so generally recognized, — that it is only the gradually diffused effect of college training upon the American female mind which has ever made women think that they can do such great things as these, no matter though some of the actual workers are not themselves holders of collegiate degrees. Higher education has been so nearly the sole agency in the awakening of women to a consciousness of their powers and their duties that it fills me with amazement and consternation to see the strength of the present movement to imprison their mental activities within a narrow technical training which boasts that its highest aim is the intensive application of that training 'in the home.'

The President of the National Women's Trade Union League of America wrote to me last spring, 'We are especially grateful to you, because the newer education . . . which is being given to boys is being denied to girls on the

theory that they are only potential wives and mothers. If this distinction is disastrous in the world at large by depriving the girl of such an education as "can give the greatest intellectual strength" — it is still more disastrous in the industrial world. That the working women themselves realize this is proved by the action taken by them at their convention last June in St. Louis.' This action was, in brief, an expression of their appreciation of the fact that the thing which above all places them at the mercy of unscrupulous employers is their ignorance and consequent intellectual ineffectiveness. Almost simultaneously with this letter came one from a member of the Wellesley College Faculty, who, writing to me of the fire there, said, 'Yes, College Hall is a great loss to Wellesley, but the splendid human values which the emergency brought forth still fill me with a sense of elation. The vindication of the value of training for women which that experience afforded seems to me a new glory for the annals of the college.'

These unsolicited verdicts from persons dealing intimately with two opposite and representative classes of women need no especial comment to a reading public familiar with the story of the conduct of Wellesley girls and teachers during the fire and after it, familiar too with the difficulty always experienced in uniting uneducated working women for an intelligent defense of their own interests.

I do not see how a serious person, when he thinks of these things, can view with other than alarm the powerful present tendency to lower the general level of American intellectuality by teaching that 'education' means merely the introduction of certain creature comforts into slum dwellings and remote farmhouses which now know them not. With the movement for a general diffusion of culture and decent

living in these backward and neglected portions of our population, no one can have anything but the most ardent sympathy. But that real culture, or any truly high standard of living, can be secured by a method which openly proclaims all processes of pure intellect inferior in educational value and utility for life to mechanical processes and material results, seems to me a thesis not even worthy of argument.

You will have secured a desirable thing when you have the housekeeper of the slum district educated up to the charms of clean floors and windows, and to the intended function of the bathtub; you will have secured something equally desirable when you shall have brought into the barren life of the uncultivated farmer and his wife an appreciation of the æsthetic possibilities of a rustic abode.

It will be even better, possibly, when you have provided for them and their children those wholesome amusements and opportunities for social intercourse which human nature craves and in proper measure should have. But an education deliberately so planned that in the very nature of things it must stop just there, will never reduce the number 'whose life work is not in harmony with their talents,' nor will it assure 'satisfied men and women.' Men and women are never satisfied, if satisfaction depends merely upon what they *have*; and while the new educational plan may perhaps increase the earning capacity of the cheaper class of wage-earners and the crop-raising capacity of the farmer, it can hardly fail also to increase what I believe to be the most deadly thing in nearly all ranks of society to-day, — the desire to be merely comfortable, to have 'pretty things,' and, above all, to be entertained and amused. And in increasing that by a measure of gratification of it, it must inevitably, and soon, increase the re-

sultant discontent and restlessness, — because that measure is never great enough to keep pace with the ever-expanding desire. There is no remedy for that discontent but the well-filled mind; vocational training must consent to add to itself the studies which give that, and to grant the full time which those studies require, or its present spectacular success in landing certain deft-fingered young persons in what are, for *young* persons, well-paid positions, will soon be known for the humbug that it is, and the present popular applause be turned into hisses.

Finally, it seems to me not too much to say that if society would protect itself from extinction through the hideous agency of deadly boredom alone, it must take active measures to preserve and multiply the college graduate. For it is a tremendous fallacy that the possessor of only the trained hand can hope with any well-founded confidence to be included in that desirable company which is both interesting and interested. For the hand can lose its cunning, and even where its continued skill perhaps may keep its owner happily entertained, common candor must admit that there is no assurance of the same joyous effect upon that owner's associates. This fact holds true in all walks of life, and irrespective of sex. If you could persuade every woman in Atlanta to sweep a floor properly, I doubt much if she could still be guaranteed an agreeable companion for a rainy Sunday. If you could teach every 'white wing' in any city to remove the dirt of the streets in the most dustless and sanitary manner known to science, I still question whether you would wish him to come to your library for an evening of uplifting conversation. And he would be equally lacking in resources

for *self*-entertainment in his unemployed hours. So we come to one of the gravest charges that can be brought against the 'new education': that, while it may bring jobs to men and women when they are young, it provides nothing for the man or woman retired from that job by age. If there is anything beneath the stars more pitiable than the elderly man or woman with no active purpose left in life, and no intellectual resources from which to draw occupation and interest, I have not yet seen it. On the other hand, there is nothing which so effectively robs the prospect of old age of its terrors as the sight of the scholarly wearer of whitened hair which crowns a head still vigorous and young through the happy preservative agency of a trained and much-used intellect. Incidentally, it is not an infrequent thing to behold the owner of such a head making his own garden, or milking his own Jersey cow, or displaying ample efficiency to start a balky horse.

No mechanical process can guarantee to us an interesting life, or insure us against boredom. But just because it is something more than a mechanical process, a college education of the right sort comes nearer doing this than any other agency we know, — certainly nearer than any drill in cow-milking or scientific cooking. Its value to us and to the future of our country is beyond estimation. If the time ever comes when 'vital' is taken to be synonymous with 'lucrative'; when the life of the mind and the training of the mind are set below those of the body; when intelligence, as a means to a full and satisfying life, is superseded by prophylaxis and hygiene, — then we may well wish that we had listened to a wiser teacher.

THE CHEST OF CEDAR

BY L. P. JACKS

I

IN the central district of a large manufacturing town in the north of England stand two churches, on opposite sides of the street.

One of these churches, that on the south side, has a Palladian front and a gloomy portal. The smoke of the city has deeply engrained itself in the walls, and penetrated to the remotest recesses of the interior. The windows are few and dirty, the light is bad, and the interior, which is vast, smells like a sepulchre. A board on the outside informs those who can read the smoke-blackened letters that the minister is the Reverend Julius Sahara, D.D., and that divine service is held on Sundays at 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M. Also that marriages are 'solemnized.' The word fits the place. If you wish to begin your wedded life in the depths of gloom, you should have the marriage 'solemnized' in Dr. Sahara's church.

The church on the north side is the opposite in more senses than one. It is aggressively modern and ostentatiously artistic. Its architecture betrays no recognizable tradition, and is not even ecclesiastical. You might take it for a large and handsome private house were it not for the notice-board outside. In substance the information on this board is similar to that on its opposite neighbor, except that it bears, or bore not long ago, the name of another pastor — the Reverend Gabriel Saccarin, also D.D. The lettering is of brilliant gold and glitters in the morning sun.

And near by is another board or tablet on which is inscribed a long list of the mighty dead, all of whom, says the legend below, threw in their lot with the enlightened denomination whose members worship within. It was perhaps a fortunate circumstance for Dr. Saccarin and his flock that the great men claimed by the board were beyond the reach of cross-examination.

The contrast in the outward appearance of these two churches was reproduced, at the time this history begins, in the doctrines preached within their walls. I forget at the moment the names of the sects severally represented by the two churches; but I remember that they were known locally as the Saharists and the Saccarists. And I regret to add that the two pastors, who were not on good terms, had worse names for each another. Saccarin called his rival a 'Moribundist,' which Sahara countered by calling Saccarin an 'Ad Captandumist.' Politeness apart, it must be confessed that these latter names were not altogether inappropriate. Sahara stood in the tradition of Calvin and had a horror of modern thought. Saccarin, on the other hand, knew of no 'thought' except the modern variety, and did not recognize any 'thought' as valid which was more than seven years old.

The contrast was further emphasized by the difference in the personalities of the two men. Sahara was old; Saccarin was relatively young. Sahara was the inflexible embodiment of Justice; Saccarin was, or was said to be, the

pliant messenger of Love. The manner and voice of Sahara were attuned to the requirements of the Day of Judgment; Saccarin was most in his element at a tea-party. Sahara was cold and forbidding; Saccarin had a passion for shaking hands. You never dared to shake hands with Sahara; but when you met Saccarin you seemed to be shaking hands all the time.

Sahara's church was empty; Saccarin's was full; and the filling of this had resulted, in large measure, from the emptying of that. It was as if two great tanks had been placed side by side and the water of the one drawn off into the other by means of a subterranean pipe. Sahara's income had gradually diminished until he had become as poor as the poorest of the church-mice who formed the bulk of his congregation. Saccarin was rich: he had an income which would have been acceptable to a Cabinet minister. Sahara lived in lodgings at thirty shillings a week, board included. Saccarin was building a huge house on a hill-top. Sahara wrote his sermons on the back of letters or money-lenders' circulars, and kept them in a tub. Saccarin wrote his with an expensive typewriter and kept them in a chest of cedar, which he had purchased for ninety pounds. It was a noble chest, the work of cunning craftsmen in the olden time. It stood upon the feet of lions; a coat of arms was displayed on the lid; a bishop's mitre was carved at either end, and a group representing Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac covered the front. 'The word of God must be worthily housed.' A chest to house his sermons; a great mansion to house the chest; and a covering principle for both propositions. Saccarin's conscience was at ease.

II

Dr. Saccarin was 'a live man.' No fine-spun theories, no obsolete theology—
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cal dogmas, no antiquated notions of any kind about him. All was up-to-date. His sermons were 'right there.' They hit modern life, and the latest phase of modern life, in the very bull's eye. They were discussed on the Exchange and at the political clubs; they were reported verbatim in Monday's paper on the next page to the 'Market Intelligence'; and it is authentically related that a great surgeon, in the midst of a capital operation on the brain, paused at a critical moment to remark to his colleague, 'I say, Biggar, you ought to come and hear Saccarin. His sermon last Sunday on the Progress of Surgery was the finest utterance I ever heard.'

Dr. Saccarin's philosophy, which had a fine note of modernity, may be summarized as follows. The end for which the world is created is not happiness (an obsolete conception) but — education. The Universe is best understood by thinking of it as a university. The human race is a vast mutual improvement society; the nations of the world are affiliated academies in the Cosmic School; and God is the Supreme Author of the educational code and sole Minister of Instruction — a schoolmaster and not a taskmaster. All events, all objects, all laws, whether of nature or morality, have an educational reference; they are 'lessons' in disguise; to find their 'lesson' is to find their reason and their final cause.

Saccarin had discovered a new variety of the philosopher's stone, by means of which he could, at a moment's notice, transmute any object in the world or any event in daily life into the pure gold of an edifying 'lesson.' His discernment of the educational significance of things had the quality of genius. An item of news would furnish him with a theme, a change in the weather would give him a text. If, at ten o'clock on Saturday night, the boys in the street

were calling a 'late special' of the evening paper, Saccarin would rush out, buy the sheet, turn up the special news, — a revolution in Turkey, a prize-fight in Nebraska, — and next morning the 'lesson' of that event would be served up piping hot to a packed congregation of the most impressionable heads in the city. There was scarcely a great poem in the language, a picture in the National Gallery, or a statue in the public park, which the genius of this preacher had not forced to yield a contribution to the educational designs of the universe. Artists would occasionally write to him suggesting their works as appropriate topics of discourse. A young poet in the congregation produced a volume of verse, bearing evident signs of an expectation (which was not disappointed) that Saccarin would preach on the poems. The poems were atrocious but the sermons were admirable. The whole scheme of things, as Saccarin saw it, was acting on the principle of that poet.

The 'lessons' were all of the same type. The assassination of the Czar, rightly interpreted, was a proof of the Moral Order; the victory of the local champion illustrated the friendliness of nature. Whatever your first impressions of these things may have been, Saccarin's sermon would bring you round in a trice to a proper frame of mind. Had the malignancy of all the evils in the world been suddenly increased a thousandfold, it would have made no difference. Had the planet exploded under his nose and the whole human race been blown sky-high, leaving him and his congregation intact on some fragment of the débris, it would have been a mere opportunity for the exercise of Saccarin's genius, and next morning would have found him explaining to the crowded pews that it was all right. Unless a planet occasionally exploded, he would have asked, how would the other planets ever learn to behave

themselves properly? His principles were so elastic that they could be stretched to cover anything; and their elasticity was their strength. Crimes and calamities, plotted treacheries and disastrous mistakes — all were for edification. For this the bird sings, the sunset glows, the butterfly spreads her wings, the gale makes music in the trees; for this the captive moans, the lover sighs, and the murderer whets his knife; for this men perish in the coal-mine, sink in the shipwreck, rot in the slums.

For twenty years Saccarin had been engaged in this occupation, and during that time he had extracted from the universe over seventeen hundred lessons, all new and all up-to-date. I cannot say that the whole seventeen hundred were in perfect harmony with one another. There were discrepancies. But inasmuch as nobody, not even Saccarin himself, remembered more than a small fraction of the total, the discrepancies were not observed and can hardly be counted as a drawback. The congregation was held together, not by the memory of the lessons already given, but by the expectation of the lessons yet to come. They would have been content to continue forever on that basis, supported by the comfortable faith that all these 'lessons,' if thrown into the pot and boiled together, would yield some sort of nutritive broth for the soul.

But, though forgotten, the lessons were not lost. They were carefully preserved in the great chest of cedar. By virtue of its contents this chest had acquired in Saccarin's eyes the character of a sacred object. It was his Ark of God, and the scent of the precious wood pervading his study, and steeping his manuscripts, was like the odor of incense to a devotee. Within the six sides of that fragrant tabernaculum lay the Meaning of Things. The Concentrated Extract of the Universe was there. There, unveiled by Saccarin, were the

educative purposes of the whole world, and the moral lesson of every important event that had happened in twenty years, arranged under heads, expressed in irreproachable English, and plainly stamped in imperishable ink by the most expensive typewriter on the market.

III

On a certain Sunday evening when Saccarin, tired with a hard day's work, was reposing in his big study chair, he suddenly thought that the fragrance of the cedar had lost its freshness, while another and less pleasant odor seemed to be arising from the neighborhood of the chest. He had preached two sermons that day: the first on the riots in Chicago, the second on the lesson of a Norwegian waterfall. In both of them he had surpassed himself in eloquence. But the effort had left him exhausted and depressed, and he was in the act of asking himself whether a man who has drawn seventeen hundred lessons from the universe may not justly claim a long holiday, when the change in the odor of the chest arrested his attention and diverted his thoughts.

He crossed the room, opened the chest, buried his head in the interior; and for some moments, his wife, who was seated by the fire, heard him sniffing loudly.

'My dear,' he said at length, 'I am convinced that a fermentation of gases is going on among the contents of this chest. I believe there is something wrong with the ink of my typewriter. I noticed it gave out a peculiar odor yesterday when I was composing my notes on the Norwegian waterfall. I must send the ink to be analyzed.'

Resuming his seat he relapsed into silence. After a time he continued, —

'My dear, I'm not easy in my mind. I don't like the odor of the chest. And I'm anxious about myself. I feel that

I am coming to the end of my tether. There's a great dearth of edifying matter in the world just now. I believe we are on the eve of a moral famine. I've often thought it might come—a time when the universe shuts off the supply of all the indications which might reveal its educational purpose. If that happens we shall go to the workhouse.'

'Nonsense!' said Mrs. Saccarin, 'you're only tired. There's sure to be something good in to-morrow's paper. And even if there is n't, what does it matter? Preach your old sermons over again.'

'They would n't be up-to-date,' said Saccarin.

'Touch them up a bit, or change the texts.'

'H'm — I don't know. Not so easy as you think. And what if fermentation has really begun in the chest? I believe it has. I heard a distinct sound of fizzing when I opened the chest a moment ago. It's just possible that to-morrow morning we shall find the whole seventeen hundred manuscripts reduced to a mass of pulp.'

'Rubbish!' cried Mrs. Saccarin. 'You need a holiday. We've plenty of money. Why not take a trip to the United States? You'd enjoy it. And you'd get a new stock of lessons. I'm told there's no place like America for providing a live preacher with subjects.'

'Yes, America's a great country,' said Saccarin, as he rose to go to bed. 'I think I'll take the trip. But meanwhile I feel as though something horrible was going to happen. I tell you, I don't like the odor of the chest. It doesn't smell right.'

Saccarin's dreams that night were nothing less than awful. He thought he stood beside the chest and heard the sound of a diabolical fermentation going on within. The interior was boiling like a cauldron and froth was issuing from the joints and from underneath

the lid. The froth formed itself into great balls, which grew and grew, and filled the house, and poured from the chimneys, and spread into space, until they covered the church and overwhelmed the new mansion on the hill. Finally a huge globe of froth descended just where Saccarin stood and suffocated him. He awoke in agony, to find his head under the bedclothes.

He rose early and his first act was to examine the chest. It was all right. He sniffed it all round; the cedar had recovered its fragrance. He stopped the clock on the mantelpiece that he might listen more attentively. The fizzing had subsided. There was no sign of fermentation within.

A moment later Mrs. Saccarin, excited and radiant, rushed into the room with the morning paper in her hand.

'Great news!' she cried, 'Button's Bank has failed!'

'Glorious!' answered Saccarin, as he snatched the paper from his wife's hands. 'Too good to be true! I've been longing for a great bank failure for years. It's the finest subject a man can have — teeming with lessons. Yes, here it is! "Failure of Button's Bank. Widespread financial ruin." Why, it gives me a new lease of life! We shall have to enlarge the church again.'

'But suppose our leading people are involved in the ruin?' said his wife.

'Pooh!' answered the doctor, 'that will make no difference to us. Or if it does, it will be a difference on the right side. You wait and see! When the ruined people have heard my sermon next Sunday they'll double their subscriptions. I'll make them! See if I don't.'

The good news of the morning was not yet exhausted. Among the letters on the breakfast table was one with an American stamp. Saccarin, whose mind was preoccupied with elation over the bank failure, had read the others with-

out paying much attention to their contents. But when he came to this one he uttered a cry of joy.

It was an invitation to the pastorate of a Fifth Avenue church in New York.

IV

Next Sunday Saccarin preached, morning and evening, on the failure of Button's Bank. An hour before the morning service the church was thronged to the doors. A special force of police was in attendance to manage the crowd at the gates. Hundreds were unable to obtain admittance. Arrangements were rapidly made for holding the evening service in the City Drill Hall, which had an auditorium for four thousand persons.

The evening sermon was the masterpiece. With an eloquence which, people said, recalled his great discourses on the Messina earthquake and the loss of the Titanic, Saccarin showed that the failure of Button's Bank was a signal triumph in the march of eternal Justice. It was a necessary incident in the progress of the world to the commercial millennium. Without the lessons learned from such catastrophes mankind would be unable to find its way to the promised land. A certain number of them was imperatively required by the moral order. No bank failures — no millennium. Such were the terms of the moral order. They were reasonable terms. Will you accept them? Or do you reject them? Then you reject the millennium.

The majority of the audience showed by their manner, and by their singing of the last hymn, that they were prepared to accept the terms. Saccarin had conquered. And the chest of cedar would duly receive the record of his victory.

One man, however, remained unconverted.

He was a grim Highlander named McTavish, who had lost all his money by the failure of Button's Bank. This man belonged to the remnant of Dr. Sahara's once flourishing Calvinistic flock; but hearing a rumor that the catastrophe would be treated by Saccarin from a metaphysical point of view, he had listened to the advice of a friend and allowed himself for once to join the crowd of 'misguided bodies' assembled in the City Drill Hall.

He listened to the sermon without stirring a muscle and without moving his eyes from the preacher's face—a stern figure of stone, carved out of the Grampian rock. A close observer, however, might have noticed a gradual darkening in the deep shadows on his face, a tenser line in the firm mouth, and a growing light of battle in the sunken eyes. When the congregation rose to sing the last hymn McTavish remained seated in the same motionless attitude.

As Saccarin, full of the triumph of the sermon, was walking home, somebody touched him on the shoulder. It was McTavish.

'I've been thinking you've given us a grand argument this night, Dr. Saccarin,' said he.

'Thank you, Mr. McTavish,' said Saccarin.

'But it has no convinced *me*,' said McTavish.

'Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.'

'You see, I've been asking myself a question. You see, I've lost a wean of money. And an auld friend of mine has lost his.'

'You have my heartfelt sympathy, Mr. McTavish. But who is the old friend?'

'It's Dr. Sahara. Three hundred pun' o' hard-saved money. A wee bit for the puir body's auld age.'

'Very sad; very sad, indeed, Mr. McTavish; but we must bow before the

wisdom of the general laws of the universe.'

'It's no bowing you'll get from *me* this night, Dr. Saccarin. I'm thinking that Button had a verra respectable bank.'

'Yes; but honorable men must suffer at times.'

'And I'm thinking, Dr. Saccarin, there are ither banks that are no respectable. There's Hook's.'

'I don't quite follow you, Mr. McTavish.'

'And I'm thinking that if Providence was as wise as ye mak' oot, Hook's Bank would ha' failed instead o' Button's.'

'The ways of Providence are inscrutable, Mr. McTavish.'

'Ye'll no escape on that, Dr. Saccarin. Ye've been doing your best this night to show us that the ways of Providence are no inscrutable at all. Did n't ye tell us what Providence meant by closing the door o' Button's Bank? Man, ye're contradicting yourself.'

Dr. Saccarin was silent. McTavish went on.

'Ye see, I'm asking a question: *Why Button and not Hook?*'

'I can't answer that, Mr. McTavish.'

'Then ye are a man of a small intelligence. It's the only question before us this night.'

No answer.

'I'm thinking, Dr. Saccarin, that Hook would ha' fitted the bill better than Button. Ye may tak' your general laws of the universe to hell with ye, along with all the rest of your bad doctrine. Ye'll no convince me that a philosophic God mak's general laws and leaves the Deil to bring them down on the wrong man. Canna' ye see that Button's the wrong man? Canna' ye see that it ought to be Hook? I'm ver-ra disappointed in ye, Dr. Saccarin. Ye're no the preacher that Sahara is. And I'll wish ye a verra good-night.'

V

Saccarin pursued his homeward way, much preoccupied. He had chosen a circuitous route among the byways, wishing to avoid the crowd in the main street and the frequent encounters with people he knew. McTavish's question haunted him. 'Why Button rather than Hook?' He could not answer. Presently the question transmuted itself into another form, '*Why Saccarin rather than Sahara?*' and it seemed to him that a mocking voice was bidding him take *that* question for his subject next Sunday. 'Your own success and Sarara's failure; your own affluence and Sahara's poverty,' the voice was saying; 'take that for your subject and draw the lesson.' And again the feeling came over him that he was at the end of his tether. Then he remembered the invitation from New York. And swiftly he resolved to accept it and begin afresh on another line.

Had Saccarin followed his usual route by the main street his preoccupation would have been sooner interrupted. He would have seen the crowd streaming in one direction — that of the hillside on which his new residence, just completed, stood out against the sky-line. Many were running at the top of their speed, or racing on bicycles, and the air was full of shouts. Then a great bell began to ring and a fire-engine, driven furiously, dashed through the crowd.

Saccarin heard the bell in the by-street, and turning quickly into the main thoroughfare, looked ahead. The sky in front of him was crimson, and great masses of flame were leaping round the summit of the hill.

A motor stopped at the curb by his side. 'Quick, doctor!' cried a voice. 'The suffragettes have fired your new house. Jump in.'

One thought only filled his mind. A

portion of his goods had been moved into the house in the previous week. Among them was the chest of cedar.

In a few moments he was on the spot. Leaping from the car he dashed among the firemen and cried in a voice of frenzy, 'The cedar chest! the cedar chest! A hundred pounds to any man who will make his way into the study and bring out my cedar chest!'

'We've saved it already,' said one of the men. 'You'll find it on the top of yonder bank, beyond the reach of the flames.'

'Thank God!' cried Saccarin. 'The rest does n't matter. Let it burn.'

A moment later you might have seen an interesting sight. On the top of a high bank overlooking the conflagration, brilliantly lit up by the glare of the flames, was the figure of a man seated alone on a great oblong box. His hat was off, and the high brow of Dr. Saccarin gleamed in the light of the blazing house.

The firemen's efforts were hopeless from the first. An engaging young creature of nineteen, named Audrey, not approving of certain 'lessons' drawn by Saccarin from the woman's movement, had purchased two pennyworth of paraffin and tow, and, sneaking into the house when everybody was at church, had set it afire beyond remedy; thereby providing another lesson for future Saccarins to ponder.

Saccarin, seated on the chest of cedar, from which the heat of the fire was drawing a new fragrance, and feeling beneath him the concentrated essence of the meaning of things, was already meditating that lesson. He had fully risen to the occasion. 'Next Sunday,' he said to himself, 'I will preach a sermon that will shake the city.'

Suddenly he was aware of a tall figure standing by his side.

'That's a grand box ye're sitting on,' said the voice of McTavish. 'Maybe

ye'll tak' no offense if I sit beside ye.'

And McTavish took his place beside the clergyman; and they two sat thus on the chest.

Saccarin said nothing and there was a long silence. The Highlander was the first to speak.

'I'm thinking there's great wealth in the box,' said he.

'There is,' answered Saccarin.

'Ye did well to save it. Bank-notes, without a doot, and good securities — bonds and deeds and the like.'

'No. Wealth of a higher kind. Mr. McTavish, this chest contains seventeen hundred original discoveries of the meaning of things.'

'Ech, mon, I'm sorry. It's no worth the saving. Dr. Saccarin, your box is full o' trash; and yon lassies that set fire to guid property are the products of your ain bad doctrine. Man, ye'll do well to cast it among the burnings.'

'Never!'

'Maybe there's an answer inside the box to the question I've been putting to ye. I'd be glad to see it if there is. I'm thinking we'd better open the box.' And then McTavish, as though speaking to himself, repeated the odious words, 'Why Button and not Hook?'

I know not what strange influences were at work. But certain it is that the moment these words were pronounced Saccarin heard something go snap inside his skull and the glare of light outside him seemed to transfer itself to his soul and become an inward illumination. He sprang from his seat and grasped the Highlander's bony hand.

'Mr. McTavish,' he cried, 'I'm going to New York.'

'It's a grand salary ye'll be getting in New York, Dr. Saccarin; and I'm thinking ye'll no want your box any more,' said McTavish. 'Man, ye'll be well advised to burn yon trash before ye go to New York. It's a mass of unco' bad doctrine we're sitting on.'

'We'll burn it, McTavish; we'll burn it! Help me to carry the chest to the edge of the bank,' was Saccarin's reply.

At the foot of the bank and reaching level with its top was a great pile of boards which had been thrown out during the construction of the house. A piece of burning timber had fallen near and smoke was already rising from the heap.

'It's gey heavy,' said McTavish, as the two men, at opposite ends, took hold of the rings of the chest, 'but maybe we two can raise it on to the altar of wood.'

'Wait a moment,' said Saccarin as he dropped his end, 'my check-book is inside. I keep it with the manuscripts of my sermons.'

'It's worth better company,' said McTavish. 'We'll no burn the check-book.'

Saccarin searched in his pocket, found a key, opened the chest, rescued the check-book and closed the lid.

'Now to the flames!' he cried. 'McTavish, it's a sacrifice to the Lord of Hosts.'

'The smoke will be like the smoke of Sodom and Gomorrah,' said the slow, deep voice of the Gael.

The two men, staggering with the burden, deposited the chest of cedar on the top of the smouldering pile.

Then they sat on the ground and watched. In a few minutes a tongue of flame was seen to rise from the wood and lick the chest. Saccarin drew forth his handkerchief and wiped a tear from his cheek.

'Dr. Saccarin, I'm expecting ye to play the man,' said McTavish. 'Ye're a poor preacher compared with Sahara, and there's little marrow in your gospel. But ye're no a woman, nor a babe, that ye should shed tears o' weakness over yon burnings in the valley o' Jehosaphat. See! The fire's got a muckle hold on your box.'

It was even so. The concentrated essence of the meaning of things was evaporating in a fervent heat, and the pith of wisdom from the universal university was dissolving into flame and smoke.

Said McTavish, 'Dr. Saccarin, I'm thinking there's light enough in yonder flaming fire for a man to see his way to the doing of a good deed.'

Saccarin drew a fountain pen from his waistcoat pocket, and presently McTavish saw that the check-book was

on the Doctor's knee and that he was writing.

'Take that,' said Saccarin. 'Take it to Dr. Sahara. Tell him it is a gift if he will consult my wishes, and a loan if he prefers to stand on his pride.'

McTavish took the slip of paper. By the light of the burning chest he saw that it was a check in Sahara's favor for three hundred pounds.

'Dr. Saccarin,' he said, 'ye're a godly man after your ain lights. But ye're no sound on the fundamentals.'

MORTALITY

BY CONRAD AIKEN

O THAT the dust had eyes to see the sun,
 When he rejoices in an April sky!
 Believed I this, more tranquil might I lie,
 Soft in the dust, when my bright days are done.
 Or had it ears to hear this wind that passes,
 Or hands to feel the softness of this rain, —
 Truly to lie with dust were not such pain,
 Dust softly closed about by roots of grasses.
 But to forego this exquisite gift of sense,
 Laughter in sunlight, love of lovely things;
 Have the world's beauty that the full heart sings
 Scattered in darkness, fathomless, immense, —
 And all the laughter that was I dispersed,
 Never to be united, nevermore! —
 O Earth, reach hands to me; I walk the shore
 Of some black ocean, pitiless and accursed.
 Reach hands to me! lest I be swept away
 And hear this music crumble down like clay.

THE ETHICAL CHALLENGE OF THE TIMES

BY WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER

I

THE moral policy of Germany is as well defined and as aggressive as its military policy. They are in fact one and the same thing. Germany at once projected into the war its own political morality, the morality of power. Both in diplomacy and on the field the nation has acted with entire moral consistency. It may be a debatable question whether the political morality of Germany was or was not the direct cause of the war, but without dispute it has given to the war its very marked and peculiar ethical significance. It has caused it to assume the character of an ethical challenge. Militarism, the distinctive term of the present war, means in the last analysis not so much the assertion or over-assertion of military force as the assumption of moral prerogative. Beneath armaments and organization lies the political theory on which militarism rests and from which it draws its life: the state is power.

In order to measure the full force of this ethical challenge of the war, as it reaches us, we need to revert to the state of mind out of which it springs. The actual justification of the war on the part of Germany, that underlying justification of it which sustains and supports the German people as the war proceeds, is to be found in the sincerity and in the assumed validity of the claim to a superior type of civilization, culminating in the state. The obligation which this claim is supposed to carry with it has been accepted in the mood

of exalted passion. The destiny of the nation prescribes its duty. This can be nothing less than to supplant Anglo-Saxon civilization as no longer entitled to leadership, no longer equal to the burdens or to the tasks of the modern world. It lacks virility and it lacks vision. It is incapable of solving the new problems of civilization. The time has come for it to give way before Teutonic methods and ideals. War only hastens the inevitable, and saves the world the wastes of delay.

Those who are familiar with Chamberlain's *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century* (which, after passing through eight editions in Germany, was presented in 1909 to English readers) will recall the author's extraordinary exploitation of the Teutonic race as the essential force in human progress. The claim to superiority which was then set forth in broad and inclusive terms, with philosophical temper, was at the same time being urged by a group of intellectual leaders in Germany with vehemence and with exclusive application to the German people. What seemed at first to be the doctrine of a cult became in due time the accepted truth of a whole people. I am aware that certain German apologists minimize the influence of this school of thought. Some of them assert that the names of its leaders are practically unknown in Germany. This might well be, though in fact it is doubtful, and yet the leaven of their thought might pervade the nation. Judging from the formal, and still more from the almost unconscious utterances of the peo-

ple, such at least appears to be the fact. When Germany speaks her mind officially or unofficially, she speaks in the language and with the accent of superiority. As we pass out of the range of purely diplomatic explanations regarding the causes of the war, the plea of self-defense quickly disappears, lost in its own inconsistency; and the plea of national necessity with a view to expansion is soon merged in the claim to supremacy. It is indeed singular that the clearest and ablest writers, who contend for a place of equality with England in world-relations, should so generally weaken their argument by their insistence in the end, not upon equality, but upon supremacy. Nearly every presentation of the case of Germany reverts soon or late to the claim to superiority, which through the stimulus of militarism has been converted into the terms of actual warfare.

As no one can doubt the absolute sincerity with which the claim to superiority is put forward, few, I think, will be disposed to deny that it has a certain justice when tested by the standards of our modern material civilization. I know of no nation that would be willing to subject itself to a comparison with the Germany of the last forty years in respect to organization, industrial progress, economic efficiency, and the practical applications of the sciences. These advances stand to the credit of Germany apart from their relation to militarism, apart, that is, from what they have done toward making war the grand science, the magnificent industry, under the guise of armed peace. But it is through militarism that the claim to superiority passes over into the right of superiority, and the right of superiority becomes the right of dominion. This is not the bald reassertion of the ancient dogma that might makes right. The injection of the idea of superiority tempers the original dogma, but it brings

it again into service without essentially changing its ethical character. It would be unfair to say that this modified form of the doctrine is new. It was in fact introduced through Anglo-Saxon civilization. It has done its duty faithfully in the interest of British imperialism. True, its language has been evasive and apologetic. We are familiar with its characteristic phraseology — ‘benevolent assimilation,’ ‘the white man’s burden,’ and the like. But the fact is not to be denied that the doctrine has been held and practiced by those now in contention against the present assertion of it. Be that however as it may, our concern with the present assertion of it lies in the fact that it comes to us as a challenge, a challenge designed to unmask the hypocrisy of opposing nations, but also intended to set before all nations the ethical authority of a new and higher type of civilization which finds its normal expression in the power of the state. Evidently it is the challenge of the half-truth, but for that reason all the more effective as a challenge. The half-truth is capable of an audacity which is denied the truth in its fullness. It can urge its demands without qualification and with little regard to consequences.

This contention of the half-truth that superiority gives the right to dominion, a right to be incorporated into the state, has become in a very distinct way the ethical challenge of the war. Whatever the war may or may not declare in regard to other matters, it calls the attention of the civilized world to the new moral valuation which it puts upon the power of the state. Tracing the war back to the teachings in which it had its origin, we find in them the constant idealization of power, at times almost the deification of it. The most authoritative teachings have been only an ampler statement of the Machiavelian axiom that the state is power. ‘The

highest moral duty of the state is to increase its power.' 'War is the mighty continuation of politics.' 'Of all political sins that of weakness is the most reprehensible and the most contemptible; it is in politics the sin against the Holy Ghost.' It will give a proper background to these teachings to have in mind Milton's conception of the state: 'A nation ought to be but as one huge Christian personage, one mighty growth or stature of an honest man, as big and compact in virtue as in body, for look, what the ground and causes are of single happiness to one man, the same ye shall find them to be to a whole state.'

The question of the essential morality of power when embodied in the state, which is thrust upon us as the ethical challenge of the war, is the most serious public question which we have to face. Coming before us as a challenge, it calls us back to things fundamental, both in politics and in religion. To reverse in part Mr. Cleveland's saying, we find ourselves confronted, not so much by a condition, appalling as that is in which all nations are now involved, as by a theory which is likely to outlive the war, whatever may be its fortune, and to present itself to each nation for definition. It is a theory which has a most insidious fascination. There is no allurements so great when the mind turns to affairs of state as the allurements of power. Clothe the bare conception of power with the moral sanctities and it becomes not only alluring but commanding. In this form it presents itself to us, and at a time of great doubt and perplexity in regard to subjects but lately in the category of commonplace realities, — democracy, patriotism, and religion. Speaking with the assurance, if not with the audacity, of the half-truth, it says to us, 'Your democracy, your patriotism, your religion are obsolete. They are all guilty of inadequacy. If you would keep your

place in the modern world, you must recast your fundamental conceptions of the state, and of the things which belong to it, in terms of power, and reinvigorate them with its spirit.'

II

What is the state of the case in regard to democracy? Has it ceased to be a necessary factor in the social and political order of the world? Is it no longer adequate in theory, or has it gone so far wrong in practice as to be useless? Let us see how it appears to an observer who looks upon present conditions from the new point of view. I quote from Professor Francke in a recent number of the *Harvard Monthly*. 'The German conception of the state and its mission, and of the service due to it, is something which to members of other nationalities, especially to Anglo-Saxons and Americans, cannot help appearing as extravagant and overstrained. To the Anglo-Saxon and American the state is an institution for the protection and safeguarding of the happiness of individuals. To the German it is a spiritual collective personality, leading a life of its own beyond and above that of individuals, and its aim is not the protection of the happiness of individuals, but their elevation to a nobler type of manhood, and their training for the achievement of great common tasks in all the higher concerns of life, — in popular education, in military service, in commercial and industrial organization, in scientific inquiry, in artistic culture.'

This is not the language of challenge, or even of criticism, but of courteous comparison. The implication, however, is equally plain, that democracy does not require that surrender of the individual to the state which can enable the state in turn to perform the various functions in his behalf which Professor

Francke enumerates. The implication is true, but it is the half-truth. We reach the truth as we ask why democracy does not require or even allow that surrender of the individual to the state which is here demanded.

But before we ask this question let us take the full rebuke of the half-truth. Democracy, in this country at least, has not trained its citizens in the proper conception of their personal relation to the state. We are at fault in our political manners and in our political morals. We have not learned to pay that respect to the state which ought to differ only in degree from reverence. We lack the imagination to clothe the state with personality. We fail to recognize at their full value its symbols of authority. We do not instantly and reverently recognize its essential majesty as embodied in law. In a word, our political manners are as yet unformed. More serious still is the undeveloped state of our political morals, as evidenced in the tendency to regard the state as a legitimate source of privilege and monopoly. There is not the same moral sensitiveness in the dealings of individuals with the state as in the conduct of business between individuals. The attempt is not infrequently made to put the state to corrupt and shameless uses. Democracy may fairly be held responsible for this moral crudeness in so far as it has failed to bring the individual into morally sensitive relations to the state. We have been paying the penalty for the lack of this training in our struggle with monopoly for the past decade. It is due in good part to this deficiency that we have had to resort to the transfer, to so considerable an extent, of the state from an individualistic to a socialistic basis. The transfer has come about in the process of protecting the state itself, as well as the people at large, from the thoughtlessness and greed of untrained individualism.

It is useless to deny that some of our social and political ills are due to the laxity or the selfishness of our democratic conception of the state. We do well to heed the challenge of absolutism to democracy, as it uncovers faults both in theory and practice; but we may not hesitate for a moment to accept the challenge in behalf of democracy. The sin of democracy is laxity; the sin of absolutism is tyranny. The remedy for the one is reform; the only remedy for the other is revolution. The subjection of the individual to the state may indeed come about through self-surrender. That was the method by which the mediæval church absorbed the rights of the individual in the realm of faith. Self-surrender secured the guarantee of the church for salvation. The state under absolutism assumes to guarantee, on like conditions, political security, economic gains, cultural development — everything, in fact, save liberty. And for the satisfactions of liberty it offers, through the spirit of militarism, the intoxication of power. So a nation may become self-intoxicated. 'Not against our will and as a nation taken by surprise did we hurl ourselves into this adventure. We willed it. It is Germany that strikes. When she has conquered new domains for her genius, then the priesthood of all the gods will praise the God of War.'

It may have required such an illustration of the outworking of the theory, — the state is power, — as is afforded by the present exhibition of militarism, to enable some minds to understand the real significance of the contrasted theory of the state expressed in the cardinal maxim of democracy, — the state is freedom. Without doubt there has been a decline in the enthusiasm for democracy. Democracy has suffered in proportion to the growth of economic inequality. Many have been disappointed that it has not produced results

in the economic world equivalent to those which it produced in the political world. The war has brought us back to a revaluation of political freedom. We are forced by it to the conclusion that though it may be difficult to provide for the securities of freedom under democracy, it is impossible to guarantee its existence under absolutism. Democracy may be lax in the use of the power of self-defense entrusted to the state, but the full power is always in reserve. There is no reasonable excuse for 'unpreparedness.' The safeguard against militarism does not lie in our indifference to the means of national security. On the contrary, any sudden sense of insecurity, such as is often created by international emergencies, is quite sure to evoke the most extreme and foolish type of militarism. Preparedness is simply a common-sense adjustment of a nation to its environment. It is in no sense incompatible with the spirit of democracy. Switzerland, notwithstanding the apparently impregnable guaranties of its neutrality, has a complete and almost perfect system of national defense in which every able-bodied man from twenty to sixty bears his part. Nowhere is the spirit of anti-militarism more assured. The danger from national preparedness lies in the national temptations, or in the national ambitions. The danger is moral, not physical. The means of defense cannot be changed into the means of aggression except through a change in the spirit of a people. Such a change is quite possible, but the possibilities of it are best calculated as we try to measure that play of national impulses to which we accord the name of patriotism.

III

If we find in the war a direct challenge to democracy on the ground of political inadequacy, we can see that it

compels attention with almost equal directness to the moral liabilities of patriotism. Among moral forces related to the state, patriotism must be regarded as the most inconsistent in its action, now the watchful servant of liberty and now the blind instrument of power. It is therefore liable to become at any time a disturbing factor in international morality.

The ordinary traditions of patriotism are so great and inspiring that these alone occupy our minds. Some of the greatest and most inspiring of those belonging to western Europe and America have not passed out of the personal remembrances of men now living. The period from 1859 to 1871 was distinctly an era of patriotism. Almost within the limits of a decade three events took place which mightily stirred the peoples immediately concerned, and awakened the sympathetic interest of all peoples bred in the traditions of liberty — the Restoration of Italy, the Reunion of the United States, and the Unification of Germany. The names inseparably connected with these events, Cavour, Lincoln, and Bismarck, illustrate, with due allowance for the personal variant, the type of patriotism exemplified in the historic struggles for freedom and nationality.

And yet with these examples uppermost in our minds we have but to turn to the battlefields of Belgium to see how diverse are the deeds possible under the common incentives of patriotism, — the heroic resistance of the Belgians, the chivalrous support of their allies, and the ruthless ravages of the Germans. It was in the assertion of German patriotism that Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg uttered the words, impossible to recall, impossible to forget: 'Necessity knows no law. Our troops have occupied Luxemburg, and have possibly already entered on Belgian soil. That is a breach of international

law. . . . We were forced to ignore the rightful protests of the governments of Luxemburg and Belgium, and the injustice — I speak openly — the injustice we thereby commit, we will try to make good as soon as our military aims have been attained. Anybody who is threatened as we are threatened and is fighting for his highest possessions can have only one thought — how he is to hack his way through.'

Is the moral control of patriotism possible? Can a nation train itself to go beyond resistance to the allurements of conquest and aggrandizement, and withstand also the incitements of national pride, national prejudice, and so-called national necessity, in the interest of international morality? The hope of the development of an authoritative international morality must rest upon this possibility. It is implied in the ethical challenge of the war that such a result is impossible. It is implied further that the claim to respect an international authority in national emergencies would be hypocrisy. In the language already quoted, 'Necessity knows no law. . . . Anybody who is threatened as we are threatened and is fighting for his highest possessions can have only one thought — how to hack his way through.' Or to quote the saner language of Treitschke, 'The evolution of an international court of arbitration as a permanent institution is incompatible with the nature of the state. To the end of history arms will maintain their rights; and in that very point lies the sacredness of war.'

In this insistence upon the moral supremacy of the nation in national emergencies we have again the challenge of the half-truth. The challenge rests upon the assumed impotence of international morality to provide against national emergencies or to lessen their stringency. That great progress has been made in the development of inter-

national morality is evident. The principles of international justice have been set forth with increasing clearness and cogency, and are steadily gaining recognition. The greatest stumbling-block to further progress lies in the lack of self-control on the part of individual nations. Before we can anticipate any general practice of international morality the nations must go to school, each to itself, in this severe art of self-control.

I think that this is the discipline which awaits the people of this country. There seems to be little danger from the spirit of conquest. The acquisition of the Philippines, if that is the proper term to apply to our possession of the islands, has not developed the desire for further expansion of that kind. I doubt if anybody regards their retention in any other light than that of an obligation. And though territory lying near at hand may be a source of temptation, it is probable that the great majority of our people, certainly in their saner moments, would be willing to subscribe to President Wilson's Mobile pledge, that our government would 'never seek a foot of territory by conquest.'

The discipline awaiting us as a nation in the control of patriotism grows out of the indefiniteness and at the same time the sensitiveness of certain foreign relations which are peculiar to our situation. The United States made its distinctive entrance into diplomacy through the enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine. It was the most sensational entrance which a nation ever made into world-diplomacy. One cannot tell even now whether to be the more amazed at its sublimity or at its audacity. The Monroe Doctrine preëmpted a whole continent for undisturbed experimentation in democracy, the experiments to be carried on in regions remote from one another, and by races as unlike as

those trained under English and Spanish traditions. What greater claim to political superiority could have been advanced than that involved in the official assertion of the principle 'that the American continents, by the free and independent conditions they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered subjects for further colonization by any European powers'; and, further, that 'it is impossible that the allied powers [the powers of the Holy Alliance] should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness: nor can any one believe that our southern [South American] brothers, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible therefore that we should behold such interposition with indifference.'

Fortunately, through the interested coöperation of Great Britain, the original occasion for the doctrine passed by without any demand for its enforcement, and subsequent occasions have not been of sufficient importance to test the force of the doctrine. It by no means follows, however, that the doctrine has become obsolete. Certainly it survives as a sentiment which can be easily aroused, as was shown in the response of the country to President Cleveland's Venezuelan message. Occasions may revive the doctrine and give it a new application. The South American republics have outgrown the danger of European interference, but who can foresee what interpretation would be put upon the doctrine, or what expression would be given to the sentiment, if any of the republics should enter into alliances with European powers? Of much more immediate concern is the relation of the Central American states to the European powers through concessions granted to private capital; and closer still, our necessary concern

with the internal affairs of Mexico. Other complications of a more delicate nature will at once suggest themselves in view of the liability of a state to involve the federal government in very grave difficulties. For years to come, if not for the indefinite future, our foreign relations must increase in relative importance and in the demands which they must make upon the intelligent consideration of the country.

This means, of course, the development of a diplomatic service suitable to the strain which will fall upon it. Our 'unpreparedness' in diplomacy is far greater than our unpreparedness in war, and it is far more dangerous. It is the office of diplomacy to make an unjustifiable war impossible. It is the office of diplomacy to make a nation intelligent and responsible in the uses of patriotism. It is the office of diplomacy to school the state in the principles of international morality. Under the guidance of wise and consistent diplomacy, the citizens of a state ought never to be placed in the dilemma of apparent disloyalty or of supporting the government when in the wrong. The dilemma ought to be anticipated and provided against. I believe that the profession of diplomacy has the greatest opportunity, among all the professions in this country, for advanced ethical instruction and leadership. And if the ethical challenge of the war arouses the nation to a sense of its deficiency in this regard, and to a determination to meet its obligations, we may justly hope that the nation will in due time assume a place of commanding influence in the sphere of international morals.

But we have much to learn, and possibly much to practice, before we can speak with authority. I doubt the estimate which some are inclined to place upon the influence of the United States in any diplomatic settlement of the issues of the present war.

IV

It is highly significant of the ethical reach of the war that it has brought religion into the field of controversy: not contending religious faiths, but religion. The war itself is absolutely free from religious bias. Christians of all faiths, Moslems, and Buddhists are fighting side by side, while Protestant is fighting against Protestant, Catholic against Catholic, Moslem against Moslem. Not even Russia or Turkey has been able to make it a Holy War. And yet no religious war ever stirred deeper questionings about religion. As it originated entirely among the Christian nations, it was to be expected that the mocking cry would go up from without Christendom: 'Where is now thy God?' On the whole, the Oriental nations have shown surprising restraint in their religious attitude toward the war, due in part possibly to their more fatalistic conception of religion. Within Christendom the immediate result was a suspension, almost a paralysis, of faith. Some Christian publicists were moved to give over Christianity altogether as of no further service in any endeavor to establish international peace.

What have we the right to expect of religion — in particular of Christianity — in restraint of war? In what sense is Christianity the religion of peace? Without doubt the present war is a more direct challenge to the Christian religion to define its own militant spirit than it has ever before received.

The contention that religion needs the stimulus of war to maintain its virility is not only less than the half-truth, but in respect to Christianity it is a perversion of the truth. Militarism has nothing to teach Christianity regarding the practice of the heroic virtues. A religion which was born in the supreme act of sacrificial courage, which defied the centuries of persecution, which mas-

tered in turn the virile races of Europe, which conquered despotism and cast out slavery, which has subdued savage tribes and now holds its outposts in all dark and cruel parts of the habitable earth, is not a religion to be asked to sit at the feet of modern militarism. On the contrary, it ought to be made a function of modern Christianity to expose the mock heroics of militarism — its affectations, its cheap swagger, its intolerable insolence, its scorn of all knightly qualities. The present war has its heroes in all ranks, but they are such, not because of militarism, but in spite of it. A system which produced and justified the Zabern incident can lay no claim to the finer qualities of heroism. The German army, trained in the school of militarism, has shown no superiority in courage to compensate for the character of its discipline. The terrorizing of non-combatant communities is a natural sequence of the debasement of heroism. And both are prophetic of the inevitable effect upon a nation which allows its civil life to be subordinated to the demands of militarism. Whatever may be the revenges of time in atonement for the present war, the heaviest revenge must ultimately fall upon the spirit of the German people.

But while from every point of view militarism is an offence to Christianity, to be resisted in the name of religion as well as in the name of liberty, it by no means follows that the militant spirit of Christianity is contrary to its essential object in this world. That object is the furtherance of righteousness. Righteousness as compared with peace is an absolute term. It has a definite and well-nigh unchangeable meaning. Peace, as applied to the relation of states, is a term of uncertain ethical force. It is no guaranty of righteousness. For example, in the Hague Conferences our government joined in set-

ting forth certain definite principles concerning the treatment of neutral states. Nearly every one of those principles was violated by Germany in the treatment of Belgium. We have refrained from official protest on the ground that the action of the Conference still awaits complete ratification, contenting ourselves with whatever of protest is involved in our attempt to feed the starving population of that devastated country. Suppose that by the terms of settlement following the close of the war the sovereignty of Belgium should be destroyed; ought we to support the settlement, in the interest of peace? How far may the militant spirit of Christianity be held in check by the claims of neutrality? When does peace forfeit the sanctions of religion? Evidently peace has no moral significance except as it is an exponent of justice. History bears constant witness to the fact that the most disturbing factor in international relations is an unjust peace. Treaties really belong to the estate of war. They are intrenchments cast up to defend the *status quo*. International conventions usually have no other object. The balance of power was fitly characterized by John Bright as the 'foul idol' of England. The so-called concert of Europe has seldom prevented war except at the cost of freedom and justice.

The various international devices which have been entered into in the name of peace show how difficult it is for the nations to understand that the making of peace is as serious a business as the making of war. It seems to be equally difficult for some of the most ardent and devoted peace-makers to understand the tremendous seriousness of their business. I think that this inability explains the lack of popular support for the peace movement in this country. There is a well-grounded suspicion that it has been over-capitalized, and

that it is being over-argued. In spite of its able promoters and its eloquent advocates, it has not greatly stirred the popular heart. It has yet to enter the 'straight gate' and the 'narrow way' through which all the great reform movements of history have passed. When the nations are willing to make sacrifices for peace in any degree commensurate with those which are made for war, we shall have peace. Is it reasonable to suppose that we shall have it on easier conditions? But this means at least the readjustment of many 'existing rights,' concessions in respect to trade and commerce, the restraint of racial pride, — in a word, it means sacrifice. Disarmament would be futile if the occasions and incentives of war were to remain in force.

If we are to advance the cause of universal and permanent peace, there are two points at which we must turn for support and guidance to the militant spirit of Christianity. First, we must look to that source for sufficiency of moral courage. Christianity never underestimates its tasks. The obduracy of human nature and its powers of resistance have never been so accurately measured as by the founder of the Christian religion. Christ based his hopes and expectations upon moral conflict. He made moral courage the indispensable requisite for those who proposed to do his work among men. The exercise of moral courage involves as many consequences as does the exercise of physical courage; sometimes the same consequences. When the peace movement passes into the stage of moral militancy it will develop its own type of heroism. This will be especially true among statesmen who may have the opportunity to emulate their predecessors in the anti-slavery struggle. Every occasion for the display of moral courage offers a counter-attraction to war.

And second, we must turn to militant

Christianity to furnish us with its spirit of hospitality to the emerging races. The chief characteristic of civilization is its exclusiveness. It means to-day more than ever the aristocracy of culture, wealth, and power. In this aspect civilization and progress are not synonymous terms. Civilization boasts of the developed race and sets forth its accomplishments and achievements. Progress takes account also of the undeveloped race and estimates its value by the depth and richness of its humanity. The militant spirit of Christianity is always to be found in the ranks of progress whenever progress comes into conflict with civilization. It demands place and room for each advancing race in the name of 'the God of the whole earth.' It is impossible to think that any exclusive peace devised by civilization can satisfy what may be termed the militant hospitality of Christianity. What guarantee of permanent peace could Christianity offer if the outcome of the present war should be the exclusion of the Slav from partnership in European civilization?

I have singled out that phase of the war which compels attention to the ethics of political power because of its bearing upon the political future of this country. Modern nations do not yield to the allurements of power without seeking to put their conduct upon an ethical basis. There is no longer danger from open and undisguised schemes of national aggrandizement. The danger lies in those political half-truths and sophistries through which nations are able to persuade themselves that their action in cases of aggression is rightful, — rightful because considered neces-

sary to the welfare or the destiny of the state. No other persuasion can carry a nation so far, or become so easily the obsession of a whole people. Of this fact we have the supreme illustration in the present behavior of Germany.

It is not safe to assume that a democracy is proof against the allurements of power, or that it will not seek to find justification for yielding to temptation. In some respects democracies are more susceptible to outward temptations than peoples under the rule of absolutism. The chief security of a democracy must be looked for in those satisfactions of liberty for which there can be no equivalent. But even these satisfactions must be supported by a true understanding of the ethical meaning of democracy. What does it really mean to live under the conception of the state as freedom rather than as power? What does loyalty to that conception require? How shall we maintain and defend the ethical life of a democracy? Apart from the clear understanding of its ethical life, I assume that the two great requisites are self-control and moral courage: self-control to guard the nation against the wrong uses of patriotism, and moral courage to enable it to make such genuine sacrifices as may be necessary for the advancement of international morality and international peace. In this conviction I have endeavored to interpret the ethical challenge of the war as a matter of direct concern to us in our theory and practice of democracy, in our command of the patriotic impulses of the nation, and in our application of the ethical forces of religion to the conduct of the state.

ON GROWING OLD

BY ROBERT L. RAYMOND

REALLY old age must have its compensations, indeed its positive blessings; and in the security of feeling that things are somehow completed, the heat and toil of the day being past, must be a pleasant port in which to lie a while at anchor before hoisting sail for the last long voyage to the unknown.

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be;

Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.
A sober time, perhaps, but serene and ripe.

I have not this in mind, but rather what I think must be a much more trying period: growing old in the sense of passing from late youth to early middle age; say those years from thirty-five to forty, though to some the experience I wish to suggest comes earlier, and to a few perhaps later.

Always, by the calendar and by succeeding birthdays and anniversaries, we know that the years are passing. Ordinarily, however, there is no element of surprise, nothing strange or poignant about the course of time. It is recognized rather than felt, and is registered by the intellect and not by the emotions.

Passing from youth to middle age is something very different. The moment when one first feels acutely that he is no longer young, is bound to make one pause in something akin to consternation. For vividness it is like a flash of lightning in a black sky. Life no longer is all before one; even more dreadful thought, it may be mostly behind!

After the first keen realization there follows a bewildered state of mind due to unwillingness, yes, to an actual puzzled inability to accept the truth. With all the agony of the startled call of a child at night, the heart cries out, 'It cannot be; it is not so.' Youth dies hard, and fights and struggles in its dying like an imprisoned bird. Others, even those near and dear, are older, are even old; we can see that. But how can the stubborn facts be true as to ourselves? Very gradually, little by little, fighting its way inch by inch, the truth prevails and gnaws at the heart, — though only intermittently, of course, — until time numbs this emotion as it does every other one.

The blow strikes a man in his ambitions, his feelings, and his spiritual nature. I do not think the merely physical phase is important. Inability to turn handsprings or do a backward dive does not hurt much. It is the other things which count.

It is well if the first realization does not bring panic with it. It is a time when youthful hopes and early promise must be tested by actual performance. The fact that there is any occasion as yet for doing this is itself an unwelcome surprise, and the result is apt to be disconcerting.

One finds that he has been out of college twenty years, that he has practiced law perhaps for nearly as long a time. What has he done? What has happened, granting that the incredible facts be true?

Mr. Chalk in Jacobs's *Dialstone Lane*

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makes the remark: 'I'm fifty-one next year, and the only thing I ever had happen to me was seeing a man stop a runaway horse and cart.' Even one who has had a busy, happy life feels a little that way when he compares what actually is with early hopes.

Fortunately few of us aspire to careers of precocious greatness, but even so it is annoying at just this period of life to recall that at forty-five Napoleon had lost the battle of Waterloo; that all the best books of Dickens had been published before he was forty; that Samuel Pepys made the last entry in his diary at the age of thirty-seven. Nearer home, and therefore more startling to me, came the experience of rereading the life of a maternal great uncle who was killed by a pro-slavery mob in the stormy days preceding the Civil War. From childhood I have always pictured this hero as a patriarch to whom the appellation 'Venerable Man' might most appropriately be applied; and yet history says that at the time of his death he was thirty-four years old.

One has reached a time of life when it is hardly one thing or the other. The past years have not been so many as to permit one to lay down his arms and retreat in quiet to the shade. It is still not too late to strive and perhaps to achieve. On the other hand so much dusty road has been traveled that if one finds it has not led him far on the way he meant to go, he can hardly delude himself with the fancy that he may yet go back and begin the journey anew. The pleasant sense of superfluous time is gone; one must hurry; and perhaps it is too late!

Then comes the grief of perceiving the waste, the loss, the utter futility of postponements. The world is full of good and wonderful things. What a wealth of potential experience and emotions; and time and opportunity for so little! And yet year after year one goes

on blindly and blandly putting off to some more convenient or appropriate time, to that impossible period when all will be exactly right, things he wants to do and can do,—a kind action, making a new friend, or altering a whole career! Once acquired, the habit of postponing persists. Hope springs eternal; and a man of forty finds himself counting complacently on some day taking up hunting, or entering politics, or circling the globe.

Perhaps the most dreadful part of all is to feel that the early hopes remain fresh and vigorous when so much time has gone forever. As a solace for this, one begins to wonder if after all the true way of life is not to accept with what contentment one may what has been called the philosophy of the 'second best.' That is not so bad as a scheme of life for the future. To realize, on reflection, that unconsciously this has been one's own philosophy for many years is not so pleasant.

Years and experience bring, I think, a more tolerant and kindly disposition toward others. It is easier to forgive. The ready willingness of youth to condemn has unconsciously and little by little faded away. With this broader charity to others there comes, I am afraid, a tendency to be easy on one's self. The niceness of discrimination as to one's own conduct is rubbed off, and the freshness and purity of early years is worn away. Youth hopes all, demands all, and expects all. Middle age is content to put up with what comes readily to hand. That any but really bad people govern their actions by ulterior motives of worldliness, greed, or selfish ambition is hardly conceivable in youth. Yet middle age sees with an uncritical and accustomed eye such conduct every day in those whom it welcomes as friends and knows to be good. I do not say that the high expectation of youth is wiser or saner than the tolerance of

middle age. It is better, I agree with Stevenson, occasionally to swallow a camel than forever to be straining at gnats. I am concerned only in emphasizing different points of outlook on life, and in suggesting that there is an element of sadness in the loss of even impossible hopes.

It is well, of course, to take life as easily as possible; it is a mistake to be too serious. I agree that the sensation of growing old often rises only to the dignity of an annoyance. When all is said and done, however, to one with perception enough to realize what has happened, the yearning for a lost youth is like the sudden yearning which comes at times for a lost friend; and it takes some fortitude to go on in cheerfulness. Fortunate it is that we are helped by happy memories.

There comes a day at the end of summer, every year, which somehow seems to write the word 'Finis' to all the gaiety and joyousness of that pleasant season. That day is not dependent on any calendar reckoning. It may come at any place, and in any environment. Without precise reason one feels suddenly that this particular summer is over and gone, and experiences a sense of regret and gentle melancholy, such as one may also feel in less degree at the end of a perfect day. For a moment the future looks cold and uninviting, and hardly to be borne. Yet life goes on without a break, and autumn succeeds to summer and winter succeeds to autumn. The cool, bracing fall days are found to be not without their own especial charm, and, better still, perhaps, are very good to work in. Even winter, taking away some of the zest of either work or play with its icy blasts,

is the best time of all for quiet indoor companionship or contemplation before the fire on the hearth. So we get through the year comfortably, if not with the glow and enthusiasm which seem to depart when summer is past. And in the autumn and in the winter, too, come bright flashes of memory of summer scenes and emotions. For a moment the warm sun shines again, the ship, with glittering canvas spread, sails out over the blue water, the dear companions are near once more, and the peace which passeth understanding settles on the spirit.

Something like that happens in the autumn and winter of life. Youth has gone perhaps in actual fact, but can never die in memory. Imaginary things, in a way, are as real and vital as tangible objects; sometimes their effect is as great, and often the pleasure they give is infinitely greater than that received from what we can touch or see or hear. Thinking is a more refined joy than eating or drinking; dreaming is a more delicate process than even thinking; and of moments in youth there lingers the shadow of a thought, the ghost of a dream to which the whole being responds as it were to a chord of music or to the odor of violets in early spring.

More precious than rubies and pearls are the times in early years which first set the fibres in tune with never-to-be-forgotten joys; for they are the source of happiness distilled for the spirit, ethereal, tenuous like a ray of light; and the memory of those times is not recollection but sensation.

So the autumn and winter of life are brightened, though there is to be no other spring.

THE HOUSE ON HENRY STREET

IV. CHILDREN AND WORK

BY LILLIAN D. WALD

I

BESSIE has had eight 'jobs' in six months. Obviously under sixteen, she has had to produce her 'working papers' before she could be taken on. The fact that she has met the requirements necessary to obtain the papers, and that her employer has demanded them, is evidence of the advance made in New York State since we first became acquainted with the children of the poor. Bessie has had to prove by birth certificate or other documentary evidence that she is really fourteen, has had to submit to a simple test in English and arithmetic, present proof of at least 130 days' school attendance in the year before leaving, and, after examination by a medical officer, has had to be declared physically fit to enter shop or factory.

No longer could Annie, the cobbler's daughter, by unchallenged perjury obtain the state sanction to her premature employment. Gone are the easy days when Francesca's father, defying school mandates, openly offered his little ones in the labor market. Yet we are far from satisfied. Bessie, though she meets the requirements of the law, goes out wholly unprepared for self-support; she is of no industrial value, and is easily demoralized by the conviction of her unimportance to her 'boss,' certain that her casual employment and dismissal have hardly been noted, save as

she herself has been affected by the pay envelope. Her industrial experience is no surprise to her settlement friends, for she is a type of the boys and girls who, twice a year, swarm out of the schools and find their way to the Department of Health to obtain working papers. Bessie's father is a phthisis case; her mother, the chief wage-earner, an example of devotion and industry. The girl has been a fairly good student and dutiful in the home, where for several years she has scrubbed the floors and 'looked after' the children in her mother's absence.

Tommy also appeared at the office with his credentials and successfully passed all the tests, until the scale showed him suspiciously weighty for his appearance. Inquiry as to what bulged one of his pockets disclosed the fact that he had a piece of lead there. He had been told that he probably would not weigh enough to pass the doctor. Talking the matter over with Mrs. Sanderson, I learned that the immediate reason for taking Tommy out of school was his need of a pair of shoes. The mother was not insensitive to his pinched appearance. A few days later Tommy was taken to visit our children at the farm, and it was pleasant to see that the natural boy had not been crushed. He devoured the most juvenile story-books and was 'crazy' about the sledding. The self-respecting mother was not injured in her pride or inde-

pendence by a little necessary aid carefully given; and though I have not seen Tommy recently, I am sure that neither he nor his employer lost anything because of the better physical condition in which he entered work after his happy winter at the farm.

This attempt to cheat the law by the very children for whose protection it was designed, and the occasional disregard of the purposes of the enactments by enforcing officials, suggest Alice's perplexity when she encountered the topsy-turvy Wonderland.

It was about twelve years ago that a group of settlement people in New York gathered to consider the advisability of organizing public sentiment against the exploitation of child workers. The New York Child Labor Committee thereupon came into existence, under the chairmanship of the then head of the University Settlement, and that committee has since been steadily engaged in advancing standards of conditions under which children may work. Through legislative enactment and publicity it has endeavored to form public opinion on those socially constructive principles inherent in the conservation of the children of the state.

Of necessity child-labor laws approach the problem from the negative side of prohibition. To meet the problem positively, the Henry Street Settlement established in 1908 a definite system of 'scholarships' for children from fourteen to sixteen, to give training during what have been termed the 'two wasted years,' to as many as their funds permitted.

A committee of administration receives the applications which come from all parts of the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, and preference is given to those children of widows or disabled fathers whose need seems greatest. Careful inquiry is made by the capable secretary to discover nat-

ural inclinations or aptitudes, and these are used as guides in determining the character of the instruction to be given. Three dollars a week — somewhat less than the sum the children might have been earning — is given weekly for two years, during which time they are under continual supervision at home, at school, and through regular visits to the settlement. They are looked after physically, provided with occasional recreation, and, in the summer time, whenever possible, a vacation in the country. The committee keeps in close touch with the educational agencies throughout the city, gathers knowledge of the trades that give opportunity for advancement, and to aid teachers, settlement workers, parents, and children, publishes from time to time a directory of vocational resources in the city.¹

Approval of this endowment for future efficiency comes from many sources, but no encouragement has been greater than the fact that, while the plan was still in its experimental stage, my own first boys' club, the members of which had now grown to manhood, celebrated their fifteenth anniversary by contributing three scholarships; and that the Women's Club, whose members feel most painfully the disadvantage of the small wage of the unskilled, have given from their club treasury or by voluntary assessment for this help to the boys and girls.

The children who show talent and those whose immaturity or poverty of intellect makes their early venture into the world more pitiful, have equal claim upon these scholarships.

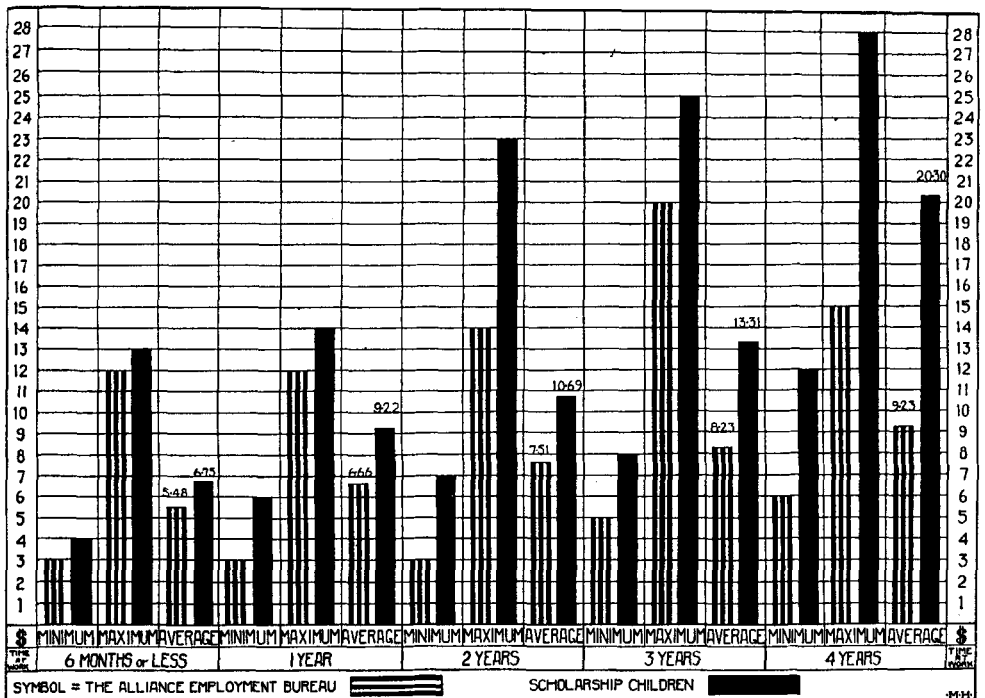
¹ Because of economic conditions in New York during the winter of 1915 and the compulsory idleness of many unskilled workers, the Scholarship Committee of the Henry Street Settlement, among other efforts for relief, rented a loft in a building near a trade school, and thus made it possible for 160 untrained girls to receive technical instruction, the Board of Education providing teachers and equipment. — THE AUTHOR.

Pippa was one of the latter. She was scorned at home for obvious slowness of wit and 'bad eyes'; her mother deplored the fact that there was nothing for her to do but 'getta married.' Pippa's club leader's reports were equally discouraging, save for the fact that she had shown some dexterity in the sewing class. At the time when she would have begun her patrol of the streets, looking for signs of 'Girls Wanted,' the offer of a scholarship prevailed with the mother, and she was given one year's further education in a trade school. After a conference between the teachers and her settlement friends, sample-mounting was decided upon as best suited to Pippa's capacities. She has done well with the training, and is now looked up to as the one wage-earner in the family who is regularly employed.

One of the accompanying charts

compares the wage-earning capacity of the boys and girls who have had the advantage of these scholarships, with that of an equal number of untrained young people whose careers are known through their industrial placement by perhaps the most careful juvenile employment agency in the city.¹ The de-

¹ That the ephemeral character of work available for children of fourteen to sixteen years of age is not peculiar to New York City is shown by the following figures from the report of the Maryland Bureau of Statistics for the year 1914. In Maryland, working papers are issued for each separate employment. The number of original applications in one year was 3,580 and the total of subsequent applications 4,437. Of the 3,580 children 2,006 came back a second time, 1,036 a third time, 561 a fourth, 363 a fifth, 194 a sixth, 116 a seventh, 53 an eighth, 29 a ninth, 18 a tenth, and one child came back for the eighteenth time in a twelvemonth, for working papers. Many of the children told stories of long periods of idleness between employments. — THE AUTHOR.



COMPARATIVE WEEKLY WAGES OF 72 CHILDREN, WHO HAVE WORKED FOUR YEARS WITHOUT PREVIOUS TRAINING, FROM THE RECORD OF AN EMPLOYMENT BUREAU; AND OF SCHOLARSHIP CHILDREN WHO HAVE HAD TWO YEARS OF VOCATIONAL TRAINING

POSITIONS HELD	LENGTH OF TIME IN EACH	KIND OF WORK
FIRST	3 DAYS	IN FACTORY, SORTING BUTTONS
SECOND	2 MONTHS	RIBBONING CORSET COVERS & MACHINE WORK ON THEM
THIRD	1 WEEK	RIBBONING & BUTTONING CORSET COVERS
FOURTH	TIME UNKNOWN	LADIES' UNDERWEAR
FIFTH	UP TO CHRISTMAS	ERRAND GIRL
SIXTH	2½ MONTHS	RIBBONING CORSET COVERS
SEVENTH	TIME UNKNOWN	ERRAND GIRL
EIGHTH	A FEW WEEKS	TRIM, CUT, & EXAMINE MENS TIES
NINTH	A FEW WEEKS	RETURN TO SECOND JOB
TENTH	A FEW WEEKS	HOME WORK, RIBBONING

THE TYPICAL EMPLOYMENT RECORD OF ONE CHILD BETWEEN THE AGES OF 14 AND 16

ductions that we made from the experience of the Henry Street children were corroborated by an inquiry made by one of our residents into the industrial history of one thousand children who had applied for working papers at the Department of Health. The employment-record chart was compiled from data obtained in that inquiry.

Our connections in the city enable us occasionally to coax opportunities for those boys and girls for whom experience in the shop itself would seem best. Jimmy had lost a leg 'hooking on the truck,' and his mother supposed that 'such things happen when you have to lock them out all day.' In the whittling class the lad showed dexterity with the sloyd knife, and he was thereupon given special privileges in the carpentry and carving classes of the settlement. When he reached working age, one of our friends, a distinguished patron of a high-grade decorator, induced the latter to give the boy a chance. Misgivings as to the permanency of his

tenure of the place were allayed when Jimmy, aglow with enthusiasm over his work, brought a beautifully carved mahogany box and told me of the help the skilled men in the shop were giving him. On the whole, he concluded, 'a fellow with one leg' had advantages over other cabinet-makers; 'he could get into so many more tight places and corners than with two.'

Bessie and Jimmy and Pippa and Esther and their little comrades stir us to contribute our human documents to the propaganda instituted in behalf of children. In this, as in other experiments at the settlement, we do not believe that what we offer is of great consequence unless the demonstrations we make and the experience we gain are applicable to the problems of the community. On no other single interest do the members of our settlement meet with such unanimity. Years of concern about individual children might in any case have brought this about, but irresistible has been the influence exercised

by Mrs. Florence Kelley, now and for many years a member of the settlement family. She has long consecrated her energies to securing protective legislation throughout the country for children compelled to labor; and, with the late Edgar Gardiner Murphy of Alabama, suggested the creation of the National Child Labor Committee, which in its ten years' existence has affected legislation in forty-seven states by securing the enactment of new or improved child-labor or compulsory-education laws. On this and on the New York Committee Mrs. Kelley and I have served since their creation.

Though much has been accomplished during this decade the field is immensely larger than was supposed, and forces inimical to reform, not reckoned with at first, have been encountered. Despite this opposition, however, we believe that the abolition of child-labor abuses in America is not very far off.

In Pennsylvania, within a very few years, insistence on satisfactory proof of age was strenuously opposed. Officials who should have been working in harmony with the committee persisted in declaring that the parent's affidavit, long since discarded in New York State, was sufficient evidence, despite the fact that coroners' inquests after mine disasters showed child workers of ten and eleven years. The Southern mill children, the little cranberry-bog workers, the oyster shuckers, and the boys in glass factories and mines have illustrated the fact that this disregard of children is not peculiar to any one section of the country, though Southern states have been most tenacious of the exemption of children of 'dependent parents' or 'orphans' from working-paper requirements.

In the archives at Washington much interesting evidence lies buried in the unpublished portions of reports of the federal investigation of the work of

women and children. One mill-owner greeted the government inspectors most cordially, and, to show his patriotism, ordered the flag to be raised above the works. The raising of the flag, as it afterwards transpired, was a signal to the children employed in the mill to remain at home. In the early days of child-labor reform in New York the children on Henry Street would sometimes relate vividly their experience of being suddenly whisked out of sight when the approach of the factory inspector was signaled.

It is perhaps unnecessary to mention the obvious fact that the child worker is in competition with the adult and drags down his wages. At the Child Labor Conference held in Washington in January, 1915, a manufacturer in the textile industry cited the wages paid to adults in certain operations in the mills as fourteen cents per hour where there were prohibitive child-labor laws, and eleven cents an hour where there were none.

The National Child Labor Committee now asks Congress through a federal bill to outlaw interstate traffic in the labor of children. Such a law would protect the public-spirited employer who is now obliged to compete in the market with men whose business methods he condemns.

II

Sammie and his brother sold papers in front of one of the large hotels every night. The more they shivered with cold the greater the harvest of pennies. No wonder that the white-faced little boy stayed out long after his cold had become serious. He himself asked for admission to the hospital and died there before his absence was noted. After his death relatives appeared, willing to aid according to their small means, and the relief society increased its stipend to his family. At any time during his

life this aid might have been forthcoming, had not the public unthinkingly made his sacrifice possible by the purchase of his papers.

Opposition to regulating and limiting the sale of papers by little boys on the streets is hard to overcome. A juvenile literature of more than thirty years ago glorified the newsboy and his improbable financial and social achievements, and interest in him was heightened through a series of pictures by a popular painter, wherein ragged youngsters of an extraordinary cleanliness of face were portrayed as newsboys and bootblacks. In opposition to the charm of this presentation, the practical reformer offers the photographs, taken at midnight, of tiny lads asleep on gratings in front of newspaper offices, waiting for the early editions. He finds in street work the most fruitful source of juvenile delinquency, with newsboys heading the list.

I am aware that at this point numerous readers will recall instances of remarkable achievements by the bare-foot boy, the wide-awake young news-seller. We too have known the exceptional lad who has accomplished marvels in the teeth of—sometimes because of—great disadvantages; but after twenty years I, for one, have no illusions as to the outcome for the ordinary child.

When the New York Child Labor Committee secured the enactment of a law making it mandatory for the school boy who desired to sell papers to obtain the consent of his parents before receiving the permissive badge from the district school superintendent, we sent a visitor from the settlement to the families of one hundred who had expressed their intention to secure the badge. Of these families, over sixty were opposed to the child's selling papers on the street. The boy wanted to 'because the other fellows did,' and the parents

based their objections, in most cases, on precisely those grounds urged by social workers, — namely, that street work led the boys into bad company, irregular hours, gambling, and 'waste of shoe-leather.' Some asserted that they received no money from the children from the sale of the papers. On the other hand, a committee of which I was chairman, which made city-wide inquiry into juvenile street work, found instances of well-to-do parents who sent their little children on the streets to sell papers, sometimes in violation of the law.

The three chief obstacles to progress in protection of the children are the material interests of the employers, many of whom still believe that the child is a necessary instrument of profit; a sentimental, unanalytical feeling of kindness to the poor; and the attitude of officials upon whom the enforcement of the law depends, but who are often tempted by appeals to thwart its humane purpose. A truant officer of my acquaintance took upon himself discretionary power to condone the absence of a little child from school on the ground that the child was employed and the widowed mother poor. Himself a tender father, cherishing his small son, I asked him if that was what he would have me do in case he died and I found his child at work. Oddly enough he seemed then to realize for the first time that those who were battling for school attendance for the children of the poor and prevention of their premature employment, even though the widow and child might have to receive financial aid, were trying to take, in part, the place of the dead father.

To meet cases where enforcement of the new standards of the law involves undeniable hardship, another form of so-called 'scholarship' is given by the New York Child Labor Committee. On investigation a sum approximating

the possible earnings of the child is furnished until such time as he or she can legally go to work. An indirect but important result of the giving of these scholarships has been the continuous information obtained regarding enforcement of the school-attendance law. Inquiry into the history of candidates disclosed, at first, many cases in which, although the family had been in New York for years, some of the children had never attended school, and perhaps never would have done so had they not been discovered at work illegally. The number of these cases is now diminishing.

Allusion to these two forms of 'scholarships' should not be made without mention of one other in the settlement, known as the 'Alva Scholarship.' The interest on the endowment is used to promote the training of gifted individuals and to commemorate a beloved club leader. The money to establish it was given by the young woman's associates in the settlement, and small sums have been contributed to it by the girls who were members of her own and other clubs.

III

Few people have any idea of the extent of tenement-house manufactures. There are at present over thirteen thousand houses in Greater New York alone licensed for this purpose, and each license may cover from one to forty families. These figures give no complete idea of the work done in tenements. Much of it is carried on in unlicensed houses, and work not yet listed as forbidden is carried home. To supervise this immense field eight inspectors only were assigned in 1913. Changing fashions in dress and the character of certain of the seasonal trades make it very difficult for the Department of Labor to adjust the license list. This explains, to some extent, the lack of

knowledge concerning home work on the part of officials, even when the Department of Labor is efficiently administered.

Twenty years ago, when we went from house to house caring for the sick, manufacturing was carried on in the tenements on a scale that does not exist to-day. With no little consternation we saw toys and infants' clothing, and sometimes food itself, made under conditions that would not have been tolerated in factories, even at that time. And the connection of remote communities and individuals with the East Side of New York was impressed upon us when we saw a roomful of children's clothing shipped to the Southern trade from a tenement where there were sixteen cases of measles. One of our patients, in an advanced stage of tuberculosis, until our appearance on the scene sat coughing in her bed, making cigarettes and moistening the paper with her lips. In another tenement in a nearby street we found children ill with scarlet fever. The parents worked as finishers of women's cloaks of good quality, evidently meant to be worn by the well-to-do. The garments covered the little patients, and the bed on which they lay was practically used as a work-table. The possibility of infection is perhaps the most obvious disadvantage of home work, and great changes have been wrought since the days when we first knew the sweatshop; but we are here discussing only its connection with the children.

When work is carried on in the home all the members of the family can be and are utilized without regard to age or the restrictions of the factory laws. One Thanksgiving Day I carried an offering from prosperous children of my acquaintance to a little child on Water Street whose absence from the kindergarten had been reported on account of illness. He had chicken-pox, and I

found him, with flushed face, sitting on a little stool, working on knee pants with other members of the family. They interrupted their industry long enough to drag the concertina from under the bed and to join in singing Italian songs for my entertainment, but the father shrugged his shoulders in dissent from my protest against the continuance of the work.

Examination of the school attendance of children who do home work bears testimony to its relation to truancy. Josephine, eleven years of age, stays out of school to work on finishing; Francesca, aged twelve, to sew buttons on coats; Santa, nine years old, to pick out nut meats; Catherine, eight years old, sews on tags; Tiffy, another eight-year-old, helps her mother finish; Giuseppe, aged ten, is a deft worker on artificial flowers.

It is painful to recall the R—— family, who lived in a basement, all of the children engaged in making paper bags which the mother sold to the small dealers. Something, we know not what, impelled one of the five children to come for help to the nurse in the First Aid Room at the settlement. His head showed evidence of neglect, and when our nurse inquired of him how it had escaped the school medical inspection, the fact was disclosed that he had never been in school. Immediate inquiry on our part revealed the basement sweatshop and the fact that none of the children, all of whom had been born in America, had ever been to school. When the mother was questioned, she answered that she did not like to ask for more aid than she was already receiving from the relief society; and when we reproved the other children in the tenement for not having drawn our attention to their little neighbors, they answered that they themselves had not known of the existence of the R—— children because 'they never came out

to play.' The stupidity of the mother and the circumstances of the family have continually tested the endurance of their well-meaning friends; nevertheless at this writing the eldest boy is in high school and supporting himself by work outside school hours at a subway news-stand.

What I have written thus far has been in large measure confined to the lower East Side of New York; but it may not be necessary to remind the reader that through the nursing service and other organized work, our contact with the tenement home workers extends over the two boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. The settlement has never made a scientific study of work done in the homes, but our information regarding it is continuous and current. This cumulative knowledge is probably the more valuable because it is obtained incidentally and naturally, and not as the result of a special investigation, which, however fair and impartial, must be somewhat affected by the consciousness of its purpose.

In 1899 a law was passed in New York State licensing individual workers in the tenements for certain trades. In 1904 this law was superseded, primarily at the instigation of the settlement, by one licensing the entire tenement house, thus making the owner of the house responsible. In 1913 a law recommended by the New York State Factory Investigating Commission was passed by the legislature; this law brought under its jurisdiction all articles manufactured in the tenements, prohibited entirely the home manufacture of food articles, dolls or dolls' clothing, children's or infants' wearing apparel, and forbade the employment of children under fourteen on any articles made in tenements.

All our experience points to the conclusion that it is impossible to control manufacturing in the tenements.

Restrictive legislation (such as the law forbidding the employment of children under fourteen) is practically impossible of enforcement, for it is a delusion to suppose that any human agency can find out what manufactures are going on in tenement-house homes. The inspectors become known in the various neighborhoods; and at their approach the word is passed along, and garments on which women are working may be hidden, or the work taken from children's hands. The more painstaking and conscientious the attempts at enforcement, the more secretive the workers become, and one is forced to the conclusion that the only practical remedy is to prohibit this parasitic form of industry outright. More of the men in these families would go to work if it were not so easy to employ the women and children; and many of the women would be able to work regular hours in establishments suitably constructed for manufacturing purposes and under state inspection and supervision. During the period of transition, suffering will doubtless come to some families whose poor living has been maintained by this form of industry, and relief measures must carry them over the time of adjustment. Most families working at home are already receiving aid from societies which thus indirectly help to support the parasitic trade.

IV

In 1913, 41,507 children of Greater New York secured working papers. The record for 1914 shows about 10,000 fewer seeking work, and consequently that many more in school, because of the amended statute which raised the minimum educational requirement. A public sentiment which keeps boys and girls longer in school emphasizes the need of more educational facilities adapted to industrial pursuits. The

children least promising in book studies may often become adepts in manual work, and respond readily to instruction that calls for exercise of the motor energies. The armies of children who go to work immature, unprepared, uneducated in essentials, with no more than a superficial precocity, are likely to be thrown upon the scrap-heap of the unskilled early in life, and yet many of these have potentialities of skill and efficiency.

It is not surprising that with increasing knowledge of the children's condition, plans for their reasonable employment, guidance, and training should have made advance in the last decade. In some places provision has been made for vocational guidance, and the settlement is now interested in promoting an inquiry for New York City that should lead to the establishment of a juvenile bureau intended to combine vocational guidance and industrial supervision,—a bureau associated with an educational system and dissociated from the free employment exchanges which as yet do not inquire into the character of employment offered.

We believe that continuation schools are necessary for all boys and girls engaged in shop or factory work, and that expert vocational guidance and educational direction should be offered those who leave school to become wage-earners. It is inevitable that to people at all socially minded, close contact with many children should exercise the humanities. The stress that we lay on the enforcement of these protective measures comes from a conviction that the children of the poor, more than all others, need to be prepared for the responsibilities of life that so soon come upon them.

The great majority of the boys and girls accept passively the conditions of the trade or occupation into which chance and their necessities have forced

them. The desire for something different seldom becomes articulate or strong enough to impel them to overcome the almost insuperable barriers. Occasionally, however, the spirit of revolt asserts itself. 'I work in a sweat-shop,' said a young girl who brought her drawings to me for criticism, 'and it harasses my body and my soul. Perhaps I could earn enough to live on by doing these, and my brother bids me to display them'; and she added, 'I could live on three dollars a week if I were happy.' The drawings were promising and the temperamental young creature, in answer to my questioning, admitted that she had illustrated *David Copperfield* for pastime and had 'given David a weak chin.'

The difficulty of proper placement in industry experienced by the ordinary boy and girl is intensified in the case of the colored juveniles. It is now nine years since a woman called at the Henry Street house and almost challenged me to face their problem. She was what is termed a 'race woman' and desired to work for her own people. It was not difficult to provide an opening, and the Henry Street Settlement has now a distinct branch of its work in the section known as 'San Juan Hill,' on the West Side of the city. To find admirably trained and efficient colored nurses was a comparatively simple matter; and the response of the colored people themselves in this respect was immediately encouraging. Necessity for patient adherence to the principle of giving opportunity to the most needy children, that they may be better equipped for the future, is emphasized in the case of the colored children in school and when seeking work; but difficulties, mountainous in proportion and testing the most buoyant optimism, loom up when social barriers and racial characteristics enter into individual adjustments. The restricted num-

ber of occupations open to them discourages ambition and in time reacts unfavorably upon character and ability; and thus we complete the vicious circle of diminishing opportunities and lessening vigor and skill. Colored women are often conspicuously good and tender mothers, and as I have watched large groups of them assembled in their club rooms, exhibiting their babies with justifiable pride, I have felt a wave of unhappiness because of the consciousness of the enormous handicap with which these little ones must face the future.

A distinguished musician told me not long ago that he gave specially of his time and talent to the colored people of New York because of a debt that he owed to a gifted colored neighbor. When he was a boy, his attempts to play the violin attracted the man's attention; the latter offered his services as instructor when he learned that the boy could not afford to take lessons. The colored man had great talent and had studied with the best masters in Europe, but when he returned to America he was unable to obtain engagements or procure pupils, and in order to earn his living was obliged to learn to play the guitar. Discouraging as was his experience, there is, I believe, relatively freer opportunity for the exceptionally gifted of the colored race in the arts and professions than for the ordinary young men and women who seek vocational careers.

v

Experience in Henry Street, and a conviction that intelligent interest in the welfare of children was becoming universal, gradually focused my mind on the necessity for a Federal Children's Bureau. Every day brought to the settlement, by mail and personal call, — as it must have brought to other

people and agencies known to be interested in children, — the most varied inquiries, appeals for help and guidance, reflecting every social aspect of the question. One well-known judge of a children's court was obliged to employ a clerical staff at his own expense to reply to such inquiries. Those that came to us we answered as best we might, out of our own experience, or from fragmentary and incomplete data. Even the available information on this important subject was nowhere assembled in complete and practical form. The birth-rate, preventable blindness, congenital and preventable disease, infant mortality, physical degeneracy, orphanage, desertion, juvenile delinquency, dangerous occupations and accidents, crimes against children, are questions of enormous national importance concerning some of which reliable information was wholly lacking.

Toward the close of President Roosevelt's administration a colleague and I called upon him to present my plea for the creation of this bureau. On that day the Secretary of Agriculture had gone South to ascertain what danger to the community lurked in the appearance of the boll weevil. This gave point to our argument that nothing that might have happened to the children of the nation could have called forth governmental inquiry.

The Federal Children's Bureau was conceived in the interest of all children; but it was fitting that the National Committee on which I serve, dedicated to working children, should have become sponsor for the necessary propaganda for its creation.

It soon became evident that the suggestion was timely. Sympathy and support came from every part of the country, from Maine to California, and from every section of society. The national sense of humor was aroused by the grim fact that whereas the federal govern-

ment concerned itself with the conservation of material wealth, mines and forests, hogs and lobsters, and had long since established bureaus to supply information concerning them, citizens who desired instruction and guidance for the conservation and protection of the children of the nation had no responsible governmental body to which to appeal.

Though the suggestion was approved by President Roosevelt and widely supported by press and people, it was not until the close of President Taft's administration that the Federal Children's Bureau became a fact, and the child and all its needs were brought within the sphere of federal care and solicitude. The appointment of Miss Julia Lathrop, a woman of conspicuous personal fitness and adequate training, as its first chief, was a guaranty of the auspicious beginning of its work. In the brief time of its service it has had continuous evidence that the people of these United States intelligently avail themselves of the opportunity for acquiring better understanding of the great responsibility that is placed upon each generation.

The Federal Children's Bureau would not fulfill the purpose of its originators if its service were limited to the study and record of the pathological conditions surrounding children. Its greatest work for the nation should be, and doubtless will be, to create standards for the states and municipalities which may turn to it for expert guidance and advice. With the living issues involved it is not likely to become mechanical.

The Children's Bureau is a symbol of the most hopeful aspect of America. Founded in love for children and confidence in the future, its existence is enormously significant. The first time I visited Washington after the establishment of the bureau I felt a thrill of the new and the hopeful, and I con-

trasted its bare office with the splendid monuments that had been erected and dedicated to the past. Some day, I thought, a lover of his country, understanding that the children of to-day are our future, will build a temple to them in the seat of the federal government. This building will be more beautiful than those inspired by the army and navy, by the exploits of science or commemoration of the dead. As my imagination soared I fairly visualized the Children's Bureau developed, expanded, drawing from all corners of the land eager parents and teachers, not only to learn the theory of child culture, but to see demonstrations of the

best methods in playgrounds, clinics, classes, clubs, buildings, and equipment. The vision became associated with a memory of the first time I saw the Lucca della Robbias on the outer wall of the Florentine asylum and felt the inspiration of linking a great artist with a little waif. But these lovely sculptured babes are swathed. Some day, when the beautiful building of the Federal Children's Bureau is pointed out in Washington, I have it in my heart to believe that the genius who decorates in paint or plastic art will convey the new conception of the child, — free of motion, up-looking, the ward of the nation.

(To be continued.)

GERMANY'S RESOURCES UNDER THE BLOCKADE

BY W. J. ASHLEY

I

WHEN the German government brought forward its proposals for a big navy, it received the energetic support, by speech and pen, of many university professors, and among them of almost every economist of repute in the country. That this was so was a patent and conspicuous fact. The political opposition resented their appearance in the party arena, and dubbed them 'Professors of the Fleet' (*Flottenprofessoren*). But their arguments quite certainly carried great weight with the educated classes, especially in administrative and official circles; and they themselves were afterwards proud of the part they

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had taken. One of the most widely read of them all, Professor Lamprecht, after eulogizing the Emperor in his *History* for the energy with which he set about converting the nation, adds, with emphasis, 'His banner was followed, with complete understanding, before all others and from the very start, by the academic teachers of the nation.'

I start by calling attention to the considerable part played by the professors, not at all by way of criticism, but simply to secure attention for their arguments; and to these we must now turn. They are most readily accessible in two volumes of speeches and essays, published in 1900 with the title *Handels- und Machtpolitik* (Politics of

Trade and Power), under the editorship of Gustav Schmoller, Max Sering, and Adolph Wagner, 'Professors of the Political Sciences at the University of Berlin.' The conjunction of these names is significant, and especially the alliance of Professors Schmoller and Wagner, the influential leaders of two very different and not always very friendly schools of economists. For while Professor Schmoller has been for many years the most conspicuous figure among writers of the historical school, Professor Wagner for a like period has been the chief representative in Germany of economic theory.

Most of the arguments of both volumes centred in the proposition that till Germany could protect by her own fleet her oversea trade — then, as now, some 70 per cent of the whole — her economic position was insecure and at the mercy of any power which could control the seas. I will quote a few passages; and in view of the language now being used in Germany about the effect of British sea-power on German food-supplies, I would call special attention to the references to this particular aspect of the subject. They will show that the danger Germany has since incurred was fully anticipated; and that there was no thought of assistance from the doctrine of conditional contraband.

Listen first to Professor Schmoller:—

'However optimistically we may think of our agricultural progress, we shall remain a people which needs to import foreign foodstuffs; and therefore our existence is threatened if we are not powerful at sea.'

And again:—

'The denser our population becomes, the more we must increase our exports, if only to pay for our imports of food, materials, and colonial produce.'

Next turn to Professor Wagner:—

'Until we have a powerful fleet we are not sufficiently secured against the

very real dangers of a hostile blockade, with all its grievous consequences for our import and export trade, for the feeding of our people and the employment of our workmen.'

Of the contributions by less generally known writers, two were especially devoted to the elaboration of the same thesis. One was by Dr. Ernst Francke, the much respected organizer of the moderate social-reform movement and editor of *Soziale Praxis*. The following quotation will be enough:—

'With the exception of the building trade, there is no great German industry not dependent to a considerable extent on exportation of its products across the seas. . . . It is certainly not exaggeration when we conclude that altogether some twenty-four to twenty-six millions of people in Germany [out of a population then of fifty-six millions] are dependent for their livelihood and employment upon the unimpeded inward and outward movement of commodities on the sea routes. Keeping the sea open and the continuance of German competition in the markets of the world are, therefore, questions of life and death for the nation, and they concern the laboring masses in the very highest degree.'

The more detailed working-up of the argument was intrusted to a younger economist, Dr. Paul Voigt, a man of great ability too early lost to his country. At the end of his survey he exclaims, —

'Almost four milliards of absolutely indispensable imports — materials, half-finished goods, and food — which, in the main, reach us by sea!'

And he concludes:—

'Considering how vastly the economic life of the nation is dependent on foreign trade, there can hardly be any doubt that a blockade which lasted any considerable time would bring Germany into subjection.'

Such was the contention with which in 1898-1900 the economists of Germany came to the support of the government's naval programme. Germany to-day, in spite of her fleet, is precisely in the position they pictured before the fleet existed. My purpose is to ask how far their account of the situation is still true? how far Germany is now vulnerable?

II

Let us begin, then, by considering the question of food, on the assumption that outside supplies are cut off,—the assumption, as we have seen, on which rested the principal argument of the 'Professors of the Fleet.'

Rye is still the chief bread grain of the people; but almost half as much wheat is also consumed; and it is customary with German writers to group the two grains together as 'bread corn.' It is probable that in respect of bread corn Germany is rather more self-sufficing than she was fifteen years ago. The exact proportions will work out rather differently according to the years chosen. My own calculation, from the official figures of crop and import, is that in 1899-1900 the foreign imports were over 12 per cent of the consumption, in 1912-13 under 11 per cent. Other estimates are even more cheerful for Germany. Professor Sering, of Berlin, a high authority on agricultural economics, thus expressed himself at a meeting of the German Council of Agriculture, in February, 1913, — also, as I gather, relying upon official figures: —

'The magnitude of what our peasantry has recently accomplished is not to be denied. With the help of coöperative societies, associations, schools, and traveling lecturers, it has succeeded in lowering the proportion of bread corn which we have to draw from abroad from 16.6 per cent in the first five years of the century to 10 per cent, in the

years 1909-11. This is the work of our peasantry, for the peasantry holds in its hands more than three quarters of the whole cultivated area of the Empire, and, roughly, the same proportion of the soil under corn crops.'

And this would seem, on the face of it, to be the more encouraging for Germany, because the success in this direction has been most conspicuous in the case of the older and traditional staple. According to the official returns, the annual crop of wheat rose from an average of 3.8 million tons in 1899-1900 to an average of 4.5 in 1912-13, that is, about 18 per cent, while that of rye rose from 8.6 to 11.9, or 38 per cent. Before the war, Germany still imported about one third of its wheat from America, Russia, the Argentine, and Canada; but the improvement in the yield of rye has been enough to turn it from a rye-importing to a rye-exporting country. In good seasons it now sends rye to Russia, instead of drawing it thence. In recent years it has exported, on balance, no less than half a million tons of rye annually; while as late as the nineties it still imported, on balance, from three quarters to a million tons.

Yet, after all, a deficiency in the total bread-corn supply of even 10 per cent — to take the most hopeful estimate — means a shortage of more than five weeks' ordinary consumption; and I am not aware that any German economist of standing has spoken lightly of the risk involved. But, outside cautious scientific circles, there was certainly a tendency, for some time before the war, to take an extremely optimistic view of the situation. It was urged that, in case of need, the grain could be more completely ground, and less lost in the form of bran; and it was pointed out that, in the last resort, the quite considerable quantities of rye and wheat used for industrial purposes — for the manufacture of starch and corn

brandy — could be appropriated for the miller and baker.

And in 1908 appeared an article by W. Behrendt, which attracted wide attention and made a deep impression on many minds. It was entitled 'Potatoes in War,' and it professed to show that any deficiencies that might still remain in the matter of bread corn could readily be made up from potatoes; that potatoes provided 'the national food reserve.' For, to begin with, in the matter of potatoes Germany was more than sufficient unto itself. Next, it was pointed out that of the potato crop only 32 per cent was actually used for human food, and 15 per cent kept for seed, while 34 per cent was employed as fodder, 9 per cent for the manufacture of spirits and starch, and 10 per cent was spoiled. Surely something could be taken, if not from the cattle, from the distilleries; and, besides, the new process of potato-drying and potato-flake manufacture was going to save the 10 per cent now spoiled. All that would really be necessary, then, if foreign corn-supplies were cut off, would be a slight readjustment of consumption. So that the Emperor had a certain body of apparently expert opinion behind him when he declared, in February, 1913, —

'There is no longer any doubt that Germany not only can now, but also will be able for the future, to supply bread and meat for all her people.'

A sign of the satisfaction felt in certain quarters was the article from the pen of Count Otto Moltke, a prominent Conservative member of the Reichstag, which appeared in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* just five months before the war. This declared, on the authority of official figures, that the English consumption of corn was actually less than the German, and that the German harvest by itself was capable of giving the average German more than the Englishman got; while, on the same

authority, it appeared that the German meat consumption had grown with extraordinary rapidity of late, and that the figures were now on a level with those of England. Just a little pinching, just a little sacrifice of comfort, was all, he implied, that war could be expected to involve.

Even accepting the data relied upon in the foregoing arguments, there were weak places in the situation which were well known to cool observers. The cessation of the import of wheat means the withdrawal of a third of the whole wheat-supply. Now wheat flour is used not only for the white rolls eaten by the well-to-do: it is mixed with rye flour in the making of all the better varieties of 'black' or 'rye' bread, in proportions of from a fifth to a third. The growing popular relish for wheat is reflected in the official statistics, which report a decrease in the consumption per head of rye from 151 kilogrammes in 1894-98 to 144 in 1909-13, and an increase in wheat from 86.8 kilogrammes to 89.1. The figures for the two grains do not quite harmonize, but they amply indicate the tendency in the two opposite directions. A larger resort to rye would mean a reversal of these tendencies. 'A good thing,' said one enthusiast, voicing the opinion of many others; 'it is rye bread from which Germanism [Germanenthum] has for thousands of years drawn its incomparable strength and health.' But food-habits are notoriously difficult things to alter suddenly.

And then the agricultural labor problem gave reason for anxiety. With the expansion of the industries of Rhineland and Westphalia, agricultural laborers have been more and more drawn away in recent years from the big corn-growing estates east of the Elbe: they have been attracted both by higher wages and by the prospect of greater social independence. Let us hear Professor Sering on the consequences: —

'In the place of the laborers who have left, come more and more foreigners [from Russia and Russian Poland]. According to the Occupation Census of 1907 they constituted in Silesia and Saxony 15 and 20 per cent respectively of the male laborers. The number rises year by year. In the whole of Germany in 1912, 729,000 "legitimation cards" were issued to season workers, of whom 397,000 were employed in agriculture. More and more does the employment of these foreigners become the basis of estate management. . . . So we are at the mercy of foreign governments whether our fields shall be ploughed and reaped; and if a war should break out, the harvests in extensive districts will be ruined.'

As it happened, when the war broke out many of these 'Wanderarbeiter' had already reached Germany for the season; and as many as possible have been compulsorily retained over the winter and spring. Just what is going to happen next harvest time it would be unsafe to predict; but the labor position east of the Elbe might very well create a certain sense of insecurity.

III

But a far weightier reason for anxiety was a fact not generally known in Germany but understood by some, at least, among the statisticians, and that was the very doubtful value of the official statistics of agricultural production. During all these months of war this has been the skeleton in the cupboard of the German people. In all lands harvest figures are the weakest department of government statistics. They commonly depend on estimates, not on enumeration; so that some severe critics will not honor them with the name 'statistics' at all. That the German figures contain a considerable element of probable error has been

pointed out by writers of economic authority in statistical publications for several years past. And at last even the easy optimism of Count Otto Moltke, in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* already referred to, drove Professor Ballod of Berlin, a writer of great authority, to address the general public in the July number of the same magazine, in an article which must have been disconcerting indeed to most of those who read it. Here is a summary of part of it:—

'The estimated harvest in the province of Posen, less what we know from transportation statistics to have been conveyed out of the province, would leave 325 kilogrammes per head, a quite impossible figure; "even the Polish stomach does not need as much bread as that." Higher and more improbable figures still were returned from the three other eastern provinces of Prussia — East and West Prussia and Pomerania; they would imply a consumption per head of 371 kilogrammes. Assuming a consumption in the four eastern provinces of 250 kilogrammes, which is somewhat higher than the official average for the whole Empire, the harvest even then must have been, in those provinces, 22 per cent less than the estimate.'

His conclusion was an excess in the estimate for the whole Empire of somewhere about 15 per cent.

We can now realize the probable state of mind of the German government during the past six months. In spite of the much-praised efficiency of its officials, it really has not known, *with certainty*, what amount of corn it could count upon within the country. The self-satisfaction natural to all government offices, the tendency of Agrarians to magnify their agricultural achievements, the wish to reassure the people, the public committal of the Emperor a year before to the big harvest figures, all these influences would nat-

urally lead the government to speak confidently of an adequate supply. Meanwhile there have probably been those in high places who have known that, if their armies did not 'hack their way through' in a few weeks, the food outlook was far from bright.

As soon as the war had been in progress a couple of months, and the official class realized that things were not going so quickly as they had anticipated, the government began to be urged to use its authority to bring about the necessary adaptation of consumption to resources; and various attempts were made to work out the details of the necessary transposition of food-stuffs on the basis of the official figures. One such was put forward in a pamphlet by Von Braun, head of the Agricultural Department of Bavaria, which appeared in October. He reckoned that the needs in time of war would be actually less by three per cent than in time of peace; and this chiefly because the army can feed itself, to some extent, from the harvests of the occupied territories, 'and with the further victorious progress of our forces this will be the case in increasing measure.' To allow for the same per capita consumption of bread in 1914-15 as in 1912-13, there would need to be some three million tons more bread corn than would actually be available. This deficiency could be made up by using one million tons of the barley otherwise given as fodder, together with six million tons of potatoes (equivalent in food-values to two million tons of bread corn, and derived from the surplus supplies of 1913 and 1914). As there would be already a deficit of three million tons of fodder barley, owing to the cessation of Russian imports, the total shortage of barley would amount to four million tons. This deficit could be made up by the quarter of a million tons of barley saved from malting, because of the falling off

in the export of beer and in the male consumption (with the army absent); by using the surplus supply of oats (one and a half million tons); and by turning to fodder uses the six million tons of sugar beets (equivalent to one million tons of fodder barley) set free by the disappearance of the sugar export to England. This still left one and a half million tons of barley fodder wanting. But against this could be set the surplus hay harvest of 1914, which happened to be a particularly good year and was reckoned as much as 11 per cent above the decennial average. This disposed of the difficulty as to ordinary fodder. There remained the loss of two to two and a half million tons of other imported feeding-stuffs of various kinds: maize from oversea, oilcake from Russia, and so on. But if it came to the worst, the pigs could be slaughtered somewhat earlier, and the nation could easily content itself for a year or so not to increase its stock of cattle. The bed-quilt — to use a favorite image of these writers — would be just a little skimpy; but the nation would have no serious difficulty in twisting its limbs so as to keep under cover.

Some such calculations must have underlain the subsequent government measures; and two questions suggest themselves: will the shifting around of foods and the substitution of one for another be dietetically adequate, and can it be brought about? On the first point Professor Ballod thus expressed himself last July: —

'The potato is a one-sided food. It contains carbohydrates (starchy substances), albuminoids (or protein), and fat in the proportion 170:2:1; while the need of the human body is 10:2:1. Great as are the advantages of the much-praised drying process, to prevent the waste of potatoes otherwise spoiled, it will not solve the problem; for the supplementary quantities of

protein and fat have still to be supplied to fit the diet for human or animal consumption. It has been said that it would be possible to prohibit the use of corn in distilleries. But most of the corn so used is of a quality which would anyway be used only for fodder. And half the food-value remains in the residues which leave the distilleries and are used for feeding cattle — indeed, almost all the most important part, the protein and fat. It is doubtful therefore whether any real saving can be effected in that manner. Far greater quantities of corn, it is true, are used in the brewing of beer. But, again, we have to notice that from two thirds to three fourths of the protein and fat is left in the malt which remains for the feeding of cattle.'

On the whole, Germany was worse off in respect of food than fifteen years before.

'Fifteen years ago we could hope that, if imports were cut off, we could still manage with our home supply, if energetic measures were taken, such as the prohibition of distilling and brewing; to-day that is no longer possible. True, our importation of bread corn has receded in recent years, and this explains the current optimism. But we must emphasize the fact that the bread-corn question cannot be considered by itself; it must be considered in conjunction with the supply of fodder and other feeding stuffs. The *total* import of foodstuffs has risen very markedly. It is a fearful self-deception to suppose Germany can live eleven months on its own bread corn. It can manage, yes; but only if it can continue to import 60 per cent of its fodder.'

The further question remains: granting that the proposed readjustment was satisfactory from a dietetic point of view, as well as statistically possible, could it be brought about? We have already seen that some three quarters of

the cultivated area of Germany is cultivated by small peasant proprietors. To control the cattle-feeding and the sales of all these peasants was a task from which even German officials might well shrink. And, within two or three months after the beginning of the war, it was found that, instead of bread corn being carefully confined to human consumption, the very opposite was taking place. In recent years half the barley consumed in Germany has come from Russia, and it is this which has enabled the country to add so rapidly to its stock of pigs: When these supplies were suddenly put an end to, the price of barley quickly rose above that of rye, and the peasants naturally began to treat their pigs to the cheaper grain and diminish by so much the supply available for bread.

The government's first practical steps were to decree minimum prices of wheat and rye and bread, to give instructions as to the proportions of wheat, rye, and potatoes to be mixed in flour, and to prohibit the use of bread corn for fodder. These measures seem to have met with little or no success. Dr. Helfferich, who is now in charge of German finances, boasted in a famous speech in October that the German people possessed this great advantage: 'a spirit of self-sacrifice, unattained by the French and unknown to the English.' But this superiority has not displayed itself, so far, in everyday business life. And the government was embarrassed because it could not make up its mind which policy to pursue: whether to set prices low in order to keep the people quiet, or to make them pretty high in the hope that this would reduce consumption and husband the national resources. The Socialists told them with perfect truth — they can find it set forth at length in all the standard textbooks of economics — that for the great mass of the people food is not a

thing which will be economized to any considerable extent so long as prices are not absolutely prohibitory; it is a case of what is known as 'a relatively stable demand.' The government compromised, with a plan of permissible increases of corn prices at specified periods; and of course the farmers were disposed to keep back their supplies from the market till the higher prices were reached. English and German human nature are singularly alike in matters of this sort! Here in a Munich paper is a report from Mannheim, perhaps the most important corn market in the Empire next to Berlin. It is dated January 14 of this year: —

'In consequence of the restrictions imposed by the regulations as to maximum prices, transactions, this week as last, could be carried on only upon a small scale. In the produce exchange hardly any business took place, although there was no want of intending purchasers. In the retail trade a certain limited supply was forthcoming, although it was quite evident that farmers were holding back.'

And the spirit of self-sacrifice has not been more marked among the bakers; for a fortnight later the Burgomaster of Cologne declared that in that city alone more than a hundred master bakers had rendered themselves liable to prosecution for breaches of the new regulations.

The next step accordingly was to create a great corn company, under government auspices, with powers of compulsory purchase, which should buy up large quantities and hold them until May. But even this measure was soon realized to be inadequate. Early in January Professor Ballod once more appeared on the scene, this time in *Soziale Praxis*. It was now his conclusion that, in spite of all the government's appeals to the farmers, some one and three quarter million tons of corn more

than in the previous year had already been fed to cattle. And he made the momentous declaration that, while in normal times the human consumption of corn in Germany amounted to a million tons a month, there was now available for the seven months until the next harvest only some seven tenths (to be exact, .714) of a million per month. His recommendation was that corn and flour stocks should at once be expropriated by the State. After taking a fortnight longer to think about it, the government took the advice; and the German people have now been put on rations. To judge from the restrictions imposed upon bakers it would seem that the present intention is to limit the nation to three quarters of its normal bread consumption, and presumably this three quarters in weight is to contain a considerable proportion of potato flour. 'Often it does not look like bread,' a friend at home has written to one of the men in the trenches.

And now says the Imperial Chancellor, —

'It is a matter of organization. The State has taken the matter in hand. . . . The organization which will have to be created will be a very difficult business, but these difficulties we expect to overcome. Our political system has shown that it can cope with the gravest tasks of organization.'

'Organization' is a comforting word; and the German government has in the past carried through great organizing tasks. But for these it has usually taken its own time; and every student of administration knows that it has sometimes made bad mistakes. The treatment of the food problem in Germany before February 1 was certainly not particularly well-informed or consistent. The appropriation of supplies by the Corn Company in the coming months, the allotment of quotas to the several towns and districts, the control

of the bakers and the public by the municipalities, may all be managed with reasonable efficiency. But other foods will probably have to be brought within the scope of the system. The second line of defense, the potato, has proved unexpectedly difficult to manage. Here, as in the case of corn, the policy of varying maximum rates has caused stocks to be withheld; and there is already a demand for expropriation by the government. Meat so far has been left alone; and those who are well enough off to purchase meat at the present high prices can console themselves for the smaller and less appetizing bread loaf. But this is a situation which naturally causes discontent among the poor. Moreover the present method of rationing rests on the assumption that the people will continue to be able to *pay* for their bread, that is, that they will continue to find employment. It would be most risky to prophesy; but in the best event for Germany, and assuming all imaginable docility, the nation, if foreign food-supplies remain excluded, is going to be subjected to an irksome and discouraging *régime*.

IV

I have left myself but little space to deal with the industrial side. I shall therefore say nothing about the supplies which are urgently needed by Germany for war purposes — copper, petroleum, rubber, and nitrates. The situation as to these is pretty well understood; and I will only remark that when Germany begins to have recourse to the copper on its church spires — those undeveloped 'copper mines' of which some of them speak so confidently — the operation of stripping it off is not likely to have an encouraging effect upon the people. What I shall say will concern a few of the staple industries.

First, we must recognize that, in

relation to coal, Germany occupies a strong position. She possesses vast supplies, greater even than those of Great Britain, and it is on this basis that her recent industrial progress has been brought about. But the German government, with all its organizing skill, has not solved the problem of combining universal liability to military service with undiminished production. Owing to the withdrawal of its miners on military service, the output of coal in what is by far the most important mining district — that of Dortmund — was 26 per cent less in the third quarter of 1914 than in the corresponding period of the preceding year; and that for the concerns comprised in the Westphalian Coal Syndicate (which is coextensive to a large extent with the Dortmund district) was for the last quarter 29 per cent less than the year before. Still, all the men that the government chooses to leave in the mines can doubtless find employment.

In the iron and steel industry the position is almost, but not quite, as strong. Germany, in Luxemburg and Lorraine, has vast supplies of phosphoric iron ore (*minette*), which it has been possible to utilize through the invention by an Englishman, Thomas, of the basic process — the second great cause of Germany's recent industrial advance. The weak points are two. For the manufactures of the Ruhr district, which produces somewhere about two fifths of all the iron and steel of Germany, the works have been in the habit of making use, not only of old and new iron scrap in enormous quantities, together with *minette* from Lorraine, but also of a good deal of imported ore. The proportion of imported ore to the total consumption seems to have risen lately, and in recent years to have been about one quarter. Of this rather less than one third came from France, and probably even more is now available from

occupied French territory; but as it is minette it is not so suitable for Westphalian uses. Rather more than a third came from Sweden, and some part of this is presumably available so long as Germany commands the western end of the Baltic, though the stoppage of the trade by the North Sea has already sent up its price very considerably. The other third came from Spain, and being hematite is now contraband and doubtless quite cut off. There must be therefore a certain restriction of the raw material. This is the special weakness of the Ruhr district. That of the Lorraine-Luxemburg district is in the matter of labor. It has no hereditary body of iron-workers, and it is largely dependent on season workers, who come from Italy. These usually go home for the winter; and Germany is said to be negotiating now with Italy to get them back.

We should expect that the large demands which the German government is making upon the manufacturers of munitions of war would have kept the iron and steel concerns very busy. Yet if we may rely on the local trade returns, the total pig-iron production of the German Empire was less than half, from August to December, of what it had been in the previous year; while the deliveries of the steel syndicate in the fourth quarter of 1914 were not much more than half what they had been in the corresponding period.

Such iron-workers as have been allowed to remain are probably busily employed on government orders; and the same process of adapting engineering and other works to the requirements of war-time that has been so conspicuous in England has been equally successful for the time in Germany. But another side of the economic problem is presented when we reflect that machinery and iron and steel products head the list of German exports; in

1913 they furnished over one fifth of the whole volume of export trade. Most of this trade must have been lost since the war began. Some 40 per cent of Germany's total export trade used to be with the now hostile countries, and probably quite this proportion held good for the iron and machinery group; the removal from the seas of Germany's shipping, and the very limited tonnage available of neutral shipping, can have left very little of the remainder, even before the blockade was declared. This fact has a very direct bearing on the question how Germany is going to pay for any imports she may manage to get hold of, and helps to explain why the government is hoarding gold.

V

While the allied mining, iron, and engineering groups form the solidest part of the German industrial structure, the second of the export groups, the textile trades, forms the most vulnerable; and that both on the side of the supply of material and on the side of the disposal of product. They contribute about 12 per cent of the total value of German exports, and give employment to some 1,370,000 persons. Of these the large majority are females; the figures, therefore, do not represent the same number of dependents as in the heavy male trades. On the other hand, the numbers cannot be reduced by military service; nor can the textile trades, except in the case of woollen goods, be much helped by government orders.

The consumption of cotton wool has been rapidly growing. To go no further back than the time of the first naval programme, in 1896-1900 it averaged 302,000 tons; in 1911-1913 it averaged 475,000. This Germany has in recent years obtained, to the extent of some 17 per cent, from Egypt and British India, and these sources of supply were cut

off from the first; to the extent of 79 per cent, from the United States; and the rest from miscellaneous sources. It is well known that German spinners carry much larger stocks of cotton than their English competitors; and, judging from the statistics of the International Federation, the stocks of cotton in the hands of German spinners on March 1, 1914 — the so-called 'invisible supply' — was enough for approximately twelve weeks' normal consumption. Assuming that, like some other trades in Germany, the cotton-mills are now working half-time, that allows for twenty-four weeks. Spinners' stocks in August are commonly considerably lower than in March, and this may be offset against the considerable quantities probably stored in the commodious warehouses of Bremen. Even allowing for the probability that hundreds of bales were seized at Antwerp, and for the depression in August and September, when a quarter of all the textile operatives were totally unemployed, it is difficult to see how the mills can go on for more than, say, nine months from the outbreak of the war, without fresh supplies.

The German cotton manufacture, moreover, is a typical example of an 'export industry' in that it is dependent on foreign countries for a very large part of its market — far more than the iron and machinery trades. It is not so dependent on an outside market as Lancashire, yet probably between a third and a half of the fabrics produced are sold abroad. Some of its branches, such as mixed fabrics and hosiery, rely on foreign markets for half their sales, some for three quarters. A glance at the complicated trade figures will show that about one half, perhaps more, of all these exports has hitherto gone to what are now hostile countries.

So far as its materials are concerned, the German woolen industry is in an

equally evil case. With the improvement in German agricultural practice, the number of sheep has been rapidly dwindling. In 1900 it was nearly ten millions, in 1912 it was under six; for comparison it may be added that in England and Wales alone in that year it was over eighteen. The woolen industry is, therefore, almost as dependent on imported material as the cotton trade. Three fifths of the mill consumption was of merino. Of this merino supply more than four fifths has hitherto come from Australia and the Cape; and of the crossbred (the other two fifths consumed) almost half usually comes from Australia also. Altogether, two thirds of the raw material has been brought from what are now hostile countries. The Argentine and Uruguay, the only other large sources of supply, could doubtless increase materially their sales to Germany; but these also are now cut off.

As to stocks in the country, the foremost English trade authority reported, at the end of 1913, that stocks both of raw wool and tops were then 'abnormally low everywhere.' The one cheerful bit of news for Germany has been the appropriation by the government of the stores of wool found in Roubaix and other French woolen centres now occupied by its troops. But the amount can hardly be enough to keep the industry going for any length of time. The military authorities have long ago taken over all the woolen blankets to be found in the Berlin factories and shops.

As to the silk industry, that can be tolerably comfortable about its materials so long as Italy remains neutral. But hitherto half its product has been exported; and of these exports more than a quarter, that is, an eighth of the whole, before the war, came to England. Of particular classes of fabrics the proportion exported to England

has usually been much larger. Thus, according to the last figures I have been able to get hold of concerning the silk and velvet trade of Crefeld, — those for 1907, — 15.5 per cent of the output went to England and 6.6 per cent to France — that is, together, between a fifth and a fourth.

Of the smaller textile industries, linen and hemp, and jute, I need only add that of the former four fifths of the material has hitherto come from abroad and more than three quarters from Russia; and of the latter practically all the material has been drawn, until the war, from British India.

From textiles one naturally turns to the leather trades. But I have only room to remark that about half the total supply of hides has hitherto been drawn from abroad, and that about a third of the import came from enemy countries, chiefly British India and Russia.

Of other industries I can simply mention the chinaware and porcelain group, which usually disposes of two thirds of its output abroad, and recently sent a third of this export to what are now enemy countries; and the jewelers and workers in precious metal, who normally export some three quarters of their product.

These are all among the older trades of the country. But if one turns to the newer trades the result is the same: they are all cut off, either from a large part of their market or from a large part or the whole of their material. Take three very different examples. The shipping business of Germany has of late years been growing by leaps and bounds; and a system for supplying, and incidentally for controlling, dock labor at Hamburg has been exhibited for our admiration. But now that the German merchantmen are mostly shut up in port, the labor exchange in the month of November, 1914, found en-

agements for only 2300 dockers, as compared with 33,000 in the same month of 1913, and since then things have certainly not improved. Aniline dyes, again, have been one of the main boasts of modern Germany: in the years between 1900 and 1913 the value of the exports almost doubled (from 77 to 142 million marks), and of these a third used to go to Great Britain and other enemy countries. And, finally, take that humble but popular commodity, margarine. For its production Germany imported palm-nuts and copra in 1913 to the astounding value of 226 million marks, six times as much as in 1900. But of the palm-nuts nine tenths came from British West Africa, and of the copra almost half from other British possessions.

VI

Bearing in mind the conditions I have sketched, let us place side by side two remarkable utterances. One is from Prince von Bülow in his book *Imperial Germany*, published a year or so before the war: —

‘We have entrusted millions to the ocean, and with these millions the weal and woe of many of our countrymen. If we had not in good time provided protection for these national possessions, we should have been exposed to the danger of having one day to look on defenselessly while we were deprived of them. But then we could not have returned to the comfortable economic and political existence of a purely inland state. We should have been placed in the position of being unable to employ and support a considerable number of our millions of inhabitants at home. The result would have been an economic crisis which might easily attain the proportions of a national catastrophe.’

Compare with this the language of

Dr. Rathenau, head of the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts-Gesellschaft, in December last: —

'German industry is faced with the task of converting its organization, hitherto based upon a system of imports and exports, into an organization appropriate to a country thrown upon its own resources.'

And this, he implied, there was no doubt it would be able satisfactorily to accomplish.

Which of these prophets is most likely to be justified by the event? Is it possible for an industrial and exporting state to retrace its steps, without undergoing great hardships while it adapts itself to its narrower quarters? It is not only the food quilt that the nation has to twist its limb to get under: it is the employment blanket also. Von Bülow, no doubt, was magnifying the need for a navy, just as Rathenau has been minimizing the difficulties of adaptation. But can it be seriously doubted that the balance of probability lies with the ex-Chancellor? We need not expect any dramatic breakdown of the whole economic structure; for some months the country may struggle along on its present supplies, and it may even get in some of its necessary materials through neutral states and pay for them by exports or by gold. Moreover, the vast government orders will keep large bodies of the people employed, and enable them for a time to purchase their requirements, even at enhanced prices. But I cannot but believe that, after a few months, if the Allies hold command of the seas, unemployment and short time will become more and more prevalent, and pauperism and distress grow to alarming proportions.

We are told of the wonderful organizing and administrative ability of the German civil service. I am inclined to think that there is a tendency in some quarters in England — in reaction from

extravagant anticipations of an early victory for the Allies — to go to an opposite extreme and overestimate the effectiveness of the German official machine. The German *Beamten* has done considerable things for its country — it is honest, hardworking, systematic. But I decline to take it quite at its face value. It makes a proud and justifiable display of all its achievements, but I doubt if it can show anything quite so big as the way in which England took up the colossal task, not of sickness insurance only but also of unemployed insurance — which German administrators have been afraid to tackle — and all in a single year. And the social situation in Germany is such as to add to the task. It is inaccurate to say, as Dr. Helfferich did, in his historic speech, that 'Germany has at its disposal an incomparably better economic organization than its enemies,' if he meant England. Our whole system of adjusting wages in the staple trades of the country by negotiation between masters and men, gravely imperfect as it is, is the admiration and despair of social reformers in Germany. Here it works with much friction, of course; nevertheless it does work; and in Germany in the big industries there is nothing like it. No one who knows Germany and England at all intimately can be ignorant of the fact that the relations between classes in England — much as they leave to be desired — are incomparably more friendly, more intimate, and more wholesome. With all their faults, the English are essentially a far more united people. This cannot but tell in a struggle like the present. And when the German administrators have to take up in earnest the task of 'return to a purely inland state,' and of the redistribution of the working people among the contracted occupations that survive, they will find it, I expect, beyond their powers.

HERD INSTINCT AND THE WAR

BY GILBERT MURRAY

I

At the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, close to the entrance, you can buy for the sum of fourpence a fascinating little book on the Fossil Remains of Man. It is official, and, I presume, authoritative; and it tells how, in very remote times, before there was any South Kensington Museum, or any England, or, I believe, in the strict sense, any Europe, there lived in swampy forests in various parts of the world troops of little lemur-like tree-dwellers. They were, I suppose, rather like small monkeys, but much prettier. They had nice fur, good prehensile tails, and effective teeth. Then there fell upon them, or some of them, a momentous change, a hypertrophy or over-development of one part of the body. This kind of special increase, the author tells us, seldom stops till it becomes excessive. With the lemurs it was the brain which began to grow. It grew and grew, both in size and in complexity. The rest of the body suffered in consequence. The fur became mangy and disappeared. The prehensile tail wasted away. The teeth ceased to be useful as weapons. And in the end, after incalculable ages, here we are!

Now these lemurs had certain instincts and habits of life. Let us define our terms. By an instinct I mean, following the exposition of Dr. McDougall, an innate psycho-physical disposition to notice objects of a certain class, to feel about them in certain ways, and to act correspondingly. They would no-

tice an enemy, hate him, and spit at him; notice an object that was good to eat, desire it, and eat it. They made love, they protected their young, they defended their group against other groups. And primitive man inherited, with modifications, their instincts; and we have similarly inherited his. Some of them were generally desirable and are consequently admitted and encouraged; others were generally undesirable and have been habitually denied and suppressed in our conscious life, only to break out in dreams, in fits of insanity or passion, or, more subtly, in self-deception. But, suppressed or unsuppressed, man's instincts form the normal motive force in his life, though the direction of that force may from time to time be controlled by conscious reason.

From this point of view, I wish to consider what has happened to us in England since August 4, 1914. For that something has happened is quite clear. There is an inward change, which some people praise and some blame. There is a greater seriousness in life, less complaining, less obvious selfishness, and more hardihood. There is a universal power of self-sacrifice whose existence we never suspected before. On every side young men are ready to go and face death for their country, and parents are ready to let them go. There is more brotherhood, more real democracy, and at the same time, — a quality of which we stood in much need, — far more discipline and obedience. This makes

a very strong case on the good side. Yet, on the other, you will find generally that reformers and idealists are disheartened. Friends of peace, of women's causes, of legal reform, of the mitigation of cruelty to animals, are all reduced to something like impotence. One hears the statement that 'there is no Christianity left.' The very increase of power and devotion which has occurred is directed, so some say, to the service of evil. The same process has taken place in Germany, and has there apparently reached a higher degree of intensity. To leave aside its more insane manifestations, a Danish friend sends me the following quotation from a German religious poet, much admired in evangelical circles. 'We have become the nation of wrath. . . . We accomplish the almighty will of God and will vengefully wreak the demands of his righteousness on the godless, filled with sacred fury. . . . We are bound together like a scourge of punishment whose name is War. We flame like lightning. Our wounds blossom like rose gardens at the gate of heaven. Thanks be to Thee, God Almighty! thy wrathful awakening does away with our sins. As the iron in thy hand we smite all our enemies on the cheekbone.'

Another poet, a clergyman, prays that the Germans may not fall into the temptation of carrying out the judgments of God's wrath with too great mildness.

Now the state of mind which these poems reveal — and I dare say they could be paralleled or nearly paralleled in England — is compatible with great self-sacrifice and heroism, but it is certainly not what one would call wholesome.

In order to understand this change as a whole it is necessary to analyze it; and I would venture to suggest that, in the main, it consists simply in an immense stimulation of the herd or group

instincts, though of course other instincts are also involved. For the present let us neither praise nor blame, but simply analyze. At the end we may have some conclusion to draw.

II

Man is by nature a gregarious animal and is swayed by herd instincts as a gregarious animal must be; but of course they are greatly modified. Outside mankind we find these instincts in various grades of development. They show strongest in ants and bees, with their communal life of utter self-sacrifice, utter ruthlessness. I see that Professor Julian Huxley in his book, *The Individual in the Animal Kingdom*, doubts whether among ants the single ant or the whole ant-heap is really the individual. I remember a traveler in northern Australia narrating how he once saw a procession of white ants making toward his camp, and to head them off sprinkled across their line of advance a train of bluestone or sulphate of copper. And instead of turning aside, each ant as he came up threw himself on the horribly corrosive stuff and devoured it till he fell dead; and presently the main army marched on over a line consisting no longer of bluestone but of dead ants.

The instinct is less overpowering in cattle, horses, wolves, and so forth. Certain wild cattle in South Africa are taken by Galton as types of it. In ordinary herd life they show no interest in each other, much less any mutual affection. But if one is taken out of the herd and put by himself, he pines, and when he is taken back to the herd he shoves and nozzles to the very centre of it. Wolves, again, will fight for their pack, but not from mutual affection. If the pack is not threatened they will readily fight and kill one another.

A dog in domesticated conditions is

especially interesting. He has been taken from his pack, but retains his fundamental habits. He barks to call his mates on every emergency, even if barking frightens his prey away. He sniffs at everything when he is out walking, because he has wanted so long to find his way home to the lost pack. His real pack is now artificial, grouped round his master. It will take in his master's friends and house-companions, including quite possibly various animals, such as cats and rabbits. Meantime he rejects the strange man and cheerfully kills the strange cat and rabbit. His delightful friendliness and sympathy are of course due to his herd habits. A cat has no herd. She has always 'walked alone.'

Now man satisfies his herd instinct by many groups, mainly artificial. Like the dog he may take in other animals. In ordinary life the group of which he is most conscious is his social class, especially if it is threatened in any way. Clergymen, landowners, teachers, coal-miners tend, as the phrase is, to hang together. They have the same material interests and the same habits of life. Again, there may be local groups, — counties or villages; or groups dependent on ideas and beliefs, — a church, a party in politics, a clique in art. But of all groups far the strongest when it is once roused is the nation, and it is the nation that is roused to-day.

Normally men of science form a group; so do theologians. But now they feel no longer as men of science or theologians; they feel as Englishmen or Germans. I see that the Archbishop of Munich has expressed a doubt whether 'any appreciable number of Belgian priests' have been 'irregularly killed' by German soliders. There is an absence of class feeling about this remark which few clergymen could attain in peace time. I see that even the German

Jesuits are sharply differing from the rest of the Jesuits, — and this Order has been famous throughout history for its extreme cohesion and discipline. The only bodies that have at all asserted themselves against the main current of feeling in the various nations have been a few isolated intellectuals and some small groups of International Socialists. It was easier for these last, since with them internationalism was not only a principle but a habit; and besides, they were accustomed in ordinary life to be against their own government and to differ from their neighbors.

In the main, what has happened is very simple. In all wild herds we find that the strength of this instinct depends upon the need for it. As soon as the herd is in danger the herd instinct flames up in passion to defend it. The members of the herd first gather together, and then fight or fly. This is what has happened to us. Our herd is in danger and our natural herd instinct is aflame. Let us notice certain different ways in which it operates.

III

First, the herd unites. Wolves who are quarreling cease when menaced by a common enemy. Cattle and horses draw together. We in England find ourselves a band of brothers; and the same of course occurs in Germany. Indeed it probably occurs even more strongly there, since all herd emotions there tend to be passionately expressed and officially encouraged.

Those who are ordinarily separate have drawn together. Canada, Australia, India, even crown colonies like Fiji, seem to be feeling a common emotion. A year or so ago one might see in the advertisements of employment in Canadian newspapers the words 'No English need apply.' You would not find them now. Even the United States

has drawn close to us. Of course in part this is due to the goodness of our cause, to sympathy with the wrongs of Belgium, and the like. Most neutrals are somewhat on our side. But herd instinct is clearly present; or why do the German-Americans side with the Germans?

Even those who are ordinarily at strife have drawn together. Before the war our whole people seemed at strife with itself, — how far from natural causes and how far from definite intrigue on the part of Germany history will doubtless show. We had the militant suffragists; we had an utterly extraordinary number of strikes and a great deal of rebellion against trade-union leaders; we had trouble in India, terrific threats in Ireland. And on the whole now these various enemies have 'made it up.' Of course it was much harder for them than for those who were separated merely by distance. There were serious obstacles in the way: habits of anger, habits of suspicion; often the mere routine of party attack which becomes natural to small groups in strong opposition to a government. As a journalist said to me, 'I mostly keep the truce all right; but sometimes, when one is tired and has nothing particular to say, one drops into abusing McKenna.'

The chief problem that arises in this general drawing together is the problem of fidelity to the lesser herd. Sometimes there is no clash between the lesser and the greater. A man's emotion toward his family, his associates, his native district, causes as a rule no clash. On the contrary it is usually kindled and strengthened by some sort of analogy or some emotional infection. The emotions of loyalty, of love to one's neighbor and surroundings, — all are stirred. And the family emotions in particular, being themselves very ancient and deep-rooted in our instinctive

nature, have grown stronger together with those of the herd.

But often there is a clash. For instance, an individual who has recently been in Germany and made close friends there will, out of loyalty to this friendship, rebel against the current anti-German passion, and so become 'pro-German.' (I mean by 'pro-German,' not one who wishes the Germans to win, — I know of none such, — but one who habitually interprets doubtful questions in a way sympathetic to Germany.) Again, there are a few people who, on one ground or another, disapproved of the declaration of war. They are attacked and maligned. Their friends naturally stand by them. The whole group hits back angrily and becomes, in the same sense, pro-German. Then there are people who are influenced by a peculiar form of pugnacity which is often miscalled 'love of justice.' It is really a habit of irritation at excess which finds vent not in justice but in counter-excess. 'So-and-so is over-praised; for Heaven's sake let us bring him down a peg! Every fool I meet is emotionalized about the German treatment of Belgium; can we not somehow show that no harm was done, or that Belgium deserved it, or that it was all due to the Russians?' People of these types and others, some generous and some perverse, form, both here and in Germany, a protesting small herd in reaction against the great herd. Thus the herd draws together, though lesser and protesting herds within it may do the same.

Secondly, in time of danger the individual subordinates himself to the herd. He ceases to make claims upon it; he desires passionately to serve it. He is miserable and unsatisfied if there is no public work found for him. Discipline consequently becomes easy and automatic. I know of one case where a number of recruits in a certain new

regiment were drawn from a local trade-union of pugnacious traditions. One of them was punished for something or other. The rest instinctively proposed to strike, but, even as they proposed it, found themselves in the grip of a stronger instinct. They hesitated for an instant and then obeyed orders. Again, I seem to have noticed that there is in most people an active desire to be ordered about. We like a drill-sergeant to speak to us severely, much as you speak to a dog which has not yet been naughty but looks as if it meant to be. In ordinary life, when a man has to obey and submit, he feels small. The action is accompanied by what Mr. McDougall calls 'negative self-feeling.' But now, it seems, we actually have a sense of pride when we are ordered about. It makes us feel that we are really serving.

We may notice here a curious side movement, a counter-action to the main stream making for union. (Such counter-actions are of course always to be expected and need cause no surprise.) Why is it that, among these great steady forces of union and mutual trust, we have sudden flashes of the very opposite, especially of wild suspicions of the herd leaders? I do not mean mere spy-mania. That is simple enough, — a morbid excess of a perfectly natural feeling directed against a common enemy. You desire passionately to capture a real German spy; and, since you cannot find one, you make up a bogus one and capture him. I mean a similar mania, though much weaker and rarer, directed against the herd itself: the semi-insane suspicions of Prince Louis of Battenberg, of Lord Haldane, and of persons even more exalted. Partly these impulses are the remains of old quarrels in feeble minds. But partly they have a real biological origin. For while in ordinary dangers the safety of the future race depends on the individuals'

serving and trusting their herd, there are moments when the only chance of safety lies in their deserting and rejecting it. If once the herd is really conquered and in the power of the enemy, then the cry must be 'sauve qui peut,' and the panic which is generally disastrous becomes a protection. Thus these small cases of panic, though practically unimportant, are psychologically interesting and have their proper evolutionist explanation.

So far we have found, first, that the herd draws together, and next, that the individual subordinates himself to the herd. Thirdly, it seems clear that this closer herd union has an effect upon the emotions, and a twofold effect. As all readers of psychology know, herd union intensifies all the emotions which are felt in common. The effect is so strong and so striking that some writers have treated it as a kind of mystery and described it in language that is almost mythological. But there does not seem to be anything inexplicable in the matter. Emotion is infectious. Each member of a herd which is in the grasp of some emotion is himself in a 'suggestible' state and is also exerting 'suggestion' upon his neighbors. They are all directly stimulating his emotion and he theirs. And doubtless we should also remember that, herd emotion being itself a very old and deep-rooted animal affection, its stimulation has probably a sympathetic effect on all kinds of similar disturbances, such as fear and anger and animal desires of various sorts.

Furthermore, herd union often gives to the suppressed subconscious forces their chance of satisfaction. Hence the atrocities committed by crowds. Some dormant desire, existing in your nature but normally suppressed, is suddenly encouraged by suggestion. You see a look in your neighbor's face, and he in yours; and in a flash you both know

what that look means. You dare to own a feeling which, in your normal condition, you would have strangled unborn. Suppressed instinct calls to instinct across the gulf of personality, and the infamous thing is half done. For the herd, besides tempting you, also offers you a road of impunity. You can repudiate responsibility afterwards. It is never exactly you that really did the thing. It is the crowd that did it, and the crowd has now ceased to exist. M. Lenôtre, in his studies of the French Revolution, has commented on the somewhat ghastly fact that in moments of herd excitement people on the verge of lunacy, people touched by persecution-mania, by suspicion-mania, by actual homicidal mania, are likely to become leaders and to inspire confidence. The same phenomenon has been noticed in certain revolutionary movements in Russia.

In England, fortunately, there has been so far almost no field for this kind of dangerous herd excitement. There has been of course some ferocity in speech, a comparatively harmless safety-valve for bad feeling and in some persons a preferable alternative to apoplexy; but no violent actions, and, I think, among decent people, extraordinarily little vindictiveness.

But herd union does not intensify all emotions. It intensifies those which are felt in common, but it actually deadens and shuts down those which are felt only by the individual. The herd is, as a matter of fact, habitually callous toward the sufferings of its individual members, and it infects each member with its own callousness. To take a trifling instance, a friend writes to me thus: 'I discovered one day on a march that my boot was hurting me; after an hour or so it became obvious that my foot was bleeding. In ordinary times I should have made a fuss and insisted on sympathy, and certainly not gone on

walking for several miles. But as it was, moving in a steady mass of people who were uninterested in my boots, and I in theirs, I marched on without making any remark or even feeling much.'

The ramifications of this herd callousness are very curious and intricate. It acts even with fear, that most contagious of emotions. The herd deadens the fears of the individual as long as they do not become real herd fears. Untrained troops will advance in close masses. It needs good troops to advance individually in open order. The close masses are much more dangerous than the open order; but in the close mass the herd is all round you, buttressing you and warming you, and it deadens your private fear. It may also be that there is here some hereditary instinct at work, derived from a time when the act of huddling together was a real protection, as it is with sheep and cattle attacked by wolves.

If this herd callousness acts with fear, it acts of course far more with scruples or pities. The first scruple or ruth or criticism of the herd must rise in the breast of some individual. If, by good luck, at the same moment it occurs to some dozen other men, it has a chance of asserting itself. Otherwise there is only the single unit standing up, in his infinite weakness, against the great herd. The scruple is silenced and dies.

Of course in actual warfare this callousness is immensely increased by the nature of the work which the combatants are doing, and the immense change in their habitual standard of expectation. You cannot always be pitying people or you would never get on with your business. A friend of mine, a clever and kindly man, told me how he and his men, after a long spell in the trenches, utterly tired and chilled and dropping with sleep, had at last got into their billets, — a sort of warm cellar

where they could just squeeze in. They heard the scream of shrapnel sweeping the street outside, and some soldiers of another regiment and nationality ran up to the door, begging for admittance and shelter. With one voice, so my friend said, he and his men growled at them and slammed the door in their faces. It was their own cellar, and these people were intruders. And they shut them out into the shrapnel much as, in ordinary circumstances, they would perhaps have felt justified in shutting them out into the rain.

The strangest development of all is perhaps the disregard of the herd for its wounded, and the readiness of the wounded themselves to be so disregarded. Of course there are abundant cases of the opposite sort, where individuals show the utmost regard for the wounded, risk their lives for them, and count no labor too hard for their sake. But I have heard some very well authenticated stories, — notably of incidents in the German and Japanese and Turkish armies, — which seem to take one back to some rather primitive instincts. The true animal herd hates its wounded and kills them; cattle, wolves, porpoises, every herd of gregarious animals does the same. Of course it hates them. They not only tend to hamper its movements but they represent vividly to its eyes and senses the very thing that it most loathes, — its own blood and pain. And one finds also curious instances where the wounded man himself is so absorbed in the general herd emotion that he insists, even angrily, on being left alone.

Thus, under the influence of herd union, common emotions are intensified, individual emotions deadened.

Now thought, unlike emotion, is markedly individual and personal. It is not infectious. It is communicated by articulate language. The herd growls, cries, sobs, sometimes laughs;

but it finds speech very difficult. Again, thought is critical, and the herd wants unanimity, not criticism. Consequently herd union deadens thought.

True, the herd leader must think and plan, and the herd will obey him. In an organized army, where discipline and organization powerfully counteract many of the normal herd characteristics, thought sits enthroned and directs the whole mass. But it is a special kind of thought, under central control and devoted simply to the attainment of the purposes of the herd. Other thought is inhibited.

For instance, if the herd is angry, it is quite simply angry with another herd. This state of mind is normal among savages and primitive men. Some one belonging to a tribe over the river has speared one of our cows; therefore we catch some other person belonging to a different tribe over the river and club him over the head. Herd justice is satisfied. It only sees things in herds. 'The Germans' did so-and-so; therefore punish 'the Germans.' 'The English' did so-and-so; therefore punish 'the English.' Whenever a herd is offended by some action, it is made happy by punishing as dramatically as possible several people who did not do it. Collective anger, collective punishment, is always opposed to justice, because justice applies only to individuals. And again, the more angry a herd is, the less evidence it needs that there is due cause for its anger. Accuse a man of some irregularity in his accounts, and the herd will expect to have the charge duly proven. But accuse him of having drenched little girls in paraffine and set fire to them, and the herd will very likely tear him — or some one else — to pieces at once without further evidence.

By this process of killing out thought, the herd sinks all its members in itself and assimilates them to an average.

And this average is in some ways above, but in most considerably below, that of the average man in normal life. For it is that of the average man not thinking but merely feeling. Only the leader has the function of thinking; hence his enormous and uncanny power.

Lastly, let us consider the effect of this herd union on religion. At first sight the answer would seem simple. Religion is a network of primitive collective emotions, and any stimulus which works upon such emotions is likely, by force of sympathy, to rouse religious emotion at the same time. At any rate, some of the causes which have recently roused herd emotion in Europe are just the causes on which religious emotion is often said to be based. Man has been made to feel the presence of terrific forces over which he has no control. He has been taught, crudely and violently, his dependence on the unknown. On this line of reasoning, the religious life of the world should be greatly intensified. Yet there are serious considerations leading to the opposite conclusion. A world so mad and evil, however terrific, can hardly seem like the mirror in which to see God.

I remember a dreadful incident in one of the consular reports of the Armenian massacres of 1895. At that time the universal dread and horror throughout Armenia sent most people praying day and night in the churches. But the report tells of one woman who sat by the road and refused to pray. 'Do you not see what has happened?' she said. 'God has gone mad. It is no use to pray to Him.' I have myself talked on different days to two soldiers who gave vivid accounts of the hideous proceedings of the war in Flanders and of their own feelings of terror. Their accounts agreed, but the conclusions they drew were different. One man ended by saying with a sort of gasp, 'It

made you believe in God, I can tell you.' The other, a more thoughtful man, said, 'It made you doubt the existence of God.' I think that the effect of this year of history will be to discourage the higher kind of religion and immensely strengthen the lower.

Let me try to analyze this conclusion more closely, and see what we mean in this context by 'higher' and 'lower.' I hope that most of my readers will agree with me, or at least not disagree violently, in assuming that the attributes which a man ascribes to his God are conditioned by his own mind, its limitations, and its direction. I could if necessary quote at least one Father of the Church in support of such a view. Thus the God whom a man worships is in some form a projection of his own personality. The respective Gods of a seventeenth-century Puritan, a Quaker, an Arab, a South-Sea Islander, will all differ as their worshipers differ, and the human qualities attributed to each will be projections of the emotions of the worshiper. Thus the lower, and often the more passionate, religion will be directed toward a God who is a projection of the worshiper's own terrors and angers and desires and selfishness. The higher religion weaves its conception of God more out of its duties and its aspirations. To one of those soldiers whom I mentioned above, God was evidently a being of pure terror, fitly mirrored by the action of a host of high-explosive shells. To many people in great oppression, again, God is almost an incarnation of their desire for revenge: let those who doubt it read the history of persecution. To others God is an incarnation of Self. Some of you will have seen Mr. Dyson's finely tragic cartoon entitled 'Alone with his God.' It represents the Kaiser kneeling, a devout and fully armed figure, before another Kaiser exactly the same in dress and feature, but gigantic, august, en-

throned amid the incense of ruined towns and burning churches, blindly staring and inexpressibly sad. It is a picture to ponder on.

All these emotions, the self-worship, the hate, the revenge, the terror, will be stimulated, and so will the kind of religion that depends on them. The higher religion, of which it is less easy to speak, which expresses itself in the love of righteousness, in the sense of one's own imperfection, in the aspiration after a better life and a world with more love in it, — that sort of religion, I fear, will chiefly come in reaction. It cannot be the main flood. There is too much reflection in it, too much inhibition. The main flood of herd emotion will sweep over it for the time being; but it will not die. There is a strange life in the things of the spirit.

IV

I suggested at the beginning of this very rough and sketchy analysis that perhaps at the end we might be able to pass some definite moral judgment on the change which has taken place in us, and say whether it is a good or a bad change. But I fear that the suggestion has not been realized. Herd instinct in itself is neither good nor bad. It is simply part of the stuff of life, an immense store of vitality out of which both good and evil, extreme good and extreme evil, can spring.

Thus it is impossible to say without qualification that we ought to rejoice in this stimulation of our herd instincts or that we ought rigorously to master and reject it. Neither alternative is sufficient. We must do this and not leave the other undone. We must accept gladly the quickened pulse, the new strength and courage, the sense of brotherhood, the spirit of discipline and self-sacrifice. All these things make life a finer thing. It is nothing against a

particular emotion that mankind shares it with the ape and the tiger. Gorillas are famous for their family life, and tigers are, up to their lights, exemplary mothers. As regards herd feeling in particular, we should realize that even in its most unthinking forms it generally makes a man kinder and more trustworthy toward his immediate neighbors and daily associates. The evil side of it comes into play much more rarely, since it is directed against the far-off alien herd which is seldom met or seen. And lastly, we should remember one piece of certain knowledge which is both immensely important and very difficult to apply: that thwarted instincts act like poison in human nature, and a normal and temperate satisfaction of instinct is what keeps it sweet and sane. At the present time, for instance, the people whose minds have turned sour and vicious are almost always those who can neither fight nor serve. As for the fighters and doctors and nurses and public servants, as a rule their herd desire is satisfied and they do their work with fervor and without bitterness.

Yet after all we are thinking beings. If we acknowledge our instincts, we need not worship them. Thinking itself is both an instinct and a form of public service, and it is our business to watch ourselves. We must see that this fresh force which we feel within us is not wrongly directed, and that the higher and gentler elements of life are not swamped by this new strong wine. Millions of men throughout Europe are, without stint or question, offering all that is in them to the service of their countries and the command of their leaders. We must see, so far as lies in our power, that we do not abuse that heroic blindness. And, among those of us who remain at home, we must see so far as possible that the normal texture

of life is neither lowered nor coarsened.

There has been current in England of recent years a reaction against reason, an avowed worship of instinct and tradition and even prejudice. The doctrines of this reaction are in themselves fascinating, and they have been preached by fascinating writers. The way of instinct and old habit is so full of ease, so facile and strong and untroubled! Look at the faces of men who are wrapped up in some natural and instinctive purpose. Look at a dog chasing his prey, at a lover pursuing his beloved, a band of vigorous men advancing to battle, a crowd of friends drinking and laughing. That shows us, say the writers aforesaid, what life can be and what it ought to be. 'Let us not think and question,' they say. 'Let us be healthy and direct, not fret against the main current of instinctive feeling and tradition.'

In matters of art such a habit of mind may be valuable; in matters of truth or of conduct it is, I believe, as disastrous as it is alluring. True, the way of instinct is pleasant. I happened once to be waiting at a railway station on a summer afternoon. There were several railwaymen about, rather wearily engaged on work of one sort or another, when suddenly something happened which made them look alert and cheerful and put a kindly smile on their faces. One of them had seen some small animal, — I think a rat, — and a little crowd of them ran blithely and pelted it to death. One would have seen the same kindly and happy smile, the same healthy vigor, in the people who amid other circumstances let loose their hunting instincts on runaway slaves or heretics or Jews. And the man among them who should feel a qualm, who should check himself and try to think whether such hunting was really a pleasant and praiseworthy ac-

tion, would, I have little doubt, have looked guilty and uneasy and tongue-tied. His face would have condemned him. 'Why should he trouble himself with thinking and criticizing?' people may say. 'Why not enjoy himself with his mates? Thought is just as likely to lead you wrong as feeling is.'

The answer of mankind to such pleadings should be firm and clear. Human reason is very far from infallible, but the only remedy for bad thinking is to think better. The question was really settled for us, thousands and thousands of years ago, by those little lemurs in the marshy forests. They took, not the path of ease but the path of hard brain-work, and we their children must go on with it. That is the way of life and the bettering of life, to think, and labor, and build up; not to glide with the current. We of the human race have our work in the scheme of things; and to do our work we must use all our powers, especially our greatest powers, those of thinking and judging. And even if we deliberately set our faces in the other direction, if we yield to the stream of instinct, and let scruples and doubts and inhibitions be swept away, we shall not really find life easier. At least not for long. For the powers to which we yield will only demand more and more.

There is one character in Shakespeare who is often taken as a type — a very unflattering type, I admit — of the follower of the mere instincts; who feels the release, the joy, the sense of revelation which they bring, and thinks that they will lead him to glory. And I suspect that some modern adorers of instinct as against reason will in the end awake to disillusion like that of Caliban: —

What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

ARMS AND MAN

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

I

SPEAKING in the House of Lords as a former Secretary of War, Lord Haldane last January confessed to a certain remissness on the part of the British nation. 'We have been behindhand,' he said, 'in the application of science to industry. The position to-day, however, whether it be in explosives, shells, or rifles, is a very much better position than it was a little time ago.'

That is encouraging. The implied assumption that the first application of science should be directed to arms, and that industry naturally means the manufacture of destructive weapons, may, it is true, startle the economist; but it agrees quite naturally with the history of mankind. The discoveries of science have been applied with most vital eagerness to warfare. To the construction of arms mankind has always devoted a superlative energy, often its finest artistic power; and now Lord Haldane tells us that England maintains the tradition.

I suppose the rule that it is not the proper thing to kill other people at discretion grew very slowly; but still, even in early times, it was recognized as painful or unwise to kill members of one's own family or tribe or race. But with strangers and foreigners it was different, and it has remained different. War is the killing of foreigners as sanctioned by the state. Under the sanction of the state, killing, which otherwise would be murder, becomes war. Under the sanction of the state, a

subject is commended for deeds which otherwise would hang him. The more killing he commits, the more he is applauded; and if he refuses to kill under the sanction of the state, in most ancient and modern communities he is himself hanged for committing no murder.

The original instruments of this political and admired slaughter were, no doubt, the teeth, claws, and muscles which primitive people had developed before they became distinctly human, but which are now employed chiefly in private and domestic differences. That was 'fighting tooth and nail,' as we say still in memory of those jolly old days. But, like the apes who fling stones and cocoanuts at the passing traveler with malignant intent, man early discovered the advantage of weapons. Sometimes he struck with thigh-bones, logs, or heavy stones fitted to cleft sticks. Sometimes he pierced his opponents with pointed boughs or flints carefully sharpened to enter a hairy skin. It was an immense advance when he found that a stick strained into a curve by a sinew and suddenly released would throw another stick for several yards, killing the enemy at a safe and comfortable distance. The foundations of human warfare were thus securely laid. To kill by striking or by throwing — with a view to one of these two means science, as applied to the industry of arms, has consistently worked.

When science discovered the superiority of metals over flints, the sword and spear came quickly. Sharper ar-

rows flew, and the clash of bronze and iron sounded upon helmet, breastplate, greaves, and shield. The British long bow killed at 250 yards. At an elevation of 45 degrees, the steel crossbow (which, however, had to be stretched by a windlass or wheelcrank — a lengthy process) threw its foot-long bolt of two and one half ounces over 300 yards with good effect. To withstand such archery the armor of knight and horse became so thick that neither could move with rapidity, and an unhorsed rider lay helpless as a turned turtle. Still more remarkable was the scientific application of the spring in the catapult and ballista. A pole or 'arm,' 50 or 60 feet long, strained back by windlasses against a spring of horsehair or sinew in twisted skeins, was suddenly released by a catch. Springing to the perpendicular, it struck against a horizontal crossbar, and flung the missile with which its head was loaded violently forward. A catapult, called a 'war wolv' in Edward I's time, hurled a weight of 100 pounds for 300 yards through the air. Some must have been even more powerful, for Froissart mentions the unhappy case of a messenger returned at express speed by a catapult over his town walls, but arriving dead. It seems to have been a common practice to throw the dead bodies of men and even of horses into beleaguered cities, in the hope of breeding pestilence, — the bodies being first trussed up into convenient pellets. And the heads of messengers were thrown in like manner, the rejected terms being firmly attached to their skulls, and no further answer deemed necessary.¹

Add the battering ram to the sword, the spear, the club, the arrow, and the catapult, and then the list of weapons which for ages dictated the manœuvres of military tactics is almost complete.

¹ *Crossbows and Ballista*, by Sir R. Payne-Gallwey.

By the fourteenth century, science and the adorning arts appeared to have done their utmost for the industries of killing in assault or defense. No one suspected a change, when suddenly it came. One by one all the splendid weapons, except the sword and spear, became 'survivals,' to be swept gradually into the scrap-heap or museum. Some have lately thought that even the sword and spear would be reduced to merely literary and symbolic use within our time, — as when Mr. Asquith exclaims, 'We will not sheathe the sword,' or as when a young man describes a girl as 'the captive of his bow and spear.'

II

The change came when some one (a monk of the church, they say) discovered that saltpetre, charcoal, and sulphur, pounded and pressed together, would expand into gas at the touch of fire and fling things violently about. Thereupon, applied science invented a long tube of narrow boards, clamped them together with iron rings, ladled powder from a bucket down the mouth with a spoon, rammed a ball of iron on top of the powder, set flame to a hole at the back of the tube, and with horrible noise discharged the ball with such violence that at 200 yards it smashed through the thickest armor and laid a knight level with a varlet. A smaller tube of brass, called a hand-gun or hand-cannon, and rested against a man's shoulder by a wooden stock, was discharged in the same way, and with a similar leveling effect.

Then science set to work upon the firing spark, and evolved the wheel-lock (a rough wheel revolving against iron pyrites) and the matchlock (ignited by a slow match of tow boiled in vinegar). This matchlock was the main arm of Cromwell's infantry, though he still kept the pike for nearly half his men,

and gave firelocks (a carbine and two pistols worked by a wheel) to some of his cavalry, at all events to the officers. Two or three yards of match were wound round the body, and a foot or two held in the left hand, both ends being kept alight in action or hours of danger, so that troops were sometimes betrayed at night by glowing points like ends of lighted cigarettes. Each man carried twenty bullets in his pouch, and one or two in his mouth. After due preparation (which took about three minutes) he could with luck discharge a bullet nearly 400 yards by elevating the barrel. But wind or rain often balked his efforts, and the spark flashed in the pan. Early in the Civil War, the rest which was used to support the barrel disappeared. Cromwell also abolished the heavy cuirass, relic of armor's glory, and advised his men to hold their fire till within 20 paces. His cannon or heavy culverins threw a 20-pound ball 2100 paces at high elevation, or 400 paces point-blank, about ten times an hour. But the demi-culverins, sakers, minions, and drakes flung a lighter ball about every four minutes. The big culverins were drawn by eight horses, but oxen were often used, as by the Boers.¹

The flintlock, a Spanish invention, was the next advance of science. It was introduced by Dutch William into England about 1690, and its name of Brown Bess was perhaps the British soldier's affectionate corruption of the Dutch word *bus* or barrel (the same that we find in 'arquebus' and 'blunderbuss'). About the same time, at Bayonne, the spear-point which used to be fixed over the muzzle for the final charge was constructed on a socket so as to leave the muzzle free for firing. Brown Bess and the bayonet — 'that wise virgin,' as Clausewitz called it — remained the chief infantry weapons

¹ See *Cromwell's Army*, by C. H. FIRTH.

about one hundred and fifty years, and were used in the wars of Marlborough, Frederick, and Napoleon. The musket (the same word as 'mosquito') was fairly trustworthy in aimed fire up to 200 yards, and might be fatal at a much greater distance. It could be fired about three times a minute, and with iron ramrods and rigid drill Frederick got seven times a minute out of it. Each of his three (or sometimes six) ranks ran back when it had fired, so as to load again while the other ranks kept the firing up. Skirmishers were also advanced during the last part of the eighteenth century, and a company of grenadiers armed with hand-bombs was added to each battalion.

Apart from the marvel of his strategy, Napoleon's chief innovations on the actual field were the first design of the army corps (at Marengo), the combination of guns, horse, and foot as separate arms working in coöperation but apart, and the massing of guns into batteries or brigades of batteries. His round shot ranged up to 2000 yards, and was strictly effective at 1200. After preliminary pounding, he brought the guns in thick masses up to a 300 or 500 yards' range, and fired 'case' at ten rounds a minute until a gap was hewn through a weak but vital point of the enemy's line. He then sent in the cavalry, followed by massed columns of foot, which he deployed into line at the decisive moment, so long as his armies were at their best, though in later years the infantry continued to advance in columns and even, it seems, shoulder to shoulder. It was owing to the short range and the comparatively small numbers engaged (about 70,000 against 74,000 a side till Blücher's Prussians began to arrive) that Waterloo was fought on a front of only two and three quarters miles, and with a depth of something like one mile, so that the whole field of action was plainly visible,

and the leaders, including the greatest soldier of history, could be identified from the opposite side.

What a change just one century of applied science has effected! The last was conspicuously the century of science, and the steps in the application of science to slaughter were marked and increasingly rapid. Ten years before Waterloo, the Reverend Alexander Forsyth, Presbyterian minister in Aberdeen, gave the Christian world a percussion cap. The invention was not adopted for more than thirty years, but it solved the difficulty of the spark. As far as causing an explosion went, men could in future kill one another in wind and rain quite as well as in fine weather. The rifling or spiral grooving inside the barrel (from the Low-German *rifle*, or groove) in order to give the bullet or ball a spin, like the spin which, I suppose, keeps the planets steady, was the discovery of an unknown sixteenth-century genius. But, except by hunters, who usually can take their time, it was not much used, owing to the difficulty of forcing a bullet down a muzzle just too narrow to receive it. At first the bullet was pounded down with a wooden mallet. Then a conical bullet, with a cavity or plug at the lower end, and lubricated with tallow and beeswax, was rammed tight and expanded by the explosion so as to take the grooving. The Crimean War was fought with rifles made on this pattern, sighted to 1000 yards, and effective up to 500.

But Prussia (terribly 'efficient' Prussia!) had already adopted another sixteenth-century invention, hitherto regarded as too dangerous for practical use. In the disturbances of 1848, and the brief but murderous wars with Denmark (1864) and Austria (1866), the Prussians appeared armed with the 'needle-gun.' It loaded at the breech instead of the muzzle, the advantage being partly in speed of fire but chiefly

in position; for the soldier could now load lying down, without exposing all his body to the enemy's aim. In imitation, France adopted the *chassepot*, which had a longer accurate range, — about 600 yards, — but was easily fouled and thrown out of order. Her collapse before the Prussians in 1870 was not, however, due to the rifle's defects, but to failure in artillery, organization, supply, housekeeping, and generalship. In 1867, England had hurriedly constructed the Snider, and in 1871 followed it up with the Martini, a far superior weapon to needle-gun or chassepot. It had a muzzle velocity of 1350 feet a second, and could be fired unaimed at 25 rounds a minute. For a long generation it held its place, and in spite of a kicking and uncertain temper, it died lamented.

America killed it with the 'repeater' or magazine rifle, — America, whose 'hunters' had also been the first to use the rifle for killing men. The magazine, loaded by 'clip' or 'charger' with five or more cartridges at a time; smokeless powder, a French invention, chiefly composed of guncotton, or cotton soaked in nitric acid, and free from 'fouling'; the consequent 'small bore,' or calibre of less than .45 inch (in our rifle the bullet is .303 inch, in the German .311 inch), — these were the applications of science which rapidly produced a complete change in 'small arms' and so in tactics. 'Lebel,' 'Mauser,' 'Männlicher,' 'Mark III,' and '3 line,' — the models now used by the powers at war, — are alike in the advantages of small recoil, light bullet, high velocity, flat trajectory, and rapid fire. We may put the average initial velocity at little less than 2000 feet a second; the rapidity of unaimed fire at two seconds a round, or of aimed fire at four seconds; and the effective range at 1400 yards, with a possible range of twice that distance.

Though the hard casing of nickel and copper wears the rifle's grooving, about 8000 rounds can be fired without affecting the aim. On the other hand, at short range the high velocity appears to turn the bullet sideways or clean round on contact. It gives almost the effect of a dum-dum or 'explosive' bullet, and I have seen wounds in which the sharp point was found to be directed backwards. The large use of copper raises a more practical difficulty, especially for the German mind. It has been estimated that the German armies fire, on a low average, 26,000,000 rounds of rifle bullets a day, and 180,000 shells, or say 150,000, to be safe. Together (adding 30 tons for machine-gun cartridges) this amounts to 441 tons of pure copper and brass (72 per cent copper) a day, which, after making all deductions, brings Germany's needs for copper up to at least 120,000 tons a year, while on an average she produces only 26,000 tons.¹ No wonder she is melting down the copper spikes of her helmets, copper kettles, pans, and brass ornaments; or that she cries out when her enemies seize a copper cargo on its innocent way across the ocean to a neutral port.

Since Napoleon's time the big gun has undergone changes similar to the rifle's as regards percussion, rifling, smokeless powder, and high velocity; but the projectiles have become larger as well as far more explosive. The ordinary French and German field guns are about the same size (75 mm. and 77 mm. respectively, or a little under and over 3-inch, an inch being equal to 25.4 millimetres). The shells are 13-pounders, and may be set to explode on percussion or as shrapnel in the air. The British 3.3-inch field gun throws an 18-pound shell and is sighted up to 6100 yards. Each gun, with its limber and supply wagons, requires 18 horses, so

¹ See article by an 'Expert on Copper,' in the *London Times*, Feb. 9, 1915.

that a battery of six guns needs 108. Our field guns are now 'quick-firing,' that is, fitted with apparatus to check recoil, so that the gun can be fired repeatedly without relaying.

To stick to the enemy's guns, lest our own secrets (so well known to the enemy) should be betrayed, the Germans use guns, howitzers, and mortars of various sizes. A howitzer has a smaller charge and so is lighter than a gun, and a mortar proper is a smooth-bore, muzzle-loading gun, with fixed elevation; but these distinctions seem to be dying out.

Their largest weapon is the almost mythical 16.8-inch gun or howitzer, supposed to throw a 2000-pound shell something between seven and nine miles. Doubts have been expressed as to this monster's existence, and, according to one high authority, only two at most have been made, and perhaps these have not yet been fired. For they require to be bolted down to a solid cement platform, prepared long beforehand.¹ To be sure, our spy-maniacs have discovered numerous platforms of the kind ready prepared and scattered up and down our own country under the pretext of house-foundations and factory floors. But spy-maniacs see Germans in the moon at which they bay. We have seen, however, an apparently genuine photograph of an Austrian 12-inch siege howitzer, weighing 28 tons with its carriage, and throwing a shell of over 1000 lbs.² We also hear of a Krupp 11.2-inch 'mortar' used on the field, a 10-inch howitzer throwing a 760-pound shell at a range of about six miles, an 8.4-inch, a 4.13-inch (apparently one of the commonest), and various other sizes. Various also are the names by which the British soldier knows their shells, — 'Jack Johnsons,'

¹ SIR DESMOND O'CALLAGHAN in the *Cornhill*, January, 1915.

² *Illustrated London News*, Feb. 15, 1915.

'Black Marias,' 'Woolly Bears,' — but probably he does not make careful distinction as to the measurement of an inch in the shell's base when one bursts near him. For a Belgian priest assured me that he saw a horse carried a long distance (he said, 200 yards!) by the mere explosive force of one, and lodged in a tree. I myself measured the pit that one had made in the middle of a paved road, and found it nearly 20 feet deep. And during the bombardment of Dixmude I was shown a ghastly hole in which a shell had buried, as I was told, the fragments of 27 men and some horses, inextricably mixed. Allowing for all exaggeration, the effect of scientific industry is great.

I am not dealing here with naval arms, but in a description of a naval 12-inch gun, Sir Percy Scott has told us that it will penetrate 8-inch armor at 13 miles with a shell of over 900 pounds. The shell traverses five miles in 12 seconds. For an extreme range of 15 miles, it must reach an elevation of 22,500 feet, or about 7000 feet higher than Mont Blanc; and its splash raises 2000 tons of water.¹ Yet the 12-inch is not by three inches our largest naval gun. Time would fail to tell of machine guns, or rifles in water-jackets, which by the turning of a handle mow down men as a reaper mows a cornfield; or of the trench howitzer, whose huge spherical shell projects like an iron bubble from the muzzle, and is fired in a loose stem; or of the 'flying mine,' a cylinder of melinite thrown silently up to 500 yards by compressed air alone; or of the 'star shell' that glides liquidly up into the night like a Roman candle, and serves as a searchlight to discover the enemy's devices; or of the 'hand grenade,' an explosive canister fixed on a stick like a rocket, and flung among the enemy just

before an assault; or of the corrosive liquid which the Germans play upon our trenches as with a fire-hose.

III

Such are some of the scientific contraptions by which death is now secured; and to assist this industry of destruction science has further put a network of railways to use, and sends transport motors rushing with troops and ammunition and supplies and dying men over the more ancient network of highways. Miles from the field, the general gives command by telephone. Through the very air move new instruments of reconnaissance, range-finding, and assault. At the height of 10,000 feet, and with a speed of nearly 60 miles an hour, the Zeppelin carries men and explosives 600 miles, or remains stationary and sends its wireless observations 150 miles through empty air. The quicker, cheaper, and more trustworthy aeroplane does scouting work; signals ranges by puffs of smoke; bombards from the heavens with violent percussion bombs, incendiary shells fitted with candles of celluloid, phosphorus, and wax; or rains down upon crowded troops or citizens the sharp pointed *flechettes* — darts of steel which pierce their way through skull, and body, and horse.

Certainly man has every reason to be grateful to science for her assistance in the favorite pursuit by which for the most part he reckons history. Nor is he remiss in taking advantage of her progress. This war is probably the greatest and most destructive, as well as the most scientific, since creation. Mr. Asquith tells us that 6,000,000 men are now trying to kill one another as fast as possible in Europe, and his is a low estimate. There they stand, in long opposing lines. On one front the battle line is said to extend nearly 400

¹ Quoted by ARCHIBALD HURD, the learned naval expert, in the *Daily Telegraph*, January 28, 1915.

miles; on the other nearly twice as far. In the west, sheer numbers and the accuracy of industrious science almost prevent movement. For nearly five months now¹ those men, in their effort to kill and escape death, have lived below the surface, like rabbits or primeval troglodytes. They have floundered in oozing mud, — ‘the fifth element,’ as Napoleon called it. They have stood day and night in trenches, soaked to their middle by cold water, until their limbs swelled purple and threatened gangrene. The concussion of exploding shells has driven their eyes into their heads so that they see no more; shock and horror have struck them speechless. Their reason is overturned; some weep without ceasing; some gibber like ghosts. Limbs are scattered over the countryside. Hot-smelling blood pours from their bodies in unexpected quantity. Caught in the entanglements of barbed wire, — another industry of science, — they hang like crows on a game-keeper’s gallows until they rot. The air stinks of filth and corpses. Colonel Repington of the *Times* has called this scientific war ‘the butchery of the unknown by the unseen.’

I have myself been present at the destruction of two singularly beautiful towns — Dixmude and Ypres. Their lovely streets and buildings can never be seen again, for they are now reduced to heaps of stones crumbled by scientific appliances. Other towns and villages once prosperous I have seen after their ruin was complete: churches, halls, and homes all desolate and destroyed. But to me life stands before property, — even the irrevocably lost property of ancient beauty, — and it is of life’s destruction that I think when I contemplate the triumph of this progressive industry. I feel like Gulliver when he corrected the ignorance of the

noble horse, his master among the *Houyhnhnms*. For the horse refused to believe the possibility of human slaughter in war; whereupon Gulliver continued: —

‘Being no stranger to the art of war, I gave him a description of cannons, culverins, muskets, carabines, pistols, bullets, powder, swords, bayonets, battles, sieges, retreats, attacks, undermines, countermines, bombardments, sea fights; ships sunk with a thousand men, twenty thousand killed on each side; dying groans, limbs flying in the air, smoke, noise, confusion, trampling to death under horses’ feet; flight, pursuit, victory; fields strewn with carcasses kept for food to dogs, and wolves, and birds of prey; plundering, stripping, ravishing, burning and destroying.

‘And to set forth the valour of my own dear countrymen, I assured him that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege, and as many in a ship, and beheld the dead bodies come down in pieces from the clouds, to the great diversion of the spectators.’

If we multiply the figures and the horror, that description holds good of the present war, and though we grant that passion rather than reason drives mankind, it is hard to name the passion strong enough to drive men into scenes like those enacted upon the German frontiers now. A man wants a deal of passion ‘pour se faire tuer,’ to use Napoleon’s phrase. There is little of mere ferocity in modern war. Rage and hatred hardly exist between the combatants, though they are studiously encouraged between the nations. What urges men to die in such numbers that the Germans are said to send the bodies in bales of four to the burning? Shame, I suppose, chiefly, — a corporate shame so strong that a man would rather die than endure the taunt or thought of shirking when his comrades

¹ This article was sent to the *Atlantic* early in March. — THE EDITORS.

die. Love of adventure still counts for something; confidence in officers, and the mere impossibility of doing anything different from the rest of the section or battalion, — those count too. In the minds of some also there may be present a conscious or half-realized passion for a splendid cause, however imaginary or unjustified. The Germans, for instance, have been taught from their cradles to believe that the war would be fought for their national existence, and certainly they believe it now. M. Cambon, the French ambassador in London, speaking at the Guildhall last November, told the Allies that they were fighting for our ideals of humanity and freedom. Few of our soldiers give ideals a thought, but they are convinced that they kill and are killed for something that is 'all right.' And if

it is true that this war, which looks like devilish insanity, is really fought for ideals of humanity and freedom, and if for their sake all these thousands of young and hopeful men are being killed, all these thousands of women are being driven from their burning or devastated homes, starved, destitute, ravished, made mothers by violent and unknown enemies, compelled to inhabit caves and hedges with their children huddled round them in filthy and indecent barbarism; then it is for us to see that those ideals of humanity and freedom are not encroached upon by any government, even by our own, but that in war-time we maintain them and advance their realization even more vigilantly than during that never-ending conflict on their behalf which is the warfare of peace.

THE COST OF THE WAR

BY ROLAND G. USHER

THE vital and continued interest in the cost of the war is caused, in all probability, by a belief that its cost will tend to limit its length, or to enable the student either to identify the probable victor or to forecast in some way the results, both immediate and permanent, which the crisis is likely to have on the economic fabric of individual nations and of the world in general.

M. Guyot estimates that Europe was poorer on the first of February by seventeen billions of dollars than she would have been had the war not been fought; of this sum nine billions represent the direct cost of equipping, trans-

porting, and maintaining the armies. M. Finot calculates this same item for the first year as fifteen billions of dollars for the Allies alone, while their indirect losses, he believes, will be as great. Other statisticians, French, German, English, reach even more considerable figures. The total losses due to the war are usually estimated by adding the direct to the indirect cost. The conclusion follows that the end of the war will see necessarily an impoverished and suffering world, whose economic fabric cannot recover for decades. Indeed, it has been repeatedly said that the cost of the maintenance of the

armies alone is too vast to be borne much longer without the probability of national bankruptcy.

A calamity so vast as the war, and so entirely unexpected, predisposes many people to believe that the worst is only too probably true; and it may for that reason be a little difficult for any one to secure a hearing who seeks, in the face of such an array of authorities, statistics, and prophecies of dire disaster, to show that, bad as things are, they are not nearly so bad as people believe them to be. While it would be idle to deny the seriousness of the blow which the war will inflict upon the world's economic fabric, and obviously false to claim that the losses will not be stupendous, it does seem necessary to sound a note of caution against many of the estimates and predictions which have been so persistently made. Much that has been written by professional economists does not seem to a student of conditions from a different angle to explain past and present wars, however well it may agree with the premises of theoretical economics. Again, much written by the economists which really seems to explain phenomena is not understood by the general public in the sense apparently meant by the authors. There seem to be also some considerations in regard to the cost of the war, more or less at variance with the interpretations of professional economists, which are yet sufficiently plausible to merit statement, if only for the purpose of securing from some authoritative source a conclusive elucidation.

The commonest fallacy of the general public assumes that the war is costing a certain sum of money daily, hourly, or yearly, and that this estimate indicates the amount of the expenditure and therefore of the loss. In reality, it should be evident that the enormous figures published are merely the estimated value of labor and capital utilized

for the purposes of the war. The general public still believes that wars are fought with money; but money is merely the medium by which oil, powder, cannon, and labor with a pick are reduced to a common denominator. War is necessarily fought with commodities; it cannot be fought at all without them; men kill each other with bullets and not with dollars; they sleep upon beds, straw, the ground, but not upon bonds. The cost of the war consists of the commodities, of the labor and capital, of the human lives needed to fight it. We may estimate their exchange value in money if we like; we may distribute by means of money the expense between the various individuals who compose the state; we may facilitate by the usual financial machinery the operation of securing the commodities which are needed; but all the money in the world and all the bonds ever issued cannot of themselves put shoes on the soldiers' feet or cartridges in their rifles. War costs the commodities with which it is fought; and this cost must be paid at the time, and cannot in any conceivable way be paid in the future, because the commodities must be used during the war or not at all. Obviously, the belligerent nations must produce these commodities themselves or procure them from neutral nations, who will themselves be compelled to produce the actual commodities during the war from labor and capital. The true cost of the war, both direct and indirect, will necessarily be paid at the time by people alive in the world while the war is being fought.

We often hear the words, *the cost of the war*, used as synonymous with the war's losses. Indeed, a very general assumption of pacifists treats the sum total of commodities used during the war as economic loss; while the general public seems to believe that the estimated value of capital and labor utilized rep-

resents the billions of dollars which the community is losing every day. Does the mere fact that the commodities with which the war is fought are consumed and must be replaced necessarily mean that they are economic loss? Are not most of the commodities produced in time of peace consumed in exactly the same way? If we say that commodities expended in the prosecution of war are wasted because the purpose of the war is non-productive and therefore uneconomic, do we not merely assume our conclusion as our premise? Indeed, the great bulk of all that the world produces is annually consumed. All eatables are raised to be eaten; all clothes and shoes are meant to be worn out; automobiles and locomotives are literally destroyed by the process of being used quite as effectively when they carry tourists as when they transport soldiers. The consumption of commodities is the normal premise of the continued economic prosperity of the world, since a large part of the market for most commodities consists in replacing those just consumed. The increase of the permanent fixtures of the world in buildings, machinery, and factories is small when compared with the value of the food, clothes, and luxuries which are regularly consumed by the ordinary processes of life.

The destruction of property by bombardment, or of commodities and food by the occupation of the country by the armies, differs widely in nature and degree from this quite normal consumption, and is often not represented at all in the estimates given of the daily and yearly national war budget. In fact, most of the so-called destruction in time of war is consumption of commodities in the fashion normal in time of peace. The mere fact that soldiers eat bread and wear shoes; that guns, horses, and automobiles have to be replaced; that powder is consumed by being ex-

ploded, does not necessarily demonstrate that this is total economic destruction. They were created by the community in order that they might be used exactly as are used the vast bulk of commodities which the community produces in time of peace. The cost of the war, indeed, consists of the commodities needed to prosecute it, and they must, as a matter of course, be consumed; but they are no more an economic loss than if the nation had made an equal quantity of any other commodities and consumed them. We are, of course, considering here merely inanimate things and not reckoning the question of life.

The direct economic losses of the community in time of war will differ from the direct losses in time of peace not so much in character as in degree. If the nation consumes more commodities than it makes, it has lost, whether they are eaten or worn on the battlefield or in time of peace. It matters comparatively little where the consumer is located or under what conditions the consumption takes place, provided the method is the same. The thing that is consumed is of comparatively little significance provided the nation produced it during the year for that purpose. When, therefore, the nation supplies what it needs, it is entirely solvent, however large may be its consumption or production. When it supplies more than it needs, it gains. When it fails to produce as much as it needs, there is a loss. When it becomes necessary for the nation to buy a part of its supplies for war from neutral nations, there will be no economic loss if the nation pays for them with other commodities which it produces at the time. The war will have cost enormously in commodities, but the bill will have been paid and there will be no loss. In any case, the loss will not be the *total* amount consumed, but the amount

consumed more than the amount produced.

Much of what has been written on the cost of the war is devoted to the extent to which the ordinary operations of business have been diverted or suspended; and here again the popular assumption is plain, that the diversion of capital and labor to the production of commodities to be consumed in the war is a total economic loss. This does not seem to be necessarily true. The diversion of capital and labor from one industry to another is normal enough in time of peace. No doubt the much greater scale on which these diversions take place on the outbreak of the war will involve a certain loss, because part of the labor and capital will be idle, pending the completion of the transformation; but is it not a fallacy to suppose that the change in the emphasis of the community's production from eatables to wearables, from fine cloth to khaki, from dancing pumps to cavalry boots, from limousines to motor trucks, is necessarily an economic loss? Is it not palpably an open question whether dancing pumps, face-powder, and gay clothes are of more permanent value to the nation at large and to civilization a hundred years hence, than gunpowder, sheepskin coats, and shoes worn by soldiers?

If the amount of labor and capital devoted to producing articles for the war is the same as that usually devoted to producing articles for immediate consumption in time of peace, why should not the chief economic effect of the war be the same as that of peace? If the army eats in the trenches, those same men would probably have eaten more at home; and if they wear out clothes in the campaign, would they not have been clad in destructible raiment in time of peace? The mere fact that the nation produces a different sort of thing to be consumed does not

seem to be of economic significance, for it conforms simply enough to the law of supply and demand; and, *if the amount produced is the same and the consumption no greater*, the only loss will be due to the idleness of a part of labor and capital during the transformation. So far, too, as the nation diverts effort to the prosecution of the war which would under ordinary circumstances have been devoted to work that has no value for the nation during the war, the failure to expend that effort will be a positive gain for the nation. Nor will the destruction of dwellings, of furniture, and of personal belongings have any effect upon the economic ability of the nation to continue the war. They are of no conceivable value for prosecuting it; and their loss, therefore, does not affect the economic strength of the belligerent.

In fact, many observers seem to feel that the economic cost of the war lies in the value of the commodities which the nation might have made with that same labor and capital if the war had not taken place. This view, in fact, contemplates the expense of the war, not in the light of what is being used, but in the satisfactions, the material luxuries, which the same individuals might be enjoying were they not engaged in the war. Obviously, this assumes either that the things produced would have been an addition to the community's fixtures and permanent wealth, or that the nation would really have preferred to use the labor and capital for these material satisfactions instead of for the war. Now it seems to be true that the larger part of what the community makes consists of temporary economic satisfactions which are meant to be consumed at once. And it is reasonably clear to all observers that the European nations are entirely ready to expend commodities and even life in the prosecution of this war, and that they would

put behind them as unworthy the suggestion that they ought not to sacrifice certain material comforts. If the nation truly prefers to produce and consume commodities necessary for the war instead of other varieties of commodities, it has an entire right to do so. Why should the process not be considered economic in every sense of the word? Why should it involve a loss unless it diverts to commodities for immediate consumption capital and labor which it would otherwise have spent for permanent improvements; or unless it invests in the commodities consumed a larger amount than the total which it would otherwise have spent? It seems plausible to claim that the loss will, in any case, be the difference between the amount of labor and capital which the nation usually devoted to commodities for immediate consumption, and the amount actually used during the war for commodities which were entirely consumed. The total consumption will in no case be economic loss.

Much of the confusion in regard to the economics of war seems to be due to an attempt to apply to the situation the premises of individual economics as normally treated in works on economic theory. They assume a complex situation; they assume the interplay of individual interest free from artificial interference; and they attempt to explain the variety and character of individual interests under the present international interdependent industrial fabric. Does not war demolish the premise, substitute artificial conditions for natural, and an utterly simple situation for one inextricably complex? It almost seems as if war reduced the world to a half dozen individuals proposing in an entirely primitive fashion to accomplish certain obvious ends. It promptly creates a new unit, the community, composed of all individuals, which proposes to utilize each individ-

ual in the ways most advantageous to the community at large, without regard for his desires or interests. Individual economics assumes that the individual is free to choose means and methods for furthering his selfish interests in preference to the interests of other individuals; the war promptly nullifies this premise and creates a new entity which announces its intention of disregarding all the interests of the individual in favor of those of the community as a whole. Necessarily war makes an enormous difference to the individual and proceeds to cost him in visible and tangible ways much that is contrary to his previous interests and desires. If the community takes him from the factory and puts him on the firing line, it is quite obvious that the character of his work is changed. But is it unproductive and therefore uneconomic? Has not the community superposed a new test of productive labor, and is he not the most important of workers? Has not the prosecution of the war been substituted for the accumulation and multiplication of creature comforts, as the goal of the state's efforts and those of its citizens? Shall we declare this change unjustifiable and economically wrong, because certain premises meant to be applied to a fundamentally different situation do not apply to this one? The economic cost of the war can hardly be dealt with in terms of individual economics, unless we declare the whole cost waste because its immediate purpose is not the productive use of labor and capital. This is scarcely dealing with the situation, for any such premise excludes from consideration those phenomena which are most characteristic of war. In the usual sense of the words, war is in itself non-productive and therefore non-economic; there cannot be any economics of war.

The true cost of the war will consist

of the totality of effort made by the community to prosecute it, and will include, not only economic factors, but an immense number of physical, mental, and moral losses and sacrifices. It will embrace, not only the total amount of labor and capital consumed, but the amount of labor and capital wasted; the amount of property destroyed; and the time, labor, and capital needed to replace things essential to the community's future welfare. Some of the most important parts of this total effort will be the loss in life and the physical and mental suffering entailed for individuals, whether by pain, grief, or privation. These will not be economic, but they will be losses and an important part of the cost.

While the consumption of the commodities by the nation during the war will not be a total loss unless the nation should entirely cease to produce, it will be extremely evident that nearly every nation is expending in the prosecution of war an immensely greater amount of energy, labor, and capital than it is accustomed to use in time of peace. Will this excess be lost? It cannot be a total loss or uneconomic if the nation provides it at the time, and the nation may easily provide in an economic way for this additional effort and material. In the first place, much of this excess of labor and capital is apparent rather than real. The abstention from luxuries is very great in time of war and is a positive economic saving to the nation. In time of peace the great bulk of the community consumes more food and clothes than it needs and a great variety of luxuries which it can easily forego without real detriment to its health or pleasure. If it is willing to make these material sacrifices in order to prosecute the war, the economic gain is clear, and the mental satisfaction of the war has been substituted for the mental satisfaction obtained from the luxuries.

Prohibition in Russia has resulted in a stupendous saving of labor and capital, energy and human life; and the loss of revenue to the government is not an economic loss at all, because the amount which the people paid to the government as profits of the distilleries, or in excise taxes, they will now simply pay by some other method of taxation. They will have sacrificed the pleasure of getting drunk, and will have made a very positive economic saving.

The excess of labor demanded in time of war is much greater than the excess of capital, because the prosecution of the war calls for physical effort to a greater extent than it does for materials, outside of the actual munitions of war; and, while the value of these munitions is considerable, it is relatively small compared to the total material output of the community in time of peace. When the army goes to the firing line, a type of labor is required from the community which it ordinarily does not perform at all; and the time and effort expended by the soldiers will be total economic loss, unless effort and labor can be obtained by the community which is ordinarily not available or utilized in time of peace. It is only too evident that millions of individuals are working in Europe extremely hard at a great variety of tasks, running the whole gamut of the community's effort, who in time of peace are in an economic sense parasites, — who toil not, neither do they spin. Many of them are performing tasks which are analogous to productive labor in time of peace. To the extent to which these parasites provide the extra effort demanded by the war, the additional cost of the war is not loss, because it has been paid. It cannot be loss if the nation provides the capital and labor at the time.

In the last analysis, the economic losses of war, whose real magnitude it is entirely unnecessary to exaggerate,

will ordinarily fall into the following categories. First and foremost, the permanent loss of labor from the death of citizens; buildings and capital destroyed by the campaigns; permanent improvements which would have been made if the war had not occurred. All these losses will be very considerable, but they will not of themselves necessarily bankrupt the nation. A much more considerable loss will be due to the necessity of borrowing commodities from neutral countries, of which the whole amount cannot be paid in commodities during the war because of the nation's failure to produce its usual amount of goods suitable for export. The deficit must be paid in commodities after the war; this payment, however, will partake of the nature of a delayed payment rather than a total loss. In reality, it will cost the interest on the value of the commodity charged by the neutral country for the delay in payment, plus the loss of interest or profit on the labor and capital utilized by the nation in future years while producing the commodity to return.

In spite of the fact that the total bonded indebtedness after the war will not represent a total economic loss, the loss will be extremely large. Loss will also be involved by the sharpness and artificiality of the transfer of labor and capital at the outbreak of the war to the war industries. Usually, in time of war, the proportion of commodities for immediate consumption to commodities intended for permanent improvement is much greater than in time of peace, and the difference will of course be economic loss.

Perhaps the most considerable sum is the payment by the community to the individual of an indemnity for his losses in the service of the state. War brings immediately to the forefront a new entity which is confessedly ready

to sacrifice any individual for the benefit of the community as a whole; and which usually attempts, so far as is possible, to restore to the individuals making the chief sacrifices such economic losses as can be ascertained with reasonable certainty. The wages for soldiers in lieu of the wages they ordinarily receive for productive labor; support for their families at home; pensions, — all of these are in an economic sense losses due to the war, and they usually amount to a very large total indeed. Army contracts also are usually made at sufficiently high rates to recompense capitalists for the losses involved in the transfer of capital from one industry to another, and for its transfer back to productive labor at the end of the war. It is often essential for the state to adopt as a political expedient the payment of a bonus to individuals for taking part in the war in order to insure unity of effort. Not every individual can be reached by the higher impulses of patriotism and self-sacrifice, and it has usually been felt expedient to appeal to more sordid personal motives to make certain of the assistance of those people who could be moved by nothing less. Any such bonus is, of course, an uneconomic payment and total economic loss.

In so brief an article, it is not possible to make many reservations and exceptions, or to discuss every important aspect of the situation. My purpose has been to suggest that the cost of the war is being exaggerated and the character of the true losses misunderstood; that the fundamental difficulty rises from the assumption that the interests of the individual are the test of loss or gain; and that the economics of war must start from the premise of the community as an economic unit, whose interests are by no means the sum total of the interests of its individual citizens.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A SCHOOLMASTER

JAMES GREENLEAF CROSWELL was by birth and descent a New Englander. He was the grandson of old Simon Greenleaf, a professor of law, who taught in the Harvard Law School some seventy or eighty years ago. Professor Greenleaf wrote a book on the law of evidence, which at once took rank as a classic, and stands on every lawyer's bookshelf next to Kent and Blackstone. Greenleaf is to the law of evidence what Cicero is to oratory, or Molière to comedy; his name is known wherever the English race has carried the Common Law. There is a tradition, piously handed down at the Harvard Law School, that old Greenleaf was endowed with many social gifts, — entertaining, humorous, witty and delightful, when out of the lecture room. He is entitled to be kindly remembered, for he put all his dryness into his book, and bequeathed the graces of his mind to his grandson.

James Croswell was born at Portland. He graduated at Harvard College in 1873, studied abroad for some years in Germany, and then returned to Harvard to serve as instructor and assistant professor in the Classics. In 1887 he left Cambridge and went to New York to become head master of the Brearley School for Girls. In that position he remained until his death.

The part of the schoolmaster is anomalous. It belongs to a category of its own. Nature creates the relation between child and parent, brother and sister, niece and spinster aunt, and feels her responsibility; she strengthens the bond by instinct on the one side, by

dependence on the other. The ties between friend and friend are wrought by mutual attraction and voluntary choice; they need no tending, no corroborant artifice. The relation between schoolmaster and pupil is of a third sort, created neither by Nature, nor by voluntary choice. It is rarely enriched by affection, or made capable of enduring beyond graduation day. The relation is difficult because it is anomalous; and at best seldom attains to the fine perfection of which it might be capable. The reason for this maladjustment is, that the business of a schoolmaster is neither a trade nor a craft; it is an art which requires a delicate sensitiveness, a half-divine intuition, and a self-consecration, hard to find among men and women. Now and again there is a favorable juncture of the stars, and a schoolmaster is born. That is a rare event and should be celebrated with rejoicings.

Is there a scene in one of Plato's dialogues, — or does a misty memory of undergraduate Greek lead me astray, — in which Socrates and his friends discourse upon the one person necessary to the welfare of a state? One speaker declares that the priest, who performs the sacred ceremonies and hands down the sacred traditions, is the one necessary man. A second maintains that it is the general who defends the State from its enemies; a third, that it is the poet whose verses shall glorify the City to after-times. But Socrates says that the one man needful is the schoolmaster, since he combines the functions of the other three: he defends the State better than the general, because he forms that which is the real strength of

the State — the character of its people; he prepares for the future glory of the City quite as well as the poet, for he instills decorum and breeding into the parents of future citizens; he exercises the functions of a priest, for day by day he ministers to the souls of his pupils. And (if I am right) Socrates goes on to say that the teacher must be rich in insight and wisdom, firm of character, kindly in disposition, gentle in manner, quick to praise every excellence, slow to blame any fault, a lover of innocence, beauty, and unselfishness; indeed a man who loves these qualities so much that, like a bee hunting for honey in a hollyhock, he comes out covered with their golden pollen.

Such a schoolmaster was James Greenleaf Crosswell. How did it come about? How did Nature so happily divine the needs of hundreds of unborn girls, and bestow upon a youth, long before their birth, the qualities that should make him their spiritual guide, their worldly philosopher, their tender friend? How much did he owe to old Simon Greenleaf and his Puritan progenitors? How much to the New England atmosphere? How much to Harvard College and familiar intercourse with the Classics? His education — if the tree may be judged by its fruit — was admirable. He was bred on Homer, Plato, and Aristophanes; he was on terms with the Bible, that to a modern youth would seem of fanatical familiarity; and upon this cultivation, like jewels enhanced by their setting, sparkled his native humor, irony, and genial human sympathies.

The habit of his mind did not seem like that of a native New Englander. One would have thought he had been born in Ephesus and had paced the Ionian shore with Heraclitus, watching the dark purple outline of Samos against the golden glory of the setting sun, and discoursing on the universal

flux of things. Or, he might have been a pupil of Plato, meditating upon thoughts of the master in company with seekers after truth from Argos and Thebes, or serenely holding the balance while they disputed with southern heat upon the nature of the soul. Socrates would have rejoiced in him. One can see in the mind's eye that ugly, awkward, inspired old man, just back from a hot walk to the Piræus, pausing on the threshold of a disciple's house to survey the assembled guests with an eager eye, hoping to discover Crosswell among them. Must we not believe that Pythagoras was right? Did not Crosswell once sit in that immortal company, bandying wit, exchanging playful or daring hypotheses, and unraveling the high concerns of the spirit?

Crosswell was an admirable schoolmaster because he was an admirable friend; he was serious and inspiring in the weightier concerns of friendship, and nimble as Quicksilver in performing its lighter obligations. His company metamorphosed a walk in the city, so that on coming home you vaguely felt that you had been strolling down a country lane; it would have made a dentist's parlor a place of agreeable expectancy; at a teetotal dinner, if talk, imagination, and hilarity are evidence, it turned water into time-honored Falernian. He was supremely indifferent to the vulgar prizes of life; he probably did not know whether you possessed them or not; he was taken up with the knowledge that you and he were companions in the marvelous experience of life, and that you were in need of stimulus, appreciation, encouragement. He gave prodigally of his best; and displayed a lowly and surprised gratitude for any sympathy returned. He imparted wisdom, as fire its heat, by mere proximity. In his friendship and daily behavior, there was no trace of his profession; nevertheless he taught every-

body who knew him one great lesson, — a lesson emphasized by that sad, interesting, noble face which recalled the effigies of Lorenzo de' Medici, — that pain, heroically borne, is the greatest of teachers, and that without its lessons the education of the soul remains incomplete.

Our civilization lays stress on things quite different from those on which Socrates and Plato laid stress; it seldom recognizes schoolmasters as the most important men in the State; it does not care overmuch for simplicity, modesty, or indifference to notoriety and applause; it pays little heed to the sower who quietly sows the seed of what men live upon; it values other things more congenial to it. So Crosswell departed from us quietly, modestly, as he lived; leaving hundreds of girls and young women with richer lives because he lived, and many men wondering at their good fortune to have had such a friend, and rejoicing in a wealth of happy memories.

H. D. S.

ON NOSES

PEOPLE are constantly remarking that they observe this or that feature of the human face more than the others. Most generally it is the eyes that thus command attention; frequently the mouth. Occasionally some one will be found who declares that he notices hands first and chiefly; and I know at least one man (not in the shoe business) who vows that the foot is the most characteristic and significant portion of the human frame. I may add that he married on this theory. He is not happy.

For myself I must confess to a divided love. The eyebrow is a fascinating feature, which, by having its direction turned a hair's breadth, or its distance from the eyes altered by a fraction of an inch, can change the expression of the

whole countenance. The ear has a humor of its own, and can delight or amuse by its angle, its size, and its texture; or by its position on the head can add distinction to the profile, or remove every vestige of it. But of all the neglected and unsung features the nose has the fewest lovers. It occupies the central position, it covers the largest territory, it shows the most amazing variety. Yet it shares the fate of all obvious and unchanging things, however necessary and important. It is ignored, or passed over with a reference to its size and its general direction.

I have read that no poem was ever written to a nose. Can you, offhand, recall a single rapturous or even admiring description of one? I search my memory in vain, but produce instead one instance that has always interested me by its neglect. You recall that little poem of Browning's, 'A Face,' the brief and charming description of a girl's profile against a background of gold. The 'matchless mould' of softly parted lips, the neck 'three fingers might surround,' and the 'fruit-shaped, perfect chin' all receive their due of praise; the nose, a seeming necessity in any profile, is not even mentioned. It may be as well; each reader supplies in the lovely face the line that suits him best. The poet may have feared that by its mere mention he would produce the effect too often given by the nose in real life — a heaviness that mars an otherwise charming face.

Two reasons occur to me why the nose is thus treated as mere background. In the first place, it is always the same. It may show character or give a certain permanent expression to the face, but that expression cannot change. A few gifted noses may be able to show contempt or anger, a very few fortunate individuals can wrinkle their noses in amusement or disgust, but with most of us it is a wooden and un-

responsive feature. It gives our faces in youth a certain character, — of *hau-
teur*, perhaps, or cheerful *insouciance*, — and that expression we carry to our graves. The falling away of the cheek may bring the nose into prominence, the sinking of the mouth may bring it nearer to the chin; still its character remains the same. We look at the eyes and mouth for response to our thought. They reveal the emotions of the present and record those of the past; but the nose, like the steady hero, is too unchanging to be interesting. After a passing look we ignore its existence, and forget that it has gone far to determine the meaning of the face.

There is a sadder reason for our neglect,—that beautiful noses are so rare. Lovely eyes you will find aplenty, and though finely cut mouths are scarcer, it will be a strange day when you do not see several. But the discovery of a really beautiful nose is an event of a lifetime. I myself have found exactly seven. And yet I consider myself catholic in my taste for noses: I can enjoy a nose for its mere expressiveness, whether it is aggressive, or aristocratic, or humorous. But it is amazing how seldom this feature really satisfies the eye. The bridge may be too thick or too high; the line from the forehead too abrupt or too severely straight. More often a nose that is really promising in its beginning fails in the end. It keeps on too long or not long enough, while the tip finds a dozen ways to err, and a fine nostril is rarely seen. In our typical American faces, overcrowded with features as our houses are with furniture, the nose is commonly disproportionately large.

But your really beautiful nose is a delight in every way. It is as far from sharpness as from coarseness. It shows strength without obtrusiveness, delicacy without fastidiousness, breeding without arrogance. It suggests humor,

spirit, and daring. But I tell you candidly that there are not more than a hundred such in the four million noses of New York. You are lucky when one happens to come your way.

I should be ungrateful if I did not tell what first set me off on my observation of noses. It was a statement of Hazlitt's in his well-known description of Coleridge. Hazlitt, himself a painter and a wonderfully keen observer, speaks thus: 'His nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing.' Is it true that the nose is the index of the will? I immediately set to work to observe for myself. But after a good many years of observation, I must confess to no definite conclusion. If I have occasionally *almost* decided that it was true, I have at once received a knock-down blow from a nose the size of a button. On the whole I incline to the view that Hazlitt, being himself the possessor of a large nose, had delusions on the subject. But I welcome fresh evidence as time goes on.

THE EFFICIENT STYLE

As a result of the general passion for efficiency, an ancient and useful, though modest, member of the parts of speech is marked for the scrap-heap. Not by systematic propaganda, but by their practice, the efficiency experts have indicated their programme of reform. Their goal, to express it in their own style, *is preposition elimination*, and their method is *compound formation*.

I am aware that the expressions just used are not remarkable, either for euphony or for perspicuity. The absence of these old-fashioned qualities, however, does not trouble the pragmatists, exponents of the efficient style. From their point of view, which for the moment I am trying to adopt, the highest

good is space-utilization. If a line to the page may be saved by the use of prepositionless phrases formed by substantive juxtaposition, who but a foe to conservation would oppose such plainly demonstrable economy? Of course this reform, like simplified spelling and all other great progressive movements, will have to overcome the stubborn conservatism of a few reactionaries. Against statistics of the actual saving in inches per page, certain sentimental pedants and purists will weigh nice distinctions of meaning and purely subjective considerations of taste and connotation. These selfish enemies of posterity would seek to thwart a noble altruistic movement by a miserable *de gustibus*. They would not be willing to lop off a few needless words or letters, even to give the printers an eight-hour day or to relieve a shortage of wood-pulp at the paper mills.

As in the case of simplified spelling, so in this instance, it will be better not to attempt too sweeping a reform all at once. In order to popularize the anti-preposition movement, it might be well for a committee to recommend a select list of prepositionless phrases. Timid writers could begin by adopting these expressions bodily and could later attempt word-combinations of their own. The great saving of mental exertion made possible by the new system would prove a strong argument in its favor. Difficulties in the choice between prepositions would be removed by doing away with the prepositions themselves. Take for example the sentence, 'The speaker compared the German fleet with that of Great Britain.' Some writers would hesitate between the alternatives, 'compared with' and 'compared to,' and could not write one without a

disquieting feeling that they should have used the other. An easy way out of the dilemma would be to write, in the approved style of the efficiency experts, 'The speaker made a German-British fleet-comparison.' To be sure, the juggling of substantives might be somewhat awkward at first, but with a little practice the average writer could become as skillful as the makers of newspaper headlines. Let him learn wisdom from such puzzling but space-saving captions as 'Wilson Opposition Increases,' which he who runs is expected to read. Let him study the writings of technical men, who turn out such masterpieces of prepositionless style as, 'Motor-car cost-reduction and car-selling-system efficiency combine to produce an unparalleled car-sales volume.'

Despite the convincing arguments of space-saving and mental ease, let me repeat, the advocates of the efficient style will need courage and persistence in order to extend their reform. Scoffers will perhaps term the new language a 'recrudescence of Carlylese.' They may even stigmatize it as 'an insidious linguistic Pan-Germanism.' But the friends of true reform should not be disheartened. They should think only of the great service which they are rendering to posterity by introducing economy and simplicity into the language. They should look forward to a time when eloquent prepositionless tributes will be paid to the pioneers in this important movement for the amelioration of style. And if such oft-reiterated praise has been bestowed upon the mythical benefactor of humanity who made two blades of grass grow where one grew before, what shall be said of the language reformers who make two words suffice where three were formerly required?